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THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN C. PARISH

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE STATE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

VOLUME I

JULY TO DECEMBER

1920

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA
IOWA CITY IOWA
1920

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16.5.24

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VOL. I ISSUED IN JULY 1920 NO. 1

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The Vision

In imagination let us picture the history of Iowa as a splendid drama enacted upon a giant stage which extends from the Father of Waters on the right to the Missouri on the left, with the Valley of the Upper Mississippi as a background.

Let us people this stage with the real men and women who have lived here — mysterious mound builders, picturesque red men and no less interesting white men, Indians, Spaniards, Frenchmen, explorers, warriors, priests, fur traders, adventurers, miners, settlers, country folk, and townspeople.

Let the scenes be set among the hills, on the prairies, in the forests, along the rivers, about the lakes, and in the towns and villages.

Then, viewing this pageant of the past, let us write the history of the Commonwealth of Iowa as we would write romance — with life, action, and color — that the story of this land and its people may live.

BENJ. F. SHAMBAUGH

Palimpsests

Palimpsests of a thousand and two thousand years ago were parchments or other manuscript material from which one writing had been erased to give room for another. The existence of these double texts was due chiefly to the scarcity of materials. Waxen tablets, papyrus rolls, parchment sheets, and vellum books each served the need of the scribe. But they were not so easily procured as to invite extravagance in their use or even to meet the demand of the early writers and medieval copyists for a place to set down their epics, their philosophies, and their hero tales.

And so parchments that were covered with the writings of Homer or Caesar or Saint Matthew were dragged forth by the eager scribes, and the accounts of Troy or Gaul or Calvary erased to make a clean sheet for the recording of newer matters. Sometimes this second record would in turn be removed and a third deposit made upon the parchment.

The papyrus rolls and the parchments of the early period of palimpsests were merely sponged off — the ink of that time being easily removable, though the erasure was not always permanent. The later parchments were usually scraped with a knife or rubbed with pumice after the surface had been softened by some such compound as milk and meal.

This method was apt to result in a more complete obliteration of the text.

But there came men whose curiosity led them to try to restore the original writing. Atmospheric action in the course of time often caused the sponged record to reappear; chemicals were used to intensify the faint lines of the old text; and by one means or another many palimpsest manuscripts were deciphered and their half-hidden stories rescued and revived.

On a greater scale time itself is year by year making palimpsests. The earth is the medium. A civilization writes its record upon the broad surface of the land: dwellings, cultivated fields, and roads are the characters. Then time sponges out or scrapes off the writing and allows another story to be told. Huge glaciers change the surface of the earth; a river is turned aside; or a flood descends and washes out the marks of a valley people. More often the ephemeral work of man is merely brushed away or overlain and forgotten. Foundations of old dwellings are covered with drifting sand or fast growing weeds. Auto roads hide the Indian trail and the old buffalo trace. The caveman's rock is quarried away to make a state capitol.

But the process is not always complete, nor does it defy restoration. The frozen sub-soil of the plains of northern Siberia has preserved for us not only the skeletons of mammoths, but practically complete remains, with hair, skin, and flesh in place — mum-

mies, as it were, of the animals of prehistoric times. In the layers of sediment deposited by the devastating water lie imbedded the relics of ancient civilizations. The grass-grown earth of the Mississippi Valley covers with but a thin layer the work of the mound builders and the bones of the workmen themselves.

With the increasing civilization of humanity, the earth-dwellers have consciously and with growing intelligence tried to leave a record that will defy erasure. Their buildings are more enduring, their roads do not so easily become grass-grown, the evidences of their life are more abundant, and their writings are too numerous to be entirely obliterated.

Yet they are only partially successful. The tooth of time is not the only destroyer. Mankind itself is careless. Letters, diaries, and even official documents go into the furnace, the dump heap, or the pulp mill. The memory of man is almost as evanescent as his breath; the work of his hand disintegrates when the hand is withdrawn. Only fragments remain — a line or two here and there plainly visible on the palimpsest of the centuries — the rest is dim if it is not entirely gone. Nevertheless with diligent effort much can be restored, and there glows upon the page the fresh, vivid chronicles of long forgotten days. Out of the ashes of Mount Vesuvius emerges the city of Pompeii. The clearing away of a jungle from the top of a mountain in Peru reveals the wonderful stonework of the city of Machu Picchu,

the cradle of the Inca civilization. The piecing together of letters, journals and reports, newspaper items, and old paintings enables us to see once more the figures of the pioneers moving in their accustomed ways through the scenes of long ago.

The palimpsests of Iowa are full of fascination. Into the land between the rivers there came, when time was young, a race of red men. Their record was slight and long has been overlain by that of the whites. Yet out of the dusk of that far off time come wild, strange, moving tales, for even their slender writings were not all sponged from the face of the land. Under the mounds of nearly two score counties and in the wikiups of a few surviving descendants, are the uneffaced letters of the ancient text.

And the white scribes who wrote the later record of settlement and growth, read the earlier tale as it was disappearing and told it again in part in the new account. These new comers in turn became the old, their homes and forts fell into decay, their records faded, and their ways were crowded aside and forgotten.

But they were not all erased. Here and there have survived an ancient building, a faded map, a time-eaten diary, the occasional clear memory of a pioneer not yet gathered to his fathers. And into the glass show cases of museums drift the countless fragments of the story of other days. Yet with all these survivals, how little effort is made to piece

together the scattered fragments into a connected whole.

Here is an old log cabin, unheeded because it did not house a Lincoln. But call its former occupant John Doe and try to restore the life of two or three generations ago. It requires no diligent search to find a plow like the one he used in the field and a spinning wheel which his wife might have mistaken for her own. Over the fireplace of a descendant hang the sword and epaulets he wore when he went into the Black Hawk War, or the old muzzle-loading gun that stood ready to hand beside the cabin door. And perhaps in an attic trunk will be found a daguerreotype of John Doe himself, dignified and grave in the unwonted confinement of high collar and cravat, or a miniature of Mrs. Doe with pink cheeks, demure eyes, and fascinating corkscrew curls.

Out of the family Bible drops a ticket of admission to an old time entertainment. Yonder is the violin that squeaked out the measure at many a pioneer ball. Here is the square foot warmer that lay in the bottom of his cutter on the way home and there the candlestick that held the home-made tallow dip by the light of which he betook himself to bed.

In the files of some library is the yellowed newspaper with which — if he were a Whig — he sat down to revel in the eulogies of "Old Tippecanoe" in the log cabin and hard cider campaign of 1840, or applaud the editorial which, with pioneer vigor and

unrefined vocabulary, castigated the "low scoundrel" who edited the "rag" of the opposing party.

But most illuminating of all are the letters that he wrote and received, and the journal that tells the little intimate chronicles of his day to day life. Hidden away in the folds of the letters, with the grains of black sand that once blotted the fresh ink, are the hopes and joys and fears and hates of a real man. And out of the journal pages rise the incidents which constituted his life — the sickness and death of a daughter, the stealing of his horses, his struggles with poverty and poor crops, his election to the legislature, a wonderful trip to Chicago, the building of a new barn, and the barn warming that followed.

Occasionally he drops in a stirring tale of the neighborhood: a border war, an Indian alarm, a street fight, or a hanging, and recounts his little part in it. John Doe and his family and neighbors are resurrected. And so other scenes loom up from the dimness of past years, tales that stir the blood or the imagination, that bring laughter and tears in quick succession, that, like a carpet of Bagdad, transport one into the midst of other places and forgotten days.

Time is an inexorable reaper but he leaves gleanings, and mankind is learning to prize these gifts. Careful research among fast disappearing documents has rescued from the edge of oblivion many a precious bit of the narrative of the past.

It is the plan of this publication to restore some of those scenes and events that lie half-hidden upon the palimpsests of Iowa, to show the meaning of those faint tantalizing lines underlying the more recent markings — lines that the pumice of time has not quite rubbed away and which may be made to reveal with color and life and fidelity the enthralling realities of departed generations.

JOHN C. PARISH

White Beans For Hanging

The tale that follows is not a placid one, for it has to do with the sharp, dramatic outlines of one of the bloodiest struggles that ever took place between whites within the bounds of Iowa. Therefore let those who wish a gentle narrative of the ways of a man with a maid take warning and close the leaves of this record. The story is of men who lived through troublous days and circumstances and who at times thought they could attain peace only by looking along the sights of a gun barrel.

The facts are given largely as they were related by Sheriff Warren. It is more than three quarters of a century since the events occurred, and Warren and the others who took part have long since left this life. There have been those who tell in some respects a different story, but it seems probable that the sheriff, whose business led him through every turn of the events, knew best what happened. And his long continuance in office and the widespread respect and admiration that was his, even from those who qualify his account, lead one to feel that he did not greatly pervert the record.

Warren was a Kentuckian by birth and a resident for some years at the lead mines of Galena; but he crossed the Mississippi and located at Bellevue, in Iowa Territory, when that town was a mere settle-

ment on the western fringe of population. Active and courageous, this young man was appointed sheriff of the County of Jackson and held the position for nearly a decade.

Soon after his arrival there came to Bellevue a group of settlers from Coldwater, Michigan. Among them was William W. Brown, a tall, dark complexioned man, who bought a two-story house and opened a hotel. Brown was a genial host, full of intelligence and pleasing in his manners, and he won immediate popularity among the people of the county. His wife, too, a little woman of kindly ways and sturdy spirit, was a general favorite.

Brown also kept a general store and became a partner in a meat market. In this way he came in touch with a large number of the pioneers, and the liberality with which he allowed credit and his generosity to the poor endeared him to many. The hotel was a convenient stopping place for men driving from the interior of the county to Galena. They came to Bellevue to cross the Mississippi, stopped off at Brown's, ate at his far famed table, drank of his good liquor, and listened to his enlivening talk. And usually they went away feeling that the friendly landlord was a most valuable addition to the community.

When winter came he hired a number of men and put them at work on the island near the town cutting wood to supply fuel to the Mississippi steamboats. At the approach of spring, and before the ice broke

up, the woodcutters became teamsters, and long lines of teams might be seen hauling the cords of wood across the ice to the Iowa side where they were piled up on the shore of the river.

Bellevue in 1837 was less than five years old. On a plateau overlooking the Mississippi a few houses had sprung up; then came stores and a hotel. Along the river and off in the outlying districts other small settlements began to appear. Roads and common interests united them and they formed a typical group of pioneer communities. Warren found the preservation of order in this new county somewhat of a task. Conditions of life were primitive and so also were the habits of the pioneers. Derelicts and outcasts from older settlements found their way to the new. Petty thieving was not uncommon, and travelers were often set upon as they passed from town to town — sometimes they disappeared unaccountably from the face of the earth. Men found themselves in possession of counterfeit money; horses and cattle were stolen; and pioneer feuds or drunken brawls now and then ended in a killing. Yet Jackson County was without a jail.

For some years the whole northwest had suffered from the operations of gangs of horse thieves and counterfeiters, and it began to look to Warren and others as if one of these gangs had particular associations with Jackson County. Horses and cattle, stolen in the east, turned up at Bellevue with curious frequency; bad money became common and thieving

grew more bold. Again and again circumstantial evidence associated crimes with one or another of the men who worked for Brown or made their headquarters at his hotel.

One of these men was James Thompson, a son of well-to-do Pennsylvania parents and a man of some education. Twice he was arrested for passing counterfeit money and once for robbing stores in Galena, but in each case he was cleared on technicalities or on the testimony of his associates. Two other members of the suspected group were William Fox, charged with a part in the Galena robbery, and one Chichester who, together with Thompson, was implicated in the robbing of an old French fur trader named Rolette.

The people of the county were particularly irritated by the fact that seldom was any one punished for these crimes. The aggrieved parties often found Brown appearing as counsel for his men when they were brought to trial; and almost invariably alibis were proven. At one time Thompson, arrested on the charge of passing counterfeit money near Galena, was released on the testimony of Fox and three others of his associates that at the time mentioned he was attending the races with them in Davenport. At another time a man was cleared by the statements of his friends that they had played cards with him throughout the night in question.

Brown's constant connection with the suspects and his assistance in case of their trial caused his

own reputation to suffer. Many people came to believe that he was in reality the very shrewd and clever leader of an organized gang of criminals. Others felt that he was a man unjustly accused and wronged.

Among those of his early friends who lost faith in him was Thomas Cox, a veteran of the War of 1812 and the Black Hawk War and a man of magnetic personality and dominant will. Over six feet tall and weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, he was vigorous enough even when well beyond the half-century mark to place his hands on the withers of a horse and vault into the saddle without touching the stirrups. In 1838 he had been chosen to represent his county in the Territorial legislature and in 1839 he wished greatly to succeed himself in the office. At the time of nominations Cox was absent from home attending to his duties at the capital, but he counted on his friend Brown to support him. What was his surprise then to find that Brown had been nominated in his place. He immediately announced himself as an independent candidate and was elected. But from that time forth he distrusted and opposed the hotel keeper.

Brown's charm of manner and apparent sincerity, however, kept friends and adherents for him among many of the best people of the county. A number of the men of the vicinity, anxious to help matters, finally decided to call a meeting, put the case squarely to Brown and see if he would not do some-

thing to rid the neighborhood of its reign of crime.

Brown appeared, but with him came the notorious Thompson. James Mitchell, a fiery opponent of the suspected gang, jumped to his feet at once, characterized Thompson as a robber and counterfeiter and demanded his withdrawal. Thompson, infuriated, drew his pistol, but was seized by the bystanders and hustled out of the room, breathing threats against the life of Mitchell. Outside a group of his friends gathered. They broke the door and stormed into the room, and only the efforts of Brown prevented a bloody conflict.

As a result of the meeting Brown agreed to do what he could and the next day most of his boarders, shouldering their axes, crossed over to the island where they set to work chopping wood. The relief, however, was only partial. Robberies continued and raids upon the island disclosed much plunder.

So things ran on till the winter of 1839. Warren tells us that under the dominant influence of Brown's men the holidays were marked by drinking and dissipation rather than the usual dancing and feasting. The better citizens determined to celebrate Jackson's victory at New Orleans by a ball on the evening of January 8. Furthermore, upon the suggestion of Mitchell, who was one of the managers, it was agreed that none of Brown's men should be allowed to participate in the occasion.

After many preparations the night came. The flower of Bellevue womankind, bewitching with

smiles and curls and gay attire, and the vigorous men of that pioneer town gathered at a newly built hotel to enjoy the music and bountiful refreshments and to engage in the delights of the quadrille and the Virginia reel. Mitchell was there with his wife and daughter and two sisters. Sheriff Warren, because of sickness, was unable to attend; and Thompson and the other men upon whom the company had learned to look with such disfavor were nowhere to be seen.

Around and around on the rude puncheon floor went the dancers, moving with slow and graceful steps through the stately figures of the quadrille or quickening their pace to a more lively measure of the tireless musicians. Suddenly came a strange commotion by the door and excited men and women gathered about a young woman who had reached the ball room, half clad and almost spent with fright and exhaustion. It was Miss Hadley, a young relative of Mitchell's who, too sick to attend the ball, had been left alone at his home. When she could speak the dancers learned that Thompson and some of his friends had taken advantage of Mitchell's absence to plunder his house, and the indignities at the hands of Thompson from which Miss Hadley had with difficulty escaped formed a climax that stirred the spirit of murder in Mitchell's heart. Borrowing a pistol from Tom Sublett, he left the ball room and went out into the night in search of his enemy.

The night well served his purpose. The moon — clear and full — hung high in the heavens, opening

up to his view long stretches of village street. The frosty air rang with every sound. His quest was short. There swung into sight down the otherwise empty street two men, and the quiet of the night was shattered by drunken curses. Mitchell strode on to meet them. One of the two called out to him in warning. The other came on as steadily as did Mitchell. In one hand was a pistol, in the other a bowie knife, and influenced by drink, his purpose matched that of the man he met.

Scarcely three feet separated the men, when Thompson attacked with pistol and knife at once. His gun, however, at the critical instant missed fire and a moment later a ball from his opponent's pistol entered his heart. Mitchell seeing Thompson dead at his feet, turned and retraced his steps to the ball room, where he gave himself up to the deputy sheriff and asked for protection against the mob he knew would soon appear.

The terrified guests of the Jackson Day Ball scattered to the four corners of the night. Women, unmindful of wraps or dignity, sought the safety of home, and the men, hurrying away to arm themselves, did not all — it is safe to say — return.

Anson Harrington and another man who had weapons remained with Mitchell and these three with the devoted women of his family took refuge in the upper story of the hotel. The air now became vocal with the tumult of Thompson's friends approaching with wild cries of revenge. The deputy

sheriff tried in vain to stop them, then dashed off to summon Sheriff Warren. Upstairs the little group had taken the stove from its place and poised it near the head of the stairway ready to roll it down upon the heads of the invaders.

In a turmoil of rage the crowd of men swarmed into the house and, headed by Brown, reached the foot of the stairway. But the muzzles of guns looking down upon them, and their acquaintance with the grim nature of the men above halted them. Baffled, they began calling for the women to come down, threatening to burn the house and punctuating their threats by firing bullets up through the ceiling into the room above.

Soon Warren appeared upon the scene. He promised to be responsible for Mitchell's appearance in the morning and persuaded Brown to quiet his inflamed men. They dispersed reluctantly and the disturbed night at length resumed its quiet. In the morning Mitchell was taken from the hotel, arraigned before a court, and bound over for trial. For want of a jail he was held under guard in his own house.

The friends of Thompson, though making no open demonstration, were nursing their desire for revenge. William Fox, Lyman Wells, Chichester, and a few others — unknown to Brown — laid a diabolical scheme to blow up with gunpowder the house in which Mitchell was being held. Mitchell had killed their comrade — only by his death could they be

appeased, and they had little hope that the process of law would exact from him the death penalty. So one night they stole a large can of powder from one of the village stores and repaired to Mitchell's house. At midnight everything was quiet. A shed gave access by a stairway to the cellar and the powder was soon placed by Fox, while Wells laid the train which was to start the explosion. Unobserved the two men returned to their comrades who had been drinking themselves into a proper frame of mind. The question now arose as to who should apply the match. And at this midnight council the conspirators agreed to cast lots for the doubtful honor. It fell upon Chichester and he stepped to the task without hesitation. A few moments later there was a flash, but to the men who had fixed their hopes on this instant of time there came a great disappointment for the report was strangely feeble. When the sun from across the river brought another day to the distracted town the house was still standing and Mitchell and his family and the guard were unhurt.

Among the conspirators there was discussion and probably an uneasy curiosity as to the next move of Mitchell's friends. But there came no immediate sequel. Sheriff Warren took no action, although he held the key to the situation. There had been a deserter in the camp of the plotters. Lyman Wells, in laying the train to the can of powder, had left a gap so that the main deposit of explosive had not been

reached. The next day he told the whole story to the sheriff who took possession of the powder but withheld from Mitchell the news of the attempt upon his life.

The weeks that followed saw no cessation of crime, and Warren, unable to control it, realized that the situation had become intolerable. Men in despair of proper protection from the law were trying to sell their property and move to safer communities. At length Warren and three others were appointed as a committee to go to Dubuque and consult Judge Thomas Wilson as to some means of checking outlawry in the county. The conference resulted in the drawing up of an information charging Brown, Fox, Long, and a score of their associates with confederating for the purpose of passing counterfeit money, committing robbery and other crimes and misdemeanors. The information was sworn to by Anson Harrington, and a warrant for the arrest of the men named was put into the hands of Sheriff Warren. Everyone knew that with the serving of this warrant a crisis would come in the history of Jackson County.

When Warren first went to the hotel to read the warrant to Brown and his men he found Brown inclined to be defiant — disputing the legality of such a general instrument — and his associates were ready for the most desperate measures. The sheriff as he read began to have extreme doubts as to his safety and was perhaps only saved from violence by

the sudden anger which seized the crowd when Harrington's name was read as the one who had sworn to the information. On the instant they dashed off to wreak vengeance upon him. Brown turned at once to Warren, urging him to go while he could, for he knew that Harrington had already sought safety on the Illinois shore before the warrant was served, and that the mob would soon return disappointed and vengeful. Just then Mrs. Brown hurried into the room. "Run for your life", she cried, "they are coming to kill you," and she led him to the back of the house.

Warren departed in haste, thoroughly convinced that the arrest of the infuriated gang would be a desperate task and one requiring careful preparation. He determined to organize an armed posse, and turned to Thomas Cox for assistance, commissioning him to visit certain parts of the county and bring in a force of forty armed men. The task was no doubt a welcome one to Cox. The old warrior spirit in him had been aroused by the defiant attitude of the lawless coterie, and he believed that radical measures alone could free the neighborhood from the plague of Brown and his gang.

Warren and Cox set out in different directions through the county to gather recruits. Many of the settlers, feeling that Brown was an innocent and much abused man, refused to move against him. But on the morning of April first a considerable force was mobilized in the town of Bellevue ready

to help the sheriff in arresting the men who had made life in the county almost unendurable.

At the hotel meanwhile there was a similar spirit of battle. A desperate and reckless defiance seemed to pervade the men. In front of the hotel a red flag fluttered and on it the words "Victory or Death" challenged the fiery men of the frontier who had gathered there to help make their homes and property safe. Parading up and down beside the flag were members of the gang, among them an Irishman who at the top of his lungs advised the posse to come on if they wanted Hell. The members of the posse — many of them veterans of the Black Hawk War — did not take kindly to such words of defiance, and there was high feeling between the two parties when the sheriff went alone to the hotel to read the warrant and demand a surrender.

The men listened in silence while the sheriff, alone among desperate men, read to them the challenge of the law. Then Brown asked him what he intended to do.

"Arrest them all", replied Warren, "as I am commanded."

"That is if you can", said Brown.

"There is no 'if' about it", replied the sheriff. "I have a sufficient force to take you all, if force is necessary; but we prefer a surrender, without force."

He talked privately with Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and showed them letters from various men in the county

advising Brown to surrender and trust to the courts. This the hotel keeper finally agreed to do providing the sheriff and four other men (whom he named) would come and pledge that he and his men should be unharmed. Warren left and returned shortly with the men designated. But in the meantime Brown seemed somewhat to have lost control of affairs. The four men were ordered away and the sheriff alone was admitted for another conference.

The men in the hotel were now restive with drink and no longer inclined to submit to the restraints of their leader. Warren was to be held as a hostage, they told him, and if a shot were fired from outside he would be killed at once. He was powerless to resist. Minutes of increasing tension went by. Then came word from the front of the house that Cox and his men were forming in the street for an attack. In a last effort to avoid trouble, Brown shoved the sheriff out of the house. "Go and stop them and come back", he said. Warren needed no second bidding.

But the fight was now inevitable. An attacking party of forty men was chosen. They were addressed by Warren and Cox, told of the seriousness of the occasion, and given a chance to withdraw, but not a man wavered. It was now early afternoon. The noon hour had passed with scarcely a thought of food. The town waited in breathless suspense.

In the neighborhood of the hotel the houses were deserted, and far from the scene of action, women

and frightened children gathered in groups listening intently for the first sound of a gun. And to Mitchell, confined in his own home, the acuteness of the moment must have been almost unbearable. His wish to join the posse had been overruled, but he had been given arms so that he might not be helplessly murdered in case of the defeat of the sheriff's force.

In the street the posse was forming. With orders not to fire until fired upon, the men started toward the hotel. Silently and steadily they moved until they were within thirty paces of the house, then came an order to charge and with a rush they made for the building. The crack of a gun was heard from an upstairs window and one of the forty, a blacksmith, fell dead. Brown, with his gun at his shoulder, was confronted by Warren and Cox.

"Surrender, Brown, and you shan't be hurt", they called to him. Brown lowered his gun evidently with the intention of complying but it was accidentally discharged and the ball passed through Cox's coat.

Then all restraint broke loose. The guns of two of the posse barked and Brown fell dead on the instant with two bullets in his head. From all points now bullets drove into the frame building, and answering volleys came from the windows of the hotel. There were more than twenty men in the house and with them was Mrs. Brown who with unswerving loyalty had stood by to load guns. The struggle was des-

perate. Bursting into the lower floor, engaging in hand to hand conflict, the sheriff's men drove the defenders upstairs where with pitchforks and guns they still defied capture.

No longer was sheriff, or legislator, or any other man in the posse mindful of the law. The primitive instincts had escaped bounds and the impulse to kill possessed them all. One after another, men on both sides crumpled up under fire and lay still. Warren, carried away by the excitement and unable to force the upper floor, ordered the house to be set on fire, and the torch was applied.

Then the cry arose that the men were trying to escape by jumping from a shed at the rear of the house. Pursuit was on at the instant but seven of the outlaws escaped from the hands of the sheriff's men. Thirteen others gave up and were taken prisoners, while three of their number had paid the toll of their lives.

The fight was over but not so the intensity of hatred. A number of the invading party had been severely wounded and four of them lay dead. The sight of their inanimate bodies, when the firing ceased, aroused the desire of the posse for instant punishment of the captives.

Ropes were procured and the awful, unthinking cry of revenge went up. But saner councils prevailed and the prisoners were put under heavy guard while it was decided what their fate should be. Warren's desire to hold the men for trial by law was, however,

overruled on the ground that, the county being without a jail, there was too much danger of the prisoners being rescued by friends. The settlement of the case was finally left until the morning with the understanding that a meeting of citizens should impose sentence upon the prisoners.

It is doubtful if sleep rested upon the eyelids of many in the town of Bellevue that night. Thoughts of the toll of the day — the unburied dead — and speculations upon the possible toll of the morrow, must have made the morning sun long in coming. But the surface of the Mississippi reflected its rays at last, and the excited villagers tried to compose themselves for the events of the day.

At ten o'clock occurred one of those episodes that rise now and then out of the grim frontier. Men who had faced a fire that dropped their comrades dead at their sides, who with the lust of animals to kill had stormed the defenders of the hotel, now stood possessed of the men whom they had faced along the level gun barrel but a few hours before; and it was their task to consider what should be done with them.

Thomas Cox presided at the meeting and stated that the citizens had relieved the sheriff of his duty and had taken the case into their own hands. Chichester gained permission to speak on behalf of himself and his comrades; and the man, now greatly cowed, made a pitiful plea for mercy. Others spoke — among them Anson Harrington who favored

hanging every one of the prisoners. Fear alone made them penitent to-day, he said. Revenge he saw depicted on all their faces. Mercy would only jeopardize the lives of others. But he closed by proposing that a ballot should be taken as to whether the captives should be hanged or merely whipped and exiled from the region.

Every man was required to rise to his feet and pledge himself to abide by the decision. Then two men, one with a box containing red and white beans, the other with an empty box to receive the votes, passed about among the company. The man with the beans, as he approached each individual, called out "White beans for hanging, colored beans for whipping," and the voter selected his bean and dropped it into the other box.

To the thirteen men whose lives depended on the color of the beans, those anxious moments while eighty men passed sentence upon them probably seemed like an eternity.

"White beans for hanging", and a bean rattled into the empty box. Those first four words, so brutal and so oft repeated, must have crowded the companion call out of their minds. Stripped clear away from them was the glow and excitement of the life of the past. The inspiriting liquor was not there to drown out the stark image of a drooping body and a taut rope. The red flush of battle had paled to the white cast of fear. No longer upon their faces played the contemptuous smile or the leer of defi-

ance. No bold words came to their lips. Their eyes scanned the set faces of their captors and into their ears dinned the cry, over and over repeated like a knell: "White beans for hanging".

The beans dropped noiselessly now among their fellows, and unrelieved was the hush of the men who tossed them in. How long it was since the wild events of yesterday afternoon! How near now was the choking rope!

Yet there was some comfort when they listened to the other call. "Colored beans for whipping." How welcome such an outcome would be! A week before they would have drawn guns at a word of criticism; now they were ready to give thanks for the grace of a lashing. But they had robbed these men and given them bad money, had taunted them and had killed their friends. Could there be any mercy now in these grim avengers? Were the "white beans for hanging" piling up in the box like white pebbles on the shores of their lives?

The eightieth man dropped in his bean. The tellers counted the votes and reported to Thomas Cox. The stillness reached a climax. Holding in his hand the result of the ballot, the chairman asked the prisoners to rise and hear the verdict. Again he asked the men who had voted if they would promise their support of the decision. They gave their pledge by rising to their feet. Then he read the decision. By a margin of three the colored beans for whipping were in the majority.

The voice of Anson Harrington rang out. Cox called him to order — the case was not debatable. But Harrington replied: "I rise to make the vote unanimous." Immediate applause showed the revulsion of feeling. Chichester, who was near him, took his hand and managed to blurt out his thanks.

The whipping followed — lashes laid upon the bare back and varying in severity with the individual. The thirteen men who had so narrowly escaped the rope were placed in boats on the Mississippi, supplied with three days rations, and made to promise never to return. They left at sundown with expressions of gratitude for their deliverance; and with their departure the town of Bellevue and the County of Jackson took up again their more placid ways.

And the thirteen exiles? It would be a happy task to record of them either reformation or oblivion. Unfortunately one can do neither. The trail of William Fox and two others of the Bellevue gang came into view five years later when they were implicated in the murder of Colonel George Davenport. But thereby hangs another tale which we shall not here unfold save to record that Fox again escaped custody, and fared forth once more upon adventures of which there is no record upon the parchment.

JOHN C. PARISH

Comment by the Editor

JOURNALISM AND HISTORY

"Our historians lie much more than our journalists", says Gilbert K. Chesterton. This puts us in a bad light whatever way you take it. In order to defend the historian we must acquit the journalist of mendacity, and we fear the jury is packed against him. So we prefer to ask to have the case thrown out of court on the grounds that Mr. Chesterton brought the charges merely for the sake of eulogizing a third individual — the artist — as a true recorder of the past. Of which more anon.

In spite of this implied indictment of journalism, we wish to announce that the next issue of THE PALIMPSEST will be a Newspaper Number, wherein will be disclosed some of the words and ways of the early editors. They were often more pugnacious than prudent, and since prudence sometimes conceals the truth, perhaps their pugnacity may be counted as an historical asset. At all events, newspapers can not avoid being more or less a mirror of the times, and an adequate history of any people can scarcely be written without an examination of its journalism.

ART AND HISTORY

But to return to Chesterton. His arraignment of historians and journalists occurs in an introduction

to *Famous Paintings,* in the midst of an argument for the effectiveness of the work of the old masters in popular education and the value of the canvas in portraying the real conditions of the past. Nor will we gainsay him in this. The artist who goes back of his own era for subjects must make a careful historical study of his period. The style of clothes worn by his subjects, the type of furniture or tapestry, and the architecture of the houses and bridges and churches of his backgrounds must be accurate. He is in that sense an historian as well as an artist, and his contribution is truthful or otherwise in proportion as he has taken the pains to be a competent historical student.

Nevertheless the best of artists and the best of historians make mistakes. We remember the discussion that arose a few years ago when Blashfield's fine canvas was placed in the Capitol at Des Moines. It depicts the westward travel of a group of pioneers crossing the prairies by means of the ox-drawn prairie schooner. It is a splendid piece of work, but some pioneer who had lived through such scenes and knew whereof he spoke observed that Blashfield had pictured the driver of the oxen walking on the left side of his charges, whereas in reality the driver always walked on the other side. True enough as Mr. Blashfield himself admitted. Yet there were difficulties having to do with the composition of the picture. The scene was arranged with the caravan moving toward the left or west side of the picture.

Therefore, if the driver had been properly placed he would have been more or less hidden by the oxen — an eclipse scarcely to be desired from the standpoint of the artist. If the directions had been reversed, the canvas would have been criticised as showing the group coming out of the west — thus defeating the basic idea.

The last straw of criticism was added when another pioneer, referring to the symbolic figures which Blashfield had painted in the upper part of the picture hovering above the caravan and leading the way to the west, remarked that when *he* went west there were no angels hovering over *his* outfit. So we hesitate to accept Mr. Chesterton's implication that the artist is more infallible than the historian or journalist.

THE REALM OF THE HISTORIAN

But the historian is vitally concerned with the question of the accuracy of the artist who paints of the past, the essential veracity of the novelist who chooses historic settings, and the truthfulness of the journalist who, with his editorials, his cartoons, and his advertisements, is usually the first to write the record of events. In fact the historian must concern himself with these and all other recorders, for the things of the past are the subjects of his particular realm and he must keep them in order.

J. C. P.

THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN C. PARISH

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

VOL. I ISSUED IN AUGUST 1920 NO. 2

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Newspaper History

What is the value of yesterday's newspaper? In a bygone day it served the thrifty housewife as a cover for the kitchen table, or in company with its fellows of the days before as a lining for the ingrain carpet; and if the good husband was handy, it might on a winter evening be cut into strips and deftly rolled into the long slender tapers that stood in the tumbler on the shelf beside the Seth Thomas clock to be used in carrying the necessary flame from the briskly burning hickory wood fire in the air-tight stove to the wick of the kerosene oil lamp.

But in these ultra-modern days of steam heat, electric light and power, enamel topped tables, and hardwood floors, the newspaper, like the grass, "to-day is in the field and tomorrow is cast into the oven"; or it may find its way to the baler in the basement and presently it is returned to the paper mills from whence it came in the endless round of pulp and paper and print.

The average subscriber to that "largest circulation", which is the daily boast of every newspaper of any standing, would probably scoff at the suggestion that there is anything of real value from the standpoint of scientific history in the newspaper; and yet we know that the leading historical institutions of the country are piling up literally tons and tons of newspapers. Although their rapid accumulation presents a very real problem, if not a genuine embarrassment to every great historical library, thousands of dollars are spent annually in binding and properly shelving the newspapers of the day — for the use of the historian of the future.

That there is trouble ahead for the historian we will admit. In his endeavors to retrace the footprints of this present age of black-face type, what is to be the criterion of the relative importance of news? Does the 120 point headline set forth public information that is twice as consequential as the 60 point, and four times the public concern of that of the 30 point? Is he to believe as he turns the yellowing pages of the Iowa newspapers that the news "Ames Defeats Iowa" was, in the public mind of the period, of twice the importance of the news that "Wartime Coal Regime Begins", while the news that "2¾ Beer Gets Hearing" and "Mary Pickford Divorced" was of twice the importance of the Ames-Iowa game and of six times the public concern of the war time coal regime?

How will the historian winnow out the pregnant

facts that lie buried "under bushel-heaps of worthless assertion" in an age of censored dispatches, "doctored stuff", "prepared dope", private propaganda, camouflaged news, and extravagant advertising? How will he distinguish the work of the competent, independent, investigating reporter in the record of current topics and passing events from the manipulated news of the clever press agent attorney? How will he treat the deliberately scraped and sponged and overlaid palimpsests of this newspaper epoch that they may tell the true story that is there recorded?

With due allowance for the extravagant use of 120 point type, for the insidious press agent and the organized manipulation of public opinion and for all the "fecundity and fallibility which are peculiar to journalism", what is there in these great library files of daily newspapers that justifies their preservation and proper classification? Almost everything that the student of history wants. For in spite of "slang-whanging" and editorial vituperation, and the sometimes startling results of "the carelessness of the compositors and the absent mindedness of the readers of proof", in spite of its double rôle of "universal advertiser and universal purveyor of knowledge", the daily newspaper is the best reflector of the times that the student of history can find.

In our own day it has become something of a vogue to speak contemptuously of the "lurid press",

the "scandalous gossip" of the "brazen-faced reporter", the "incurable lying habit of the newspapers", "the millionaire-owned press", and of the "A. P." as "the damndest, meanest, monopoly on the face of the earth". Nevertheless, the daily newspaper holds the mirror up to modern society and reflects with unflattering faithfulness the life and psychology of the times. Old records, official reports of events, and the more carefully written and leisurely revised monographic and book literature give us the "cabinet picture" of the times, with head clamped in place "a little more to the right, please, and chin up", with the "pleasant expression" patiently held while the photographer counts off the requisite number of seconds, and with perhaps a final smoothing out of wrinkles in the retouching.

The newspaper, on the other hand, gives us all unconsciously the natural record of the every-day life of a community, and the snapshots of the times in working clothes — which are always the best pictures. These pictures with all their incongruities, vulgarities, and blemishes may not always be pleasing; but they are, for the most part, "speaking likenesses" of the community, with all of its "roughness, pimples, and warts".

It is the every-day newspaper snapshot that gives us the local color in the description of passing events, the dominant passions and prejudices in the discussion of current topics, the sudden disclosure of popular temper and sentiment in the acceptance or

rejection of political issues, and that "preserves imperishably the fashion prevailing for posterity to look upon with reverence or a smile". The testimony of gossipy letters and memoirs no longer goes unchallenged and the critical reviewer of historical monographs now scrutinizes the footnotes to see whether the writer has made use of the newspapers of the period.

For a concrete illustration, let us take the newspapers not of the present day nor of the remote past, but of eighty years ago in our own Commonwealth. The Iowa newspaper of 1840 was a very modest affair — innocent of the glaring headlines of the "extras", innocent of cartoons, half-tones, the wondrous depiction of "Wilson's Boiled Ham" and "Sunshine Biscuits", or the adventures of Mr. Jiggs; but we find abundant material in every four-page issue concerning the three chief phases of the life of the people which constitute their history — the social life, the political life, and the industrial life.

Eighty years ago Iowa City was the capital of the Territory of Iowa, and the two leading newspapers of the early forties were the *Iowa Capitol Reporter,* the Democratic "organ", and the *Iowa Standard,* the Whig journal — the *Reporter* being referred to, by the *Standard,* as the "Locofoco Rag", and the *Standard* being referred to, by the *Reporter,* as the "Whiggery Humbug". These old files of the "Rag" and the "Humbug" fairly bristle with information

concerning the life of the period — the beginnings of church life, the character of the schools, the amusements, the reading matter, the follies, hopes, ambitions, and ideals of the people of the community.

We read, for example, that on two Sundays, in January, 1841, the Methodists held services with frontier camp meeting fervor in the open air near the post-office on some lumber belonging to John Horner. The Baptists with equal fervor "buried in baptism" two candidates for membership beneath the "limpid waters of the Iowa River".

The opening of a private school is noted: "Tuition per Quarter of 12 weeks $3.50. House rent, fuel, etc. 1.00 additional." There is mention of a school for Young Ladies with special emphasis on instruction in "Reading, Writing, and Mental Arithmetic. History — Sacred, Profane, Ecclesiastical and Natural. Natural, Moral and Intellectual Philosophy."

We note the laying of the corner stone of Mechanics' Academy, which afterwards became the first home of the State University. Both Democratic and Whig papers urge special training for agricultural and mechanical employment. "Agriculture", says the editor of the *Reporter,* "is the noblest pursuit of man and we deplore the fact that so large a part of our new country has given itself up to visionary projects of speculation."

"A course of lessons in Music" is announced "according to the Pestallozian system of instruction." A Glee Club, it is said, "will bring out a new set of

glees for the approaching election." A lecture in the Legislative Council Chamber on "Astronomy" is reported. "The lecturer's remarks", we are told, "were within the comprehension of the humblest intellect." There are notices of camp meetings, and lyceum and literary association meetings which the ladies of Iowa City and its vicinity are especially requested to attend.

The citizens are requested "to turn out and attend a meeting of the Temperance Society in the school house at early candle light". The cause of temperance was popular in the pioneer days of the forties, and there are many notices of meetings of the Washingtonians and the Total Abstinence Society.

Public dinners were given to honor public men, and Fourth of July celebrations held with the ladies four abreast taking their place behind the officer of the day. Cotillion figures are described and balls recorded. One comes upon many newspaper apostrophes "To the Ladies" (who were scarce on the frontier); and there was much writing of poetry.

There are records of marriages and deaths, elopements and house-raisings, and a list of river accidents and steamboat disasters. A citizen announces he will no longer be responsible for his wife Hulda's debts. There are notices of claim sales, of petitions for bankruptcy, and of the foreclosures of mortgages. In short, bits of the sunshine and shadows of the every day life of the period are recorded with an unconsciousness that gives them special value.

The political life of eighty years ago is reflected far more than it is to-day on the editorial page. This page has, as it no doubt will ever have, its problems for the student of history. In these early newspapers of the first capital he finds the Whig editor variously referred to by his esteemed contemporary as "that miserable caricature of his species", "the contemptible slang-whanger of the Standard", and "that biped of the neuter gender whose name stands at the mast head of that servile truckling organ of Whig skullduggery". He finds numerous references in the *Standard* to the "Bombastes Furioso" and to the "red hair and spectacles of the Loco-foco scribbler", to the "hybrid politician who furnishes the wind for the *Reporter*", and to "the thing which says it edits that filthy and demagogical sluice of Loco-focoism, the *Reporter*". He finds national as well as local issues treated with uncompromising thoroughness and partisanship. He finds scorching editorials on "The Tottering Fabric of Federalism" on the one hand, and bitter denunciation of "Loco-foco Black-guardism" on the other. "Iowa" is referred to by the *Reporter* as "the apex of the Noble Pyramid of Democracy"; and the *Standard* replies, "Whew dont we blow a shrill horn". The *Standard* declares that Democracy leads logically to a dissolution of the Union, to which the *Reporter* replies:

Bow wow wow
Whose dog are thou?
I'm Henry Clay's Dog
Bow wow wow.

The Legislative Assembly meets, and the *Standard* calls attention to the fact that the "Committee on Public Printing is composed of only four members and every one of them most bitter and uncompromising Locos". "Nothing good", it adds, "was anticipated from them and the result has precisely answered the expectations." To which the *Reporter* replies that "the people of Iowa have had enough of the yelps and whines of the *Standard* puppy on the subject of Extravagance in Public Printing".

A Whig leader in the Council makes a speech and the *Reporter* remarks that "it is the poorest wheel of a wagon that always creaks the loudest."

There are editorials and communications on Abolition, Tariff and Free Trade, The Right of Petition, The Preëmption Law, State Banks, Retrenchment and Reform, Bribery and Corruption, Resumption of Specie Payment, Cider Barrels and Coon Skins. One correspondent thinks too much pressure is being brought upon him to vote. "I do not like to be drove", he explains with genuine Iowa independence, "I can be led but can not be drove."

What is there here for the student of political history? A mine of information. No miner expects to find his gold ready for the jeweler's hands. Much labor is required to free it from base metal. And so the student of political history will clear away vituperation and partisanship, personalities, and "the shorter and uglier words", and find nuggets of valuable material in this collection.

In like manner advertisements reflect something of the industrial life of the period. The rise, and yea the fall, of infant industries in the Territory, the occupations of the early settlers, the degree of specialization in the trades, labor organizations, wages — all these and more one is able to portray from the paid advertisements. Either space was more valuable in those days or there was less money to pay for it, for with very few exceptions these advertisements consist of from five to eight line notices to the public signed by the merchant or mechanic himself.

The public is informed that "a ferry across the Mississippi River at Bloomington, Iowa Territory, has been established and as soon as the river is free from ice next spring a boat will be in operation." There are proposals for carrying the "mail of the United States from Bloomington to Iowa City thirty miles and back once a week." Territorial scrip is taken in payment (at par) for all articles at a certain store. Elsewhere Dubuque money will be accepted at five per cent discount. "Just received per Steamer Rapids the following Groceries", reads one advertisement, "6 Boxes Tobacco. 40 bbls. New Orleans Molasses. 30 Sacks Rio & Havana Coffee 13 bbls. Rum, Gin & Whiskey. 25 Sacks Ground Alum Salt & 16 Kegs Pittsburg White Lead." A variety of "spring goods" is advertised as received by the "Steam Boats Mermaid, Agnes & Illinois", including "2 Bales of Buffalo Robes, Jeans & Linseys, Merinoes & Bombazines, Fancy and Mourning

Calicoes, Boots & Brogans, Salaratus, Tobacco, Loaf & Brown Sugar. Fashionable Hats & Crockery." "A Raft of Hewed Oak Timber" is offered for sale. A remedy for fever and ague is recommended. A hotel with the "best of table and stables" offers its services. So does a "Portrait & Miniature Painter". A bricklayer announces that he has arrived in the Territory. A partnership is formed in the plastering business. Eight lawyers and nine doctors respectfully call the attention of a community of six hundred souls to their existence; and we note the beginnings of the "Doctors' Trust" in the following published rate of charges as adopted at a meeting of the physicians held in Bloomington on the fifth of February, 1841:

First visit in town in the daytime	1.00
Every succeeding visit	.50
Visit in the night time	1.50
Bleeding	1.00
Tooth extracting	1.00
Attention on a patient all day or night by request	5.00

In addition to the "Doctors' Trust" there were those who practiced the "healing art"; and one Botanic Physician advertises that "the remedial agents employed for the removal of disease will be innocuous vegetables."

The arrival of the "Steamboat Ripple", the first boat to reach Iowa City, is announced; and in an editorial it is learned that its arrival was witnessed

by a delighted throng of four hundred. The event was celebrated by "as good a dinner as has ever been gotten up in the Territory." This convincing proof of the navigability of the Iowa River was prophesied as the "turning point in the commercial life of the first Capital."

An enterprising farmer makes eighty gallons of molasses ready to sugar from corn stalks, and this is regarded as the beginning of an important industry in this new country. A "load of lead" fourteen feet below the surface is discovered on the banks of the Iowa River, and in the excitement and local enthusiasm which followed, the editor of the *Standard* declares that "Nothing better could have happened to make this section of the country and especially Iowa City, a perfect Eldorado, than the discovery which has been made in Johnson County. It has, ever since the settlement of this county, been believed, that it abounded with immense mineral of various kinds. Several townships of land west of Iowa City, we are told, were returned to the General Land Office as mineral lands. This must form a new era in the history and existence of Iowa City."

Incidentally from a survey of news items, editorials, and advertisements, one gathers something of the early history of the press itself and something of the trials and vexations of the early editor. That ye editor of eighty years ago was more than the "slang-whanger" and the "biped of the neuter gender" his contemporary would lead us to believe, we learn

from the versatility of his weekly contributions. In addition to pointing out the "skullduggery" and the "venom and impotent malignity" of the opposite party, and his weekly combat on Abolitionism, Federalism, Our Legislature, The Public Printing, and Banking, he writes of Flowers, Sympathy, The Wedding, The American Girl, Winter Evenings, Setting Out in Life, The Progress of a Hundred Years, The Bunker Hill Monument, Christmas, and New Year's Musings. He observes that "true politeness is not a matter of mere form of manner but of sentiment and heart." He maintains that "virtue and honesty are better recommendations for a husband than dollars." He deplores "the senseless rage for gentility", "the silly ambition of figuring in a higher station than that to which we belong", "the folly of sacrificing substance to show", and of "mistaking crowd for society".

The editor threatens to publish the list of delinquent subscribers; and he denounces the borrowing of a neighbor's paper as unworthy of a citizen of this promising country. The scarcity of money is reflected in the editor's offers to take produce of any and every kind in exchange for subscriptions to his paper; and he demands the delivery of the wood that "a certain gentleman not a thousand miles from a neighboring town promised him last month". "It is the height of folly", he adds, "to tell an editor to keep cool when he has to burn exchange papers to keep warm." Finally, the editor takes a bold stand

and declares that "candidates for office who wish their names announced for office will hereafter accompany such notices with two dollars cash for trouble, wear of type, etc."

In spite of times being "so hard that you can catch pike on the naked hook", the paper is "enlarged at several dollars extra expense but will be afforded at the same low price as the small one has been."

A Democratic postmaster is warned that "the packages of Whig papers (which we ourselves deliver at the post office every Friday evening at 6 o'clock) are not so minute as to be imperceptible, and are not hereafter to be delayed by party malice. If they are, just wait till the 4th of March — that's all!"

The *Iowa Farmers and Miners Journal* is announced; and *Godey's Magazine* is noted by the press of Iowa as "the only magazine intended for the perusal of females that is edited by their own sex."

Such are some of the glimpses we get of the life, of the politics, and of the industries of eighty years ago — of the hopes and ambitions, the prejudices and animosities, the plans and activities, the successes and disappointments of the early Iowan — gleaned from a file of old newspapers. And so we make our acknowledgments to the newspapers of to-day and lay them carefully away in fire-proof quarters for the student of another generation.

BERTHA M. H. SHAMBAUGH

An Old-Time Editorial Dialogue

PROLOGUE

Pied long ago was the type that first carried this exchange of civilities. And many years have passed since the two principals in the wordy duel were laid away to rest, each with his vocabulary at his side. But the ghost of the duel still flutters in the old sheets of the newspaper files. Let the ghost tell its tale.

SCENE

The frontier town of Iowa City, capital of the Territory of Iowa.

TIME

The early forties, when men wore their politics like chips upon their shoulders and established arsenals beneath their coat tails — with reference to the printing office, the good old days when the militant editor got out a weekly four page sheet, with the assistance of an industrious but soiled and unwashable printer's devil, a ditto towel, a dog-eared and now vanished dictionary of classical vituperation, and a "hell box" where the used-up type, exhausted by being made the vehicle of ultra vigorous language, fell into an early grave.

CHARACTERS

WILLIAM CRUM — a young editor of twenty-two years — possessed of a hair-trigger pen and an inkwell full of expletives, a vast admiration for the pil-

lars of the Whig party, and no respect at all for the Democratic editors of the Territory of Iowa. Under his supervision the *Iowa City Standard* upholds the views of William Henry Harrison and Henry Clay and hurls peppery paragraphs at the awful record of the Democrats who happen to hold the whip hand in the Territory.

Ver Planck Van Antwerp — educated at West Point and by courtesy called General — dignified and serious, arrayed in boiled shirt and starched collar and gold spectacles — an old school Democrat of "an age now verging upon the meridian of life." He, too, is an editor and has in his time pealed out sonorous messages through long columns of the Democratic press.

Enter Mr. Crum *followed some time later by the* General

Using the words of one of his exchanges, Mr. Crum soliloquizes:

"There is, somewhere in the Territory of Iowa, one 'General' V. P. Van Antwerp, who . . . . is much in the habit of making long-winded speeches, as frothy as small beer and as empty as his head."

Soon he becomes aware that the said General Van Antwerp has arrived at Iowa City and become the editor of the *Iowa Capitol Reporter,* and the soliloquy becomes a dialogue. In somewhat over two columns the General makes his announcement and closes with this glowing peroration:

"*To every tenet in the Democratic faith* as promulgated by Jefferson, Jackson, Van Buren, and Benton, the four most shining lights among the multitudes of its distinguished advocates, *I heartily subscribe;* and stand ready now, as I have ever done, to devote my best energies to their support.

"In those tenets I have been taught from early childhood, with it instilled and impressed upon my mind, to consider their effects upon the destinies of mankind as second in importance to naught else save the Christian religion itself; and, resting firmly under this belief, regardless of the consequences, or of the course of others, and come what may, adversity or prosperity, gloom or glory, weal or woe, I shall continue, while God spares my life, to do battle in the good and glorious cause!"

Mr. Crum falls upon this bit of oratory with great glee and satire: "an inaugural, and signed by *My Lord Pomposity,* Ver Planck himself"; and with alternate quotations and jeers he pokes fun at his new rival, "this West Point dandy in gold spectacles!"

The General is aroused, and in his second issue proclaims that "any charge in the slightest degree implicating our character, will not be suffered to pass by unheeded.

"But in regard to the wretched demagogical slang, which is the sole aliment upon which a certain class of men subsist, we laugh to scorn both it and its authors, confident that they can no more affect us,

with those whose respect we value, than would the Billingsgate of the fisherwomen, in whose school they were bred, and whose style they copy."

Crum is happy. He heads his columns with the quotation from Van Antwerp in regard to "any charge in the slightest degree implicating our character", and then proceeds to make charges which would seem to come within the category indicated. He arraigns his record as a printer of the legislative records and says, when it stirs the General to wrath:

"That little 'Thumdomadal' [a term Van Antwerp had applied to Crum] might point its finger of condemnation to his false Democracy, and hold up to public gaze his rotten and corrupt political form, which shone through the veil of *assumed* dignity like rotten dog-wood in pitch-darkness; but let it touch his pocket, although replenished from the People's money, and hyena-like growls will issue in rabid fury, and in maniac-like distraction, from his troubled spirit. The jackall, an indigenous animal of Africa, noted for his want of sagacity and his innate predatory disposition, it is said will yell most furiously to his fraternal flock at a distance, whilst he is in the poultry coop of the farmer committing his usual havocs, and thereby rouse to his own great danger the farmer and the neighborhood, who repair to the coop and relieve the poultry of their fell destroyer. So it is with this West Point jackall, in relation to the public printing." He ends by saying that the military gentleman has not learned any

branch of the merchanic arts "and has therefore taken to the trade of LYING".

But Van Antwerp is inclined to stand upon his dignity. He answers one outburst of the *Standard* by saying, "of course our sheet shall not be polluted by replying to it." And again the doughty General remarks:

"We would be the last to reproach the memory of the mother who bore him in an unlucky hour, with the frailties of her worthless son. Here we take leave of him before the public forever. . . . .

"It would be ungenerous, after the heavy battery has been silenced, the guns spiked and the carriages broken, to transfix the trembling, blackened form of the inoffensive powder-monkey. When the *larger hound* bays still deeper in the forest the *feeble cur* will receive very little attention."

Meanwhile other editors have interjected a word or two into the dialogue and been editorially cuffed by Crum or the General. The *Burlington Gazette,* hurrying to the rescue of Democracy, observes:

"The public are generally ignorant of the fact, that, under the title of the 'Iowa City Standard,' a sickly, little blue sheet, of the thumbpaper size, by courtesy called newspaper . . . . is weekly issued at the seat of government; yet it is even so."

Then after commenting on the insignificance of the *Standard,* the editor falls back upon the popular canine metaphor:

"It will do well enough on proper occasions to

notice the federal mastiffs; but the curs, whose vocation it is to do the barking, should be passed by with neglect akin to that usually extended to their canine prototype."

The "cur" turns aside only long enough to utter this philosophic bark: "The mere shadow of a man who clandestinely presides over the editorial department of the Burlington Gazette, *attempts* to be very severe upon us for our notices of that Bombastes Furioso of the Reporter. Now, we consider the humid vaporings of this, or any other, individual, who so far descends from the dignity of a man as to follow, puppy like, at the heels of Ver Planck Van Antwerp, as too contemptible to notice".

Upon the editor of the *Bloomington Herald* he wastes even less attention.

"The editor of the above print is greatly troubled about the editorials of the Standard. Get out of the way, man! You are not worth the ammunition that would kill you off."

A little later, however, he gives voice to his contempt for the whole array of Democrats.

"Why in the name of all that is sensible, don't the Loco-foco papers here and hereabouts, shut up shop — retire — back out — or float down the Mississippi on a shingle?— . . . . Such another unmitigated set of vegetables . . . . we imagine could not be raked up in any other quarter of the land. Here is the 'Iowa Capitol Reporter'— bless your soul,— with a title that rolls over ones tongue like the tones

of a big bass drum; a bloated, empty, echoing thing, that hasn't been guilty of propagating an original idea for the last three months . . . . And then there is the 'Bloomington Herald,' a little fiddling fice-dog affair, to which the 'Reporter' tosses parched peas and pebble stones, to be flung back at us. That establishment never had an idea at all . . . . Next we have the 'Territorial Gazette,' with seven editors and two ideas — both unavailable. But the Hawkeye must attend to that concern.— Then there is the 'Sun'— a little poverty stricken affair, 'no bigger as mine thumb'— at Davenport. It was for a long time published on a half sheet, and now it is a size less than that . . . . Again we repeat, what do they live for? Is it because their friends won't be at the cost of a coffin? Die, bankrupts — die. You are 'stale, flat and unprofitable'— worse than cold corn dodger without salt.''

The duel of words at Iowa City becomes constantly more spirited. The proud aloofness of the General gradually gives way before the constant and wasp-like attacks of William Crum. Especially does he become wrought up by a charge that he rolled about in a coach that should go to pay his debts. The reference to the debts makes comparatively little impression; but the coach, that is a different matter. With great vigor the exponent of Democracy denies that he ever rolled in a coach except perhaps at the invitation of some friend or in a common stage coach. Likewise the charge that he is in the habit of wear-

ing silk gloves disturbs him. He never wears silk gloves, he maintains, except at public balls or parties; and even these are knit by a member of his family, out of common saddlers silk.

One can imagine him writhing uncomfortably, and nervously adjusting his cravat and his gold spectacles as he reads these terrible charges. Piqued by William Crum's constant use of the term "My Lord Pomposity" and other such nicknames, he retorts by characterizing the editor of the *Standard* as "Silly Billy" and "the last crum of creation".

Both men in the heat of the controversy lose sight of the rules of grammar.

"We were not aware," says Van Antwerp, "until the last Standard appeared, that it looked suspicious for any one to visit the capitol as often as they seen fit."

And Crum bursts forth in answer to an item in the *Reporter:*

"The black hearted villain who composed it knew that it was a lie when he done so."

Finally the stings of his twenty-two year old opponent so enrage Ver Planck Van Antwerp that he throws dignity to the winds. The "slang-whanging and blackguard articles of 'The Standard'" have made a demand "of *anybody* who may at this time answer for the editorship" of the *Reporter.* And in elephantine fury he replies:

"Now we tell the puppy who wrote that article that he knows, as every body else knows here, who

are the Editors of this paper; and that they are ready at all times to answer any 'demand' (?) that he or his fellows may think proper to make of them . . . . But how is it with regard to the vagabond concern that thus alludes to them? Who is the author of the mass of putridity, and villainous scurrility, that is weekly thrown before the public through the columns of that blackguard sheet?

"That it is not its nominal proprietor, the *gawkey* boy Crum, who is a pitiful tool in the hands of others, and incapable of framing together correctly three consecutive sentences, is of course notorious to every body here; as is the additional fact that it does not proceed from the other milk-and-water creature *recently imported into the concern* . . . ."

And he charges wildly along, in his wrath stumbling into language that is not here printable.

But it is the General's swan song. About a month later his name disappears from the head of the sheet. Now and again in the history of early Iowa we see his form stalking through other rôles, but his duel with "Silly Billy" Crum is over.

That young man remains, triumphant, but perhaps, too, a little disconcerted at the removal of his friend the enemy, for not again will he find a foe who will make so admirable a target for his jests, his epithets, and his satire. Pen in hand he moves off stage to the right seeking whom he may attack.

CURTAIN

JOHN C. PARISH

Three Men and a Press

On the west bank of the Mississippi where Julien Dubuque, lead miner of the "Mines of Spain", had lived and died there grew up about 1830 a settlement known as the Dubuque Lead Mines. In the midst of miners' cabins and saloons appeared stores and churches, and finally one enterprising citizen decided that the town needed a newspaper.

So this man, John King, went back to Ohio, whence he had come, and bought a printing press. And he hired two assistants. One was William Cary Jones, a Whig, who was to help him edit the paper. The other was Andrew Keesecker, a typesetter and a Democrat.

The three men and the press mobilized in a two-story log-house, and on May 11, 1836, they issued the first newspaper in what is now Iowa. It bore the name of *The Dubuque Visitor* and carried the heading "Dubuque Lead Mines, Wisconsin Territory", — which announcement was more progressive than truthful for Wisconsin Territory had not yet been born. The little settlement was still a part of the Territory of Michigan, although a bill to create the Territory of Wisconsin was before Congress when the sheet appeared.

History, however, soon vindicated their prophecy and the heading stood. Being the only paper in the

region it served all factions. King himself was a Democrat, while both parties were represented by his assistants. In the columns of the *Visitor* appeared the announcements of rival candidates for office, long-winded and labored. "A Voter" and "A Candidate" took opposite stands on the question of holding a nominating convention. "Incognito" and "Curtius" and "Hawk-Eye" and other less modest contributors ran the gamut of newspaper eulogy and denunciation. Altogether this four page sheet was a unique and interesting organ and a worthy pioneer in the field of newspaperdom. In 1837 the name was changed to the *Iowa News* and it became a Democratic journal. Later it was succeeded by the *Miners' Express,* whose lineal descendant is the Dubuque *Telegraph-Herald.*

But let us follow a little further the fortunes of the three men and their faithful servant, the press. John King remained in Dubuque, a newspaper man, a judge, and later a retired and prosperous burger.

William Cary Jones, who had been hired by King at three hundred and fifty dollars, "with suitable board and lodging during one year", passed on to other fields. He edited and published a paper in New Orleans, and later practiced law in San Francisco. He served in the Civil War as a captain in the Union Army and was captured and held in prison for some time at Selma, Alabama. He and his fellow prisoners, not content with the *Selma Reporter,* which was smuggled in to them nearly every

day by a friendly cook's assistant, decided to edit a paper of their own, which they printed by hand upon the walls of one of the rooms. Jones was the editor and he was assisted by talented artists among his fellow officers. The paper had an elaborate vignette, composed of a Southerner, a slave, King Cotton, and numerous reptiles. Each number had an illustration, articles, and advertisements, all of which furnished much amusement to men who were punished more by ennui than by their captors.

Andrew Keesecker, like his patron John King, remained in Dubuque. He served on various newspapers, setting type for over a third of a century. He was one of those rare individuals who could compose an editorial as he set it up in type, without reducing it to manuscript; and he acquired a great reputation as a rapid typesetter. Once he engaged in a typesetting contest with A. P. Wood, another Dubuque printer and publisher.

With a printer's devil as umpire they began at a signal to set up the words of the Lord's Prayer. Keesecker finished first and according to arrangements, started to announce his success by calling out the last word. Unfortunately he had a curious habit of stuttering which seemed to increase under excitement. So while he was vainly endeavoring to bring out the triumphant word, Wood also finished and cut into his stumbling efforts with an incisive "Amen"; whereupon Keesecker, recovering his voice, insisted that he had been trying to say that

word for half an hour. The perplexed referee finally gave the award to Keesecker.

There remains the story of the press itself. It was a Washington hand press, made in Cincinnati by Charles Mallet. For about six years it did yeoman service in Dubuque. Then it was removed to Lancaster in western Wisconsin where H. A. Wiltse used it in printing the *Grant County Herald.* A few years later, J. N. Goodhue determined to print the first newspaper in Minnesota, and he bought the press, carried it by ox team up the Mississippi on the ice to St. Paul and used it to print the *Minnesota Pioneer.*

From this point on, the press seems to have had a dual personality. In two different States its remains are reverently guarded, and two State Historical Societies cling firmly, each to its own story of the later career of the old iron pioneer.

In accordance with one story the press had in its varied life acquired a wanderlust and leaving the haunts of comparative civilization it went westward in 1858, by ox team again, across the prairies and through the woods to the settlement at Sioux Falls on the Big Sioux River where it printed the *Dakota Democrat,* the first newspaper in Dakota. But its end came in 1862. In that year the Sioux Indians were on the war path. They raided and burned the town, and the deserted old press, warped and twisted by the fire, found its career of a quarter of a century ended in a typically pioneer fashion. And to-day in the Masonic Museum at Sioux Falls can be seen the

remnants of an old hand press that Dakotans point to with pride as the one which printed the first newspaper in three different Commonwealths.

But the Minnesota Historical Society maintains that the press which migrated to South Dakota was an altogether different press from the one which printed the *Dubuque Visitor* and the *Minnesota Pioneer,* and that John King's old iron servant remained to the end of its days in Minnesota. According to this version, when the *Pioneer* became a daily, the hand press was supplanted by a power press; and it moved, in 1855, from St. Paul to Sauk Rapids, Minnesota, where it produced the *Sauk Rapids Frontiersman,* and later the *New Era.* In after years it printed the *St. Cloud Union,* the *Sauk Center Herald,* and various other papers of central Minnesota. From 1897 to 1899 it served the publishers of a Swedish paper at Lindstrom, Minnesota. Finally, in 1905 the old press was purchased by the Pioneer Press Company and presented to the Minnesota Historical Society, where it can be seen by those who love historic antiques.

Whichever may be the correct version of the later years of this veteran press, its career is a notable one; and the fact remains undisputed that the journalism of at least two different States, Iowa and Minnesota, began with the movement of the lever of the old hand press that John King brought out from Ohio in 1836 to the lead mines on the west bank of the Mississippi.

JOHN C. PARISH.

Comment by the Editor

UNCONSCIOUS HISTORIANS

Blessed is the man who writes history unconsciously — who has other occupations and other purposes in life, yet leaves without realizing it a record often more illuminating, because more direct, than that of the formal historian.

To a large extent the newspaper man falls in this class. His mind is preoccupied with the present. Day before yesterday is out of his realm — so is the day after tomorrow. It is for his evening subscribers that he writes his editorials, recounts his news, and sets forth his advertisements; but the historian a half century later rejoices as he reads in the old sheets the political spirit of the time, the fresh account of current events, and the intimate presentation of the food and clothing and accessories of life of his grandfather.

Most pamphleteers and many propagandists and some diarists are unconscious historians. In letters preserved in attics, in old photographs and views of buildings and towns, in railroad time-tables and in maps and advertising literature we find history unconsciously and invaluably recorded.

AN OLD ATLAS

The other day we came across an old atlas of Iowa, published in 1875. We remember the book

from our boyhood days when we used to pore over it by the hour. Dog-eared was the leaf where spread the map of the old home county, with every creek and patch of wood and swamp, and every jog in the road clearly shown. All the farm houses were indicated by tiny rectangles with the name of the farmer alongside. Here and there were microscopic drawings of schoolhouses and churches; and mills and blacksmith shops and cemeteries each had their symbols until the whole page was luminous with landmarks. These maps were meant for contemporary use, not for the historian of years to come. Yet how graphic is this record of the countryside in 1875.

And how we fed our eyes upon the pictures with which these pages of maps were interlarded. Here the artist and lithographer had nobly portrayed Iowa. We found the residences of the leading citizens of our town — and of other towns. There were pictures without end of farm residences in every county in the State. Everywhere trim wooden fences enclosed those gabled houses of half a century ago, and almost everywhere the lightning-rod salesman had made his visit.

Then there were the pages that showed forth the State institutions. The three modest buildings of the State University of Iowa were far outshone by the magnificent facades of the insane asylums. Happily in the intervening years the State has come to realize that it pays to put better stuff in the making of a citizen and so save on repair work.

The book was listed as an historical atlas because of the pages of formal history in the back. But this material is easily found in other places. The historical data of prime importance was that which the atlas makers presented with no idea of recording history — the detailed maps of the counties in 1875, and the pictures of the homes and business houses and public institutions of a day that is gone.

IDEALS OF 1875

To be sure, one must make allowance for certain distortions due to State and community pride. For example, in the pictures of Iowa farms there were pigs, large and round, who did not wallow or lie asleep in the mud, but stalked about in stately and dignified fashion or gazed reflectively at the gigantic cows, who, disdaining the grass, stood at attention in the foreground. The horses were of the prancing variety with upraised hoof and everflowing mane and tail. They drew brand new wagons up the road, or buggies in which rode be-parasolled and curiously dressed ladies.

I used to wonder why cattle and horses and hogs were always drawn with their fat profiles toward the front of the picture — as if a strong wind had blown straight across the page lining them up like weather vanes. Now I know that the glorified live stock was an expression of Iowa ideals in 1875 — and that fact in itself is of historic importance.

J. C. P.

THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN C. PARISH

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

VOL. I ISSUED IN SEPTEMBER 1920 NO. 3

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A Romance of the Forties

It was Sunday, and most of the inhabitants of the little Iowa village of Quasqueton were assembled at the town boarding house for their regular exchange of gossip and stories. On this particular occasion the ordinary town talk was probably superseded by a more absorbing topic, namely, the unsuccessful elk hunt of the day before. Again and again in the past weeks a lone elk had been chased in vain by the hunters of Buchanan County. Many and varied were the theories devised by these pioneer Nimrods to explain the failure, one being that the elusive elk was only a phantom of its departed race and kind.

Breaking abruptly into the midst of their discussion, rode a man and a girl, both on spirited black horses; and the attention of the group shifted immediately to these newcomers. The man was a commanding figure, tall and well built. He had about him an air which strongly impressed one with the fact that he was a person not to be trifled with—

yet the sprinkling of gray in his black hair lent dignity and charm to his appearance. The girl, on the other hand, was as striking in point of loveliness as her companion was in general appearance and bearing. She was fair in feature, graceful and bewitching in manners, attractive in form and speech. With the advent of this unusual couple it is safe to say that everyone speedily lost interest in the elk hunt.

Upon being asked the customary pioneer question — whence he came and where he proposed to go — he made the startling declaration that he was Bill Johnson, the far-famed Canadian patriot of the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence River. A gasp of wonder followed this remarkable revelation, for in the early forties the daring exploits of the renowned Canadian were fresh in the minds of all frontiersmen. But a few years had elapsed since the so-called "Patriot War of 1838", which was a revolt of certain Canadians against the administration of Sir Francis Bond Head, then Governor-General of Canada. And by far the most conspicuous figure in the revolt was Bill Johnson, whose adventures, deeds, and escapades in the region of the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence, where he had been compelled to flee from justice, would fill a volume. So it is little to be wondered at that this abrupt, unexpected appearance of the notorious rebel should have affected the villagers as it did.

Before they had time to recover from their surprise, he plunged into his tale. He told how he had

long been a terror to the British Dominion, how he and his family had lived on and indeed owned many of the islands in the St. Lawrence, and how he had been forced to flee from place to place to escape the British. He concluded by saying that since his daughter and he were now the only living members of his family, and having tired of the dangerous fugitive life on the islands, they had decided to leave Canada and settle down in Iowa. Interest changed to wonder, and wonder to awe, as he fluently recited his tale of daring adventures and hair-breadth escapes; and by the time he had finished, admiration was written on the faces of all.

Johnson purchased a farm within two miles of Quasqueton; and for some time the social life of the community centered about him and his daughter. While he probably came and went in every day life like the other pioneers, one can easily imagine the effect he had on his neighbors: how the story of his arrival spread from cabin to cabin; how the loud talk in the village grocery store toned down to a subdued whispering behind his back when he stepped up to the counter to buy, only to break out again stronger than ever the moment he left; and how he was followed by admiring glances and busy tongues wherever he went. It is even possible that the children in their daily games played at the daring exploits of the heroic figure.

It came as a rude shock to many in the surrounding community, therefore, when they learned that

their prominent neighbors had been made the victims of an unspeakably cruel outrage. According to Johnson's version, a party made up of about eight white men and a band of Indians, entered his house on a wintry night, dragged him from his bed out into the bitter cold, tied him to a tree and gave him some fifty lashes on the bare back. Then they ordered him and his daughter to pack up their belongings and leave the county within two hours. Since there was nothing to do but obey, into the bleak night they went, with twenty-five miles of windswept prairie between them and refuge. It was cold, so cruelly cold that one of the rioters is said to have frozen to death, another froze his feet, while many others of the party were frost bitten before they reached their homes. To Johnson, when he learned this, it must have seemed that poetic justice had overtaken his persecutors who had driven him from his home into the cold with an unmerciful beating.

In Dubuque, Johnson commenced proceedings against the rioters. The trial proved to be a lodestone, for hundreds of spectators crowded into the court room, no doubt as much to view the famous Canadians as to see justice done. Nor is it to be overlooked that the charms of Kate proved irresistible — she captivated the court from the judge to the janitor. So enamoured with her beauty and charm was the judge that he is said to have forgotten the dignity of his position in that he left his elevated station and escorted her to the door. And

we are told that "The cohort of loungers mounted the tables and benches, the bald headed jurors and the phalanx of attorneys stood with amazed countenance and open mouths at the unprecedented proceedings."

The trial went hard against the offenders. Four of them — Spencer, Evans, Parrish, and Rawley — were convicted, one sentenced to the penitentiary for two years, and the others fined two hundred dollars each. Stern justice must be meted out to those who dared encroach upon the rights of law-abiding people taking up residence in Iowa.

One of the absurd sequels of this trial was the effect on the young men. Although everyone at the trial, including the judge, was completely bewitched by the lovely Kate, it was the young bloods, and especially the editorial gallants who were most sorely smitten. After the trial they vied with one another in showering compliments and sweet flattery upon her through the editorial columns. Andrew Keesecker of the Dubuque *Miner's Express*, carried away in his ecstasy, wrote a rhapsody in which she was pictured as having "heavenly charms, deep blue eyes, matchless grace, piercing glances, queen-like dignity, soul-subduing countenance". As a result, he was made the laughing stock of the whole press of the West, a fact he deeply resented. The ridicule of John B. Russell, editor of the *Bloomington Herald,* he must have regarded as a personal affront, for he came very near fighting a duel with

him over it. Apparently what prevented these pioneer knights from entering the lists for a deadly tilt over the fair lady was disagreement as to place of meeting.

From Dubuque, Johnson and Kate went into Mahaska County, settling near the Skunk River. There a new turn of affairs took place in their ever eventful lives. Heretofore the famous Canadian had not been bothered much by the love-stricken admirers of his fair daughter, for they had been content to gaze and admire from a distance. But now a new problem confronted him when a man actually dared to make love openly to Kate.

Job Peck was the long reputed rowdy and terror of the Skunk River country. One day when he was hunting deer, he saw smoke curling up from the chimney of a recently vacant cabin. Curious to learn who its new occupants were, he proceeded to reconnoitre, and when his eyes fell upon Kate — the Cleopatra of the Iowa frontier — it is reported that he immediately shed his desperado characteristics. One can almost picture his desperate efforts to live down his doubtful reputation, break from his swaggering habits, and make a favorable impression on the "new girl". And hereafter, he made frequent wanderings to the little cabin in the timber; his deer in the chase seemed always to lead him to that locality. But even though Kate seemed disposed to return his affections, the old man would have none of their foolishness. And one day, rifle in hand, he

ordered young Peck off his premises, threatening him dire vengeance if he ever prowled about the place again.

These threats probably kept the love-smitten Peck well out of the range of Johnson's rifle in the day time, but evidently did not cause him to abandon the dictates of his heart. For one evening when Johnson was away, Peck eloped with Kate to Benjamin McClary's place in Jefferson County, where they were married. When the father came home and learned what had happened, he followed in hot pursuit and arrived at McClary's cabin just after the young couple had gone to bed.

With drawn pistol he entered the cabin and climbed up into the loft where they had retired for the night. At the point of his gun he forced his daughter to get up and dress and descend the ladder. Then he followed, put her on a horse and rode away with her. Peck, meanwhile, suffered the humiliation unresisting. It was hopeless to remonstrate or argue with an armed man. And was not this the fearless rebel who had struck terror into the hearts of many a Britisher in the Thousand Isles?

Several days passed. Then came a wild dismal night with the wolves howling a blood curdling chorus in the timber near Johnson's cabin. The Canadian himself sat on a rude stool before a log fire, puffing away at a corn cob pipe. There was a flash of light, a sharp report, and he fell to the floor shot through the heart. Suspicion pointed toward young

Peck, and he was arrested and held for the murder in a Washington County jail. But though it was generally conceded that he was guilty of the crime, in the trial he was acquitted.

Recently there had come unexpected developments. For some time Bill Johnson and his bewitching daughter had given new zest and color to the ordinarily hard life of the pioneers of Iowa. Unthought of events had followed each other in such rapid succession that the people hardly knew what to look for next. Then came the news out of the East that the man who had passed himself as Bill Johnson the Canadian patriot was not that noted character, but rather was the degenerate son of a worthy Welsh Canadian — that he was a criminal and an impostor, and a man of low repute. The real patriot Johnson, it was learned, was held in high esteem, even by his enemies. Then it was learned that in the Dubuque trial, Johnson and Kate had perjured themselves; and upon this discovery, the Governor remitted the penalties laid upon the assailants in the winter night attack. These men set out to arrest Kate for having committed perjury; but she was aided by those who were still subject to her charms, and made her escape.

That the person whom they had accepted and entertained so royally should turn out to be an impostor was a fact bitterly hard for the Iowans to accept. But the evidence was not to be doubted. The first clear intimation that the Bill Johnson dwelling

among them was not the Canadian patriot came in the form of a statement in a New York newspaper, denying that the Johnson of Canadian memory had been lynched in Buchanan County, for he was at that time residing in New York State, and was in good health. Shortly afterward a letter followed, from a number of inhabitants of Greenville, Maine, which revealed the facts that Iowa's hero had at one time resided in the vicinity of the Canadian patriot and learned all about him; that while in Maine he had variously passed as Killey, Willis, and Salone, and had been engaged for the most part in swindling schemes. And finally, an Iowan, A. C. Fulton, while in Canada, looked up the record of the individual who had claimed to be the hero of the Thousand Isles, and found that he was an impostor and would have been welcomed back by the Canadian authorities with open arms and a rope halter. So the people in Clayton, Buchanan, Dubuque, and Mahaska counties had to swallow their disappointment and admit that a rogue had hoodwinked them.

There are several versions of the later career of Kate and Peck, and it is difficult to say which is correct. But there is one of them — and it sounds as plausible as any — that brings the romance to a natural and happy ending. However, there were long and unhappy days for Peck during his imprisonment, and for several months following his release, when he knew nothing of his wife's whereabouts. No doubt his darkest hour came when he searched in

vain for a trace of Kate, trying bravely to fight off the fear that perhaps she was lost to him forever. Finally he learned that from Iowa she had fled to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; whereupon he set out for the East. At his journey's end he found Kate living with refined, cultured people, in whose home she delighted him with a display of her accomplishments upon the piano. From Pittsburgh, the happy couple moved back to Iowa, settling at a point near Oskaloosa, where they lived several years; later they moved still further west. In California they lived happily together until Peck's death. And the last heard of the one time vampire of the Iowa frontier was that she was again married and to a devoted husband.

WILLIAM S. JOHNSON

Benjamin Stone Roberts

One day in the summer of 1835 a buzz of excitement broke the monotony at Fort Des Moines: a strange officer had arrived at this frontier post on the western bank of the Mississippi River. The newcomer was Benjamin Stone Roberts who had been graduated from West Point on the first day of the previous July, brevetted second lieutenant, and assigned to duty with the First Dragoons. A strange face was an unusual sight in this out-of-the-way cantonment, and the soldiers watched the young lieutenant curiously as he entered the log cabin which served as the headquarters of Colonel Stephen Watts Kearny, the commanding officer of the post.

At this time Lieutenant Roberts was about twenty-five years of age, and it is probable that he had never before been farther west than New York, for he had been born in Vermont and educated at West Point. Feeling that he must do credit to his military training he had dressed himself in the full regimentals of his rank — dark blue double-breasted coat with many gilt buttons, bluish gray trousers trimmed in yellow, elaborate cap, epaulettes, gold lace, orange colored sash, and cavalry sabre. But Colonel Kearny, the veteran frontier fighter, refused to be dazzled by the brilliant raiment of his subordinate. After careful inspection he decided that the hair and beard of the

man before him did not conform to army regulations and he gruffly ordered the young officer to get a shave and a hair cut.

The next lesson in the school of frontier army life was a problem in construction. Lieutenant Roberts, with a detail of men, was sent to build a log cabin. Cabin construction had not been covered in the West Point curriculum, but the men were experienced in such work and the walls of the cabin were soon raised. At this point the officer discovered that no openings had been made for windows and doors; and considering this an irreparable mistake, he ordered the men to tear down the partially completed cabin and cut out the necessary openings.

In vain the soldiers pointed out to their inexperienced but theoretically infallible superior that log cabins were always built thus, with notches in the logs where the openings were to be made later by means of a crosscut saw. An officer must be obeyed; and it was only after a part of the log structure had been torn down that Captain Jesse B. Brown happened to pass that way, inquired the cause of the demolition, and ordered the construction continued — much to the disgust of the lieutenant and no doubt to the great satisfaction of the soldier workmen.

Lieutenant Roberts was really a good soldier, and experience soon made him an efficient officer. He received his permanent commission as second lieutenant on May 31, 1836, and was made first lieuten-

ant on July 31, 1837. During at least a part of 1836 he served as post adjutant at Fort Des Moines, but in some way he became involved in financial difficulties — due, it is said, to the depreciation of paper money entrusted to him by the government. As a result of this embarrassment he resigned his commission on January 28, 1839.

Civil life, however, did not prove dull and prosaic to the young man for soon after he left the military service he was appointed chief engineer of the Ogdensburg and Champlain Railroad by the Governor of New York, and in 1840 he became assistant geologist of that State. Next the young West Pointer turned his attention to the study of law, but before he had completed his preparation for admission to the bar adventure once more called him; and in 1842 he went to Russia, having been assured by the Russian Minister that his services would be accepted in the railroad construction work then under way in that country. When Mr. Roberts arrived in Russia, however, he found that an oath of allegiance was required from all foreigners employed in such service, and considering that to become a subject of the Tsar was too great a price to pay for employment, he refused the terms and returned home in February, 1843.

Having finally completed his studies in the summer of 1843, the former lieutenant of Fort Des Moines began the practice of law at Fort Madison in Lee County, not far from the site of the old fort.

In addition to his duties as a lawyer Roberts was also justice of the peace. Here, too, he maintained his reputation for originality. It is said that on one occasion, when he desired to transfer a lot to a purchaser, he made out the deed, signed it, secured his wife's signature, and then as justice of the peace certified to the acknowledgment of the signatures.

Scarcely had he become established in the practice of law before the sound of guns in the southwest recalled Lieutenant Roberts to military duty. As soon as the Mexican War began he offered his services to the United States, and on May 27, 1846, he received a commission as first lieutenant and was assigned to the Mounted Rifle Regiment. The following February he was raised to the grade of captain. Indeed, he was promoted in line as if he had not been out of the service and received the arrears of pay from the date of his dismissal or resignation as if he had remained in the service. Evidently the matter of the depreciated paper money had been cleared up by this time.

The career of Captain Roberts in the Mexican War furnishes one of the romantic incidents associated with the story of Iowa and war. He was present at the siege of Vera Cruz, and led his regiment in storming the heights of Cerro Gordo on April 18, 1847. The Mexicans, who referred to the Mounted Rifle Regiment as the "Cursed Riflemen", met the charge of the Americans with a shower of bullets but, as Captain Roberts put it, "when dangers thick-

ened and death talked more familiarly face to face, the men seemed to rise above every terror."

Again on the tenth of August, Captain Roberts led the assault on the town of San Juan de los Llanos. Eight days later he participated in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, and on the thirteenth of September he commanded the storming party which captured the castle of Chapultepec. The following day he led the advance of Quitman's army into the City of Mexico, and to him was assigned the honor of raising the first American flag over the palace of the Montezumas. Justin H. Smith thus describes the scene:

"As a triumphal procession the command looked rather strange. Quitman and Smith marched at its head on foot — the former with only one shoe; and behind them came troops decorated with mud, the red stains of battle and rough bandages, carrying arms at quite haphazard angles. Not less astonishing looked the city, for sidewalks, windows, balconies and housetops were crowded with people. Except for the silence, the countless white handkerchiefs and the foreign flags, it might have been thought a holiday. Before the palace, which filled the east side of the plaza, the troops formed in line of battle. Officers took their places at the front, and when Captain Roberts hoisted a battle-scarred American flag on the staff of the palace at seven o'clock, arms were presented and the officers saluted."

The following day Captain Roberts was sent out with five hundred men to drive the straggling forces of Santa Anna from the streets of the capital. In October he was transferred to the command of the United States cavalry forces in the District of Puebla and here on November 10, 1847, he surprised and defeated seven hundred Mexican guerrillas under General Torrejon, captured their supplies, and recovered a large merchant train which the bandits had captured en route to the City of Mexico. The sword of the guerrilla chief which became the prize of Captain Roberts was presented by him to the State of Iowa, and was later deposited in the office of the Adjutant General at Des Moines.

A suit of ancient Mexican armor, said to have been taken from the palace in the City of Mexico, was also presented to the State of Iowa by Captain Roberts. This souvenir, consisting of a helmet of brass similar to those worn by the Spanish military explorers, with a crest ornamented with stiff black hair from a horse's mane or tail, and a breastplate and backplate of steel covered with burnished brass, the whole weighing about thirty-five pounds, was presented by the State officials to the State Historical Society of Iowa and may still be seen in the library of the Society.

The gallant conduct of the young officer did not go unrewarded. He was brevetted major on September 13, 1847, for "gallant and meritorious conduct" in the battle of Chapultepec and lieutenant colonel on

November 24, 1847, for his part in the actions at Matamoras and the Pass Gualaxara.

But nowhere were the gallant exploits of the young captain more appreciated than in the newly admitted State of Iowa. Comparatively few citizens from this frontier Commonwealth had taken part in the battles in Mexico and the patriotic people of Iowa were sincerely proud of those who served in the front ranks. The legislature, indeed, expressed this appreciation of the achievements of the Fort Madison attorney in two joint resolutions. One of these — adopted on January 15, 1849 — was a vote of thanks and read as follows:

"*Whereas,* Capt. Benjamin S. Roberts, of the United States Army has presented to the State of Iowa, a suit of armor, taken as a prize of war; and a sword captured from General Torrejon, in the late war with Mexico, designed to commemorate the part borne in the late struggle by the officers of this State. Therefore

"*Resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Iowa,* That Capt. Benj. S. Roberts of the United States Rifles, for his gallantry and heroism during the late war with Mexico, has won for himself a brilliant distinction, which reflects a lustre upon the character of the American soldier, and an honor upon this State. And for this evidence of his patriotism and attachment to his adopted State, he deserves and is hereby tendered the cordial thanks of the Representatives of the people."

The second resolution was approved on the same day and provided that the Treasurer of State be authorized "to procure a finely wrought sword and scabbard, not to exceed in cost the sum of one hundred dollars, with the proper inscriptions, to be presented by the Governor to Captain Benjamin S. Roberts, of the Rifle Regiment, as a memento of the pride of his fellow citizens of this State in the soldier-like patriotism and deeds of valor performed by him in the late war with Mexico."

This sword, elaborately inscribed, was presented to Captain Roberts in the Capitol at Washington by the Iowa representatives in Congress. No other similar honor has been bestowed by the State of Iowa.

Captain Roberts was a leader in organization as well as in battle. On March 20, 1860, he submitted to the Secretary of War a plan for the reorganization of the militia, but there is nothing to indicate that this plan received much notice. Indeed, the advent of the Civil War soon made necessary the training of all available men. Early in 1861 Captain Roberts was sent to Fort Stanton, New Mexico, to join Colonel George B. Crittenden who was organizing an expedition ostensibly against the Apaches. After the expedition started, however, Captain Roberts became convinced that the real object of Colonel Crittenden was to aid the Confederate cause. He refused to obey treasonable orders, and, procuring a furlough, hastened to Santa Fe to inform Colonel

Loring of the situation; but to his astonishment and chagrin he was reproved and ordered back to Fort Stanton. It transpired soon after this that Crittenden and Loring were both disloyal.

For a time, following the battle of Valverde and the rout of the Texans, Colonel Roberts was in command of several military districts in New Mexico, but on June 16, 1862, he was made brigadier general of volunteers and transferred to the staff of General John Pope as chief of cavalry. In May, 1863, General Roberts was transferred to the Department of the Northwest, and a month later was put in command of the Iowa District with headquarters at Davenport. Here he was within a few miles of the place where twenty-eight years before he had reported for duty to Colonel Kearney.

In honor of the distinguished general and former Iowan, the camp of the Eighth and Ninth Iowa Cavalry companies at Davenport was at first named Camp Roberts. Later the name was changed to Camp Kinsman, and toward the close of the war the Federal government donated this military establishment to the Iowa Soldiers' Orphans' Home.

Although Iowa was a loyal State it appears that some complaints of disloyalty were made to General Roberts, and that he attempted to forestall resistance to the government and especially to the draft by the seizure of arms belonging to certain citizens. General Pope, the department commander, did not approve of the action taken for in July, 1863, he

wrote to General Roberts from Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

"I regretted much to receive your dispatch stating that you had seized arms, &c., the personal property of the citizens of Iowa. I don't desire you to have anything to do with such matters. I have carefully refrained from allowing such things to be done here, though I have been repeatedly urged to do them. . . . . I confine myself strictly to my military duty. I hope you will do the same . . . . Surely the seizure of personal property on suspicion merely that it might hereafter be used in resisting the laws was out of place by a military commander in loyal States, and can only lead to ill-feeling and disagreeable and unnecessary complications, which it has been my steady purpose to avoid."

General Pope urged that no action of this kind be taken by the military authorities in loyal States except upon the request of the civil authorities. Within a short time this contingency occurred in Iowa, for on August 6, 1863, Governor Kirkwood wrote to the Secretary of War that because of a mob of armed men in Keokuk County he had asked General Roberts to detain the six companies of the Seventh Iowa Cavalry until the danger was passed. This request was complied with. In a letter to General Roberts General Pope commended his handling of this tense situation and added: "It is not necessary to inform the people of Iowa that troops will be used to enforce the draft nor to hold out to them any

such threat in advance of execution of laws, which it is only apprehended they may resist."

On December 2, 1863, General Roberts was relieved of his command of the Iowa District and was transferred to the Department of the Gulf where he served during the remainder of the war. He was mustered out of volunteer service on January 15, 1866, remaining in the Regular Army as lieutenant colonel of the Third Cavalry.

During the years immediately following the Civil War General Roberts devoted his energies to the invention and improvement of military equipment. He retired from the army in December, 1870, to take up the manufacture and sale of a rifle he had designed, but it does not appear that he was successful in securing the orders he anticipated during the Franco-Prussian War. He died at Washington, D. C., on January 29, 1875.

Ruth A. Gallaher

The Trial and Execution of Patrick O'Conner at the Dubuque Mines in the Summer of 1834

[Eliphalet Price, an eyewitness of the hanging, wrote the following account in the early fifties. In October, 1865, this account was published by the State Historical Society of Iowa in the *Annals of Iowa*, from which it is here reprinted. Price's spelling of the name O'Connor has been retained in the article.— THE EDITOR]

In giving a detailed historical account of the trial and execution of Patrick O'Conner, at the Dubuque mines, in the summer of 1834, we are aware that there are many persons still living who participated in bringing about a consummation of justice on that occasion; as well as many who were witnesses of the stern solemnity attending its closing scene; which may subject this reminiscence to a criticism which we believe will not extend beyond the omission of some minutia, which did not come under our personal observation.

Soon after the treaty between the United States and the Sac and Fox Indians at Rock Island in 1832, which resulted in the extinguishment of the Indian Title to the lands embraced in the present State of Iowa, permanent mining locations and settlements began to be made in the vicinity of the present city of Dubuque; and at the close of the winter of 1834, Congress attached the country acquired under the

treaty, to the Territory of Michigan, for election and judicial purposes.[1]

Up to that period no judicial tribunals existed in the country, except those created by the people for special purposes. Difficulties of a civil character were investigated and settled by arbitrators; while those of a criminal character were decided by a jury of twelve men, and, when condemnation was agreed upon the verdict of guilty was accompanied by the sentence. Such was the judicial character of the courts which were held at that time, in what was known as the *"Blackhawk Purchase."*

Patrick O'Conner, the subject of this memoir, was born in the year 1797 in the county of Cork, Ireland, — came to the United States in the year 1826, and soon after arrived at Galena, in the State of Illinois, where he embarked in mining operations. Having fractured his left leg in the fall of 1828, on board of a steamboat, in Fever River, it was found necessary to amputate the limb, which operation was performed by Dr. Phileas of Galena. In this situation O'Conner became an object of public charity. The citizens of Galena, and the mines in that vicinity, promptly came forward and subscribed liberal sums of money for his support and medical attendance and in the course of time he was enabled to get about with the assistance of a wooden leg, when he began to display a brawling and quarrelsome disposition, which soon rendered him no longer an object of pub-

[1] This act of Congress was approved June 28, 1834. — The Editor.

lic sympathy. In this situation he endeavored to awaken a renewal of public charity in aid of his support, by setting fire to his cabin in Galena, which came near destroying contiguous property of great value. This incendiary act, and the object for which it was designed, being traced to O'Conner, and exposed by Mr. John Brophy, a respectable merchant of Galena, O'Conner soon after, while passing the store of Mr. Brophy in the evening, fired the contents of a loaded gun through the door with the view of killing Brophy. Failing to accomplish his object, and being threatened with some of the provisions of lynch law, he left Galena and came to the Dubuque mines in the fall of 1833, where he entered into a mining partnership with George O'Keaf, also a native of Ireland. O'Keaf was an intelligent and industrious young man about 22 years old, and much respected by all who knew him. They erected a cabin upon the bank of the Mississippi river, near the present smelting furnace of Peter A. Lorimier, about two miles south from Dubuque; while their mining operations were conducted in the immediate neighborhood.

On the 19th of May, 1834, O'Keaf came up to Dubuque and purchased some provisions, when he returned to his cabin about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied by an acquaintance. Upon arriving at his cabin and finding the door fastened upon the inside, he called to O'Conner to open it. O'Conner replied:

"Don't be in a hurry, I'll open it when I get ready."

O'Keaf waited a few minutes when he again called to O'Conner, saying: "It is beginning to rain, open the door quick."

To this, O'Conner made no reply; when O'Keaf, who had a bundle in one hand and a ham of bacon in the other, placed his shoulder against the door and forced it open. As he was in the act of stepping into the house, O'Conner, who was sitting upon a bench on the opposite side of the room in front of the door, immediately leveled a musket and fired at O'Keaf. Five slugs entered his breast and he fell dead. The young man who accompanied O'Keaf immediately ran to the smelting furnace of Roots & Ewing, about a mile distant, and gave information of what had transpired. In a short time a large concourse of miners were assembled around the cabin, when O'Conner being asked why he shot O'Keaf, replied, "That is my business", and then proceeded to give directions concerning the disposition of the body. Some person present having suggested that he be hung immediately upon the tree in front of his cabin, a rope was procured for that purpose. But the more discreet and reflecting portion of the bystanders insisted that he should be taken to Dubuque, and the matter there fully and fairly investigated. Accordingly O'Conner was taken up to Dubuque. And on the 20th of May, 1834, the first trial for murder, in what is now known as the State of Iowa, was held in

the open air, beneath the wide-spreading branches of a large elm tree, directly in front of the dwelling then occupied by Samuel Clifton. A large concourse of people had assembled and stood quietly gazing upon the prisoner, when upon the motion of some person, Captain White was appointed prosecuting attorney, or counsel in behalf of the people. O'Conner being directed to choose from among the bystanders some person to act as his counsel, observed: "Faith, and I'll tind to my own business", and appeared perfectly indifferent about the matter. At length he selected Capt. Bates of Galena, who happened to be present, and in whose employ O'Conner had formerly been engaged. The two counsel then summoned from among the bystanders twenty-four persons, who were requested to stand up in a line; when Capt. White directed O'Conner to choose from among those persons twelve jurors. He accordingly chose the following persons, calling each by name:

Woodbury Massey, Hosea L. Camp, John McKensie, Milo H. Prentice, James Smith, Jesse M. Harrison, Thomas McCabe, Nicholas Carrol, John S. Smith and Antoine Loire.

The names of the other two jurors, who were traveling strangers, cannot after a period of thirty years be discovered. It was known, however, at the time of the trial, that six of the jurors were Americans, three of them Irishmen, one Englishman, one Scotchman and one Frenchman. The jury being seated upon some house logs Capt. White observed

to O'Conner, "Are you satisfied with that jury?" O'Conner replied, "I have no objection to any of them; ye have no laws in the country, and ye cannot try me."

Capt. White continued, "you, Patrick O'Conner, are charged with the murder of George O'Keaf, do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

O'Conner replied, "I'll not deny that I shot him, but ye have no laws in the country, and cannot try me."

Three or four witnesses were then examined; when Capt. White addressed the jury for a few minutes and was followed by Capt. Bates, who endeavored to urge upon the jury to send the criminal to the State of Illinois, and there have him tried by a legal tribunal. Capt. White replied that offenders had been sent to Illinois for that purpose, and had been released upon "Habeas Corpus," that state having no jurisdiction over offences committed upon the west side of the Mississippi River. After this, the jury retired, and having deliberated for an hour, returned to their seats, upon the logs, with Woodbury Massey as their foreman, who read from a paper the following verdict and sentence:

"We the undersigned, residents of the Dubuque Lead Mines, being chosen by Patrick O'Conner, and empanneled as a Jury to try the matter wherein Patrick O'Conner is charged with the murder of George O'Keaf, do find that the said Patrick O'Conner is guilty of murder in the first degree, and ought

to be, and is by us sentenced to be hung by the neck until he is dead; which sentence shall take effect on Tuesday the 20th day of June, 1834, at one o'clock P. M."[2]

Signed by all the jurors, each in his own hand writing.

There was a unanimous expression of all the bystanders in favor of the decision of the jury. No dissenting voice was heard, until a short time before the execution, when the Rev. Mr. Fitzmaurice, a Catholic priest from Galena, visited O'Conner and inveighed against the act of the people, denouncing it as being illegal and *unjust*. Immediately the Catholic portion of the Irish people became cool upon the subject, and it was evident that they intended to take no further part in the matter.

Up to this time we did not believe that O'Conner would be executed. It was in the power of the Rev. Mr. Fitzmaurice to save him, and he was anxious to do so. Had he appealed to the people in a courteous manner, and solicited his pardon upon the condition that he would leave the country, we confidently believe that they would have granted it; but he imprudently sought to alienate the feelings of the Irish people from the support of an act of public justice, which they, in common with the people of the mines, had been endeavoring to consummate. This had the effect of closing the avenues to any pardon that the people might have previously been willing to grant.

[2] The 20th of June, 1834, occurred on a Friday.— The Editor.

They, however, up to this time, would have recognized a pardon from the Governor of Missouri or the President of the United States. Application was made to the Governor of Missouri to pardon him; but he replied that he had no jurisdiction over the country, and referred the applicants to the President of the United States. President Jackson replied to an application made to him, that the laws of the United States had not been extended over the newly acquired purchase, and that he had no authority to act in the matter; and observed, that as this was an extraordinary case, he thought the pardoning power was invested in the power that condemned. A few days before the execution, a rumor got afloat that a body of two hundred Irishmen were on their way from Mineral Point, intending to rescue O'Conner on the day of execution. Although this report proved not to be founded in truth, it had the effect of placing the fate of O'Conner beyond the pardoning control of any power but force. Runners were immediately dispatched to the mines to summon the people to arms; and on the morning of the 20th of June, 1834, one hundred and sixty-three men, with loaded rifles formed into line on Main street in front of the old *"Bell Tavern,"* where they elected Loring Wheeler Captain of the Company, and Ezra Madden, Woodbury Massey, Thomas R. Brasher, John Smith and Milo H. Prentice, Marshals of the day. The company being formed six-a-breast, marched slowly by a circuitous route to the house where O'Conner was

confined, while the fife breathed in lengthened strains the solemn air of the Dead March, accompanied by the long roll of the muffled drum. The stores, shops and groceries had closed up their doors and life no longer manifested itself through the bustling hum of worldly pursuits. All was silent as a Sabbath morn, save the mournful tolling of the village bell. Men whispered as they passed each other, while every countenance denoted the solemnity and importance of the occasion. Two steamers had arrived that morning from Galena and Prairie Du Chien, with passengers to witness the execution. The concourse of spectators could not have been less than one thousand persons.

The company having marched to the house occupied by O'Conner, now owned by Herman Chadwick, halted and opened in the center, so as to admit into the column the horse and cart containing the coffin. The horse was driven by William Adams, who was seated upon the coffin, and was employed as executioner. He had on black silk gloves, and a black silk handkerchief secured over and fitted to his face by some adhesive substance, which gave him the appearance of a negro. The Marshals soon came out of the house, followed by O'Conner and the Rev. Mr. Fitzmaurice. The two latter took a position directly behind the cart, while the former mounted their horses and rode to the front of the column, which now moved slowly to the smith-shop of Thomas Brasher, where the irons were stricken from O'Con-

ner by Henry Becket. Our position in the column being in the front rank, following the priest and O'Conner, we were enabled to observe the bearing of the latter. He seemed to have abandoned all idea of being released, and was much distressed, wringing his hands and occasionally ejaculating detached parts of some prayer, "Will the Lord forgive me?" he would frequently ask of Mr. Fitzmaurice, who would reply, "Whosoever believeth in the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved," together with other like scriptural expressions. After he returned from the smith-shop, the Captain of the company desired him to get into the cart, when the priest observed, "No, I wish to talk to him; let him walk." Capt. Wheeler replied that he had orders to place him in the cart; but would go and state his request to the Marshal. Accordingly he advanced to where Mr. Madden was sitting upon his horse, who observed in a loud tone of voice, "No; if that gentleman wishes to talk with him, let him ride upon the cart with the murderer." This was spoken harshly and contemptuously by Mr. Madden, who, we learned afterwards, was deeply offended at some remarks previously made by Mr. Fitzmaurice concerning himself, and imprudently took this opportunity to retaliate, which we have reason to believe he afterwards regretted.

The Captain of the company delivered the message as he received it, though in a more pleasant tone of voice. Fitzmaurice bowed respectfully to the mes-

sage, but made no reply. O'Conner being now seated upon the coffin, the column commenced moving forward, to quarter minute taps of the drum, and arrived about twelve o'clock at the gallows, which was erected on the top of a mound in the vicinity of the present Court House. The company here formed into a hollow square, the cart being driven under the arm of the gallows, at the foot of which the grave was already dug. The Captain immediately ordered the company to ground arms, and uncover. Even many of the spectators removed their hats, while the priest offered up, in a clear and distinct tone of voice, a fervent and lengthy prayer, parts of which were repeated by O'Conner, who, at the close of the prayer, addressed a few remarks to the people, saying that he had killed O'Keaf, that he was sorry for it, and he hoped that all would forgive him. Then pausing for a moment, he observed, "I wish Mr. Lorimier and Gratiot to have my—" here he was interrupted by the priest, who observed, "Do not mind your worldly affairs; in a few minutes you will be launched into eternity; give your thoughts to your God." The hangman now spoke to O'Conner and assisted him to reascend the cart, when he adjusted around his person a white shroud; then securing his arms behind him at the elbows, he drew the cap over his face, fixed the noose around his neck, and lastly, he removed his leg of wood; then descended from the cart, and laid hold of the bridle of his horse and waited for the signal, which was given by one of the

Marshals, who advanced into the open area, where he stood with a watch in one hand and a handkerchief at arm's length in the other. As the hand of the watch came around to the moment, the handkerchief fell, and the cart started. There was a convulsive struggling of the limbs for a moment, followed by a tremulous shuddering of the body, and life was extinct. The body hung about thirty minutes, when Dr. Andros stepped forward, felt of his pulse, and said, "He is dead." The body was then cut down and placed in the coffin, together with his leg of wood, and deposited in the grave. The company now marched in single file to the front of the Bell Tavern, where a collection was taken up to defray the expenses, when the company was disbanded. Immediately after this, many of the reckless and abandoned outlaws, who had congregated at the Dubuque Mines, began to leave for sunnier climes. The gleam of the Bowie knife was no longer seen in the nightly brawls of the street, nor dripped upon the sidewalk the gore of man; but the people began to feel more secure in the enjoyment of life and property.

ELIPHALET PRICE

Comment by the Editor

AN EYEWITNESS

In the July number thirteen border criminals came within a few beans of hanging. Instead they were merely whipped and exiled, with the result that one of them at least returned to take a prominent part in the murder of Colonel George Davenport. In the present number a man is actually hanged. The affair was a noteworthy one, but it occurred at so early a date that there are few records of it. Fortunately Eliphalet Price was there as an eyewitness. He had come to the lead mining regions by way of New Orleans about the time of the Black Hawk War. In fact one writer credits him with having had a part in that war, capturing twelve redskinned prisoners.

However that may be, Price was in Dubuque in 1834, and was a prominent figure in northeastern Iowa for nearly forty years thereafter. He held various offices and was influential in State politics, partly by reason of his unusual ability as a speaker and a writer. In the sixties he was a member of the Board of Curators of the State Historical Society of Iowa and wrote many graphic articles for the *Annals of Iowa* which the Society was then publishing.

IOWA IN 1834

When Patrick O'Connor killed his partner, George O'Keaf, in 1834, the country that is now Iowa was

without a local constitutional status. It was a part of no State or organized Territory. Missouri, of which it had been a part, became a State in 1821 and the land north of it to the Canadian boundary and west to the upper waters of the Missouri River was left without organized government. No legal courts sat within its borders; no sheriff or constable protected its inhabitants. For a long time these inhabitants consisted only of Indians and fur traders. Settlement was prohibited by act of Congress.

In 1830 a group of lead miners crossed to what is now Dubuque and began to work the mines. They met beside a cottonwood log on the shore and drew up a set of rules for their own government. But Zachary Taylor, in command of United States troops at Fort Crawford, sent a detachment of soldiers under Lieutenant Jefferson Davis to drive them out. After the Black Hawk War miners and settlers crossed the river in numbers and, although still technically trespassers, developed a pioneer community into which O'Connor and O'Keaf came and settled.

The murder, according to Price's account, took place on May 19, and the hanging on June 20, 1834. Eight days later an act of Congress was approved which placed the tract of land including modern Iowa under the jurisdiction of the Territory of Michigan.

"YE HAVE NO LAWS"

The hanging was extra-legal, but under the conditions it was essentially an act of authority. Justice

is not always dependent upon the citation of statutes and the functioning of commissioned officials; in fact justice is sometimes accomplished more truly where it is not trammelled by legal technicalities. O'Connor's punishment was the deliberate, carefully-weighed act of a people who exercised the judicial function because they had no legal machinery to serve them. He was tried before a jury of his peers; he was given the benefit of a counsel to plead his cause; and a month's time elapsed between his sentence and his execution. Looking upon it in another light, his hanging was the logical answer of the people of a community to a man who said: "I'll not deny that I shot him, but ye have no laws in the country, and cannot try me."

J. C. P.

THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN C. PARISH

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

VOL. I | ISSUED IN OCTOBER 1920 | NO. 4

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Father Mazzuchelli

A young Italian stood clinging to the mainmast of a sailing vessel that plunged desperately in the midst of a gale upon the Atlantic. His imagination was stirred by the spectacle of the sea in its turbulence and he held his perilous position and watched the waves vent their wrath upon the boat and toss their crests across the deck, while overhead the wind howled through the rigging and the thunder crashed in the darkened sky.

Wide-eyed and fascinated he gazed at the storm about him, and with the same wide-eyed eagerness he looked forward to the quest upon which he was embarked. Samuel Charles Mazzuchelli was answering a call that had come to him at Rome. Since he was seventeen he had been preparing for the life of a Dominican priest, but when he was about twenty-one and not yet ordained he had heard a man from America tell of the need of preachers and churches on the far western edge of that new country. And

with hardly more ado than a trip to Milan to bid his parents farewell, he had set out for the land of possibilities.

In France, on a two months' sojourn, he had picked up a little knowledge of French, but he spoke no English. He had no companion, nor was any one to meet him in New York. He only knew that somehow he was to get to Cincinnati where he was to be taught English, ordained, and assigned to a mission. And somehow he did get there and began the last round of preparation for his life work.

Two years later, in 1830, Mazzuchelli appeared at Mackinac Island in the northern part of the Territory of Michigan. This island in the straits between Lakes Huron and Michigan was one of the posts of the American Fur Company. During the winter it was comparatively quiet but in the summer when the fur traders accompanied by their boatmen and clerks came in with their loads of furs — the result of a winter's work upon a hundred rivers and lakes in the northwest — the island swarmed with a motley population of Americans, French Canadians, half-breeds and Indians.

Here the young priest began his labors. At first he was the only Catholic priest within hundreds of miles, and he tried to make this whole vast region his parish. He spent his time for five years traveling over wide spaces to celebrate mass and preach to Indians and scattered fur trading settlements. In a trader's boat he crossed Lake Michigan to Green

Bay, and there he designed a church and managed its erection. He visited again and again the far off Winnebago village on the Wisconsin River, and he trailed across country to the Mississippi and preached to the settlement at Prairie du Chien. Menominee, Ottawa, Chippewa, and Winnebago Indians as well as American and French traders and their half-breed assistants came to know and like this slender young Dominican. He was not a rugged man, but small of stature and delicate of physique. Yet, though he never spared himself, the brightness of his eyes and the rich color of his cheeks remained with him to the end of his days.

He journeyed on foot, by canoe and on horseback, and in winter on snow-shoes and by sledge over the deep snows or up and down the frozen rivers. His memoirs read like pages from the *Jesuit Relations* of a century and a half before. He held services sometimes in the open under the trees, sometimes in lodges made of bark and mats brought and set up for the occasion by the Indian worshippers. He lived at times in the cabins of Indian tribes, eating with them, trying to master their languages, and sleeping upon their mats at night.

Nature never ceased to delight him. In his memoirs, in which he always spoke of himself in the third person, he tells of a journey to Arbre-Croche on the shore of Lake Michigan.

"Taking advantage of ten Catholic Indians leaving for Arbre-Croche in a bark canoe one evening he

crossed the Straits of Mackinac with them, and spent the first night in a dense forest, under a little tent cheered by a crackling fire close by,— which was supplied with fuel by the company. Who will forget the sweet canticles sung in their own native tongue by the pious oarsmen while crossing the Lake? The starry vault above, the calm of the limpid waters, their immensity lost in the western horizon, the pensive stillness of the shores far-off yet barely discernible, all seemed to echo the sweet reverent tones of the simple good Ottawas".

During these five years other priests had come to the Territory of Michigan, and the trading posts and Indian villages became accustomed to the sight of the long black mantle of the Dominicans. Mazzuchelli began to think of new fields of labor. In the spring of 1835 he made a trip to Cincinnati by way of St. Louis and the Ohio River, and as he went down the valley of the Mississippi he visited for the first time the town of Galena on the Fever River in Illinois and the little settlement at Dubuque on the west side of the Mississippi.

In these two lead mining towns were many Catholics, without either church or pastor, and following the visit of Mazzuchelli they petitioned his superiors to allow the priest to give his services exclusively to that section of the frontier. Thus began a new period in his life. His work was now almost entirely among the white settlers of the towns along the Mississippi, but it was none the less a life of cease-

less activity. He became more definitely a church builder. In the town of Dubuque he stirred the people to make subscriptions for a building; he drew up the plans himself, hired the workmen, and laid the corner-stone. The church was built from the native rock of the vicinity and under the zealous eye of the priest it grew slowly but steadily to completion.

In that same year, 1835, Mazzuchelli began a church at Galena. Here again he was architect and superintendent and it took long months to complete the work. In the meantime he built a little wooden chapel with a confessional on one side of the altar and a closet on the other, six feet by five, in which he slept. He alternated between Galena and Dubuque; and in the latter town while the church was going up he made his home in a little room under the Sanctuary, with unplastered walls and with the bare earth for a floor.

Eliphalet Price, who furnished the stone for a part of the Dubuque church, wrote of him:

"We never transacted business with a more honorable, pleasant and gentlemanly person than the Rev. Mr. Mazzuchelli. We left him seated upon a stone near the building, watching the lazy movements of a lone Irishman, who was working out his subscription in aid of the church."

Just so he must have been remembered by the inhabitants of many a frontier town — seated upon a stone with the skirts of his mantle tucked up about

him, overseeing the work upon a church that owed to him not only the inspiration for its erection but the practical details of its architecture as well.

In 1839 the arrival of Bishop Loras to take charge of the newly created Diocese of Dubuque relieved greatly the burden of Mazzuchelli's work and widened the scope of his energies. Wherever he went churches sprang up. He made trips up and down the river in every kind of weather and over every kind of road. A little frame church was the result of his work at Potosi, Wisconsin; and at Prairie du Chien he drew plans and superintended the erection of a stone church a hundred feet in length.

He carried his religious ministrations to Antoine Le Claire upon the site of Davenport before that town existed. Not many years later, in conjunction with Le Claire, he made arrangements for the building of a brick church in the new town. He had complete charge of the building of the first Catholic church in Burlington, and when it was finished but not yet consecrated he rented it for one session to the Legislative Council of the Territory of Iowa and was paid three hundred dollars for its use — sufficient to finish paying the debt incurred in its construction.

When Iowa City became the capital of the Territory of Iowa and the government offered free sites in the town for churches if they were built within a given time, the energetic priest hurried over to the

inland town and made preparations for building a church. And when Bishop Loras came in 1841 to lay the corner stone, Mazzuchelli, standing on a mound of earth thrown up by the excavators, gave the address of the occasion.

So this pioneer priest passed from town to town, celebrating mass, visiting the sick and everywhere leaving brick and stone monuments to his energy. Churches at his inspiration raised their crosses to the sky at Maquoketa and Bellevue and Bloomington (now Muscatine) in the Territory of Iowa and at Shullsburg and Sinsinawa in the Territory of Wisconsin. One who knew him well credits twenty churches to this far-wandering priest.

Father Mazzuchelli took a keen interest in things political as well as religious. In 1836 he officiated as chaplain at the first Fourth of July celebration in the town of Dubuque. In the fall of that same year he responded to an invitation to open with prayer the meeting of the Territorial Legislature of Wisconsin at Belmont; and he never ceased to praise the wisdom of the framers of the Federal Constitution for allowing religion to exist free from the trammels of the political state.

In February of 1843, having heard much of the sect of Mormons, he determined to visit in person their prophet, Joseph Smith, at Nauvoo. Being then at Burlington he journeyed to Fort Madison, and from there passed down the river on the ice and across to the Mormon town on the Illinois side,

where the prophet talked to him at length but unconvincingly of the many times he had conversed with God in person, of the revelations he had received from St. Paul, and of the golden Book of Mormon whose whereabouts an angel had revealed to him.

A few weeks later he started on a long journey back to Italy. While there, largely to enlist funds for his missionary enterprises, he wrote and published in Italian his *Memoirs* dealing with the fifteen years of his life in America. With characteristic modesty he invariably used the third person, speaking of himself as the Missionary or the Priest, and nowhere in the book, not even upon the title-page, does his name appear. In 1915, over fifty years after his death, the volume was re-published in an English translation.

Mazzuchelli did not stay long in Italy, but returned to devote nearly a score of years to additional service in the Upper Mississippi Valley. His later life was spent largely in southwestern Wisconsin, and since there were many priests now in the field his labors were less arduous. But he passed down the years with busy feet, founding schools and colleges, teaching and preaching and raising new buildings, visiting the sick and dying, and now and then with unflagging devotion attending the victims of an epidemic like that of 1850 when the ravages of cholera swept over southwestern Wisconsin.

A man of wide interests and versatile talents was

Father Mazzuchelli. His ability as an architect has been mentioned. Aside from the building of churches, Archbishop Ireland credits him with having drawn the plans of the first court house in Galena, and although he himself makes no mention of it in his writings, he is said to have designed the Old Stone Capitol at Iowa City. The carving of a beautiful altar in a chapel in Dubuque is attributed to him by Archbishop Ireland. If, as seems probable, the maps of the Mississippi Valley and Great Lake region which accompany his *Memoirs,* and the frontispiece depicting the habitation and family of a Christian Indian, are his, he must have had unusual skill with the pen. His memoirs themselves show a fine command of language, a genuine love of the beautiful in nature and life, and an intense patriotism for his adopted country.

He died in 1864, not yet old, and still busy serving his fellow men. A sister in Santa Clara College, which Mazzuchelli founded in southwestern Wisconsin, writes of his death:

"One bitter night he spent laboring from one death bed to another, and dawn overtook him creeping to his poor little cottage, no fire, no light, for he kept no servant, and benumbed and exhausted, he was glad to seek some rest. When morning came, unable to rise, they found him stricken with pneumonia, and in a few days his hardships were at an end forever. He who had served the dying in fever-haunted wigwams, in crowded pest houses, in the

mines, and on the river, added this last sacrifice to the works of his devoted life."

Ardent but gentle, inspiring yet practical, this energetic Dominican played an unusual part in the development of the West. His life was, throughout, one of service, but perhaps the keynote lies in those early years of wide and weary travel and church building. Here he was in very truth a pioneer; and wherever canoe or sled or his own tireless feet carried him, men of varying and of mixed races, of all creeds and of no creed, were better for the sight of his kindly face, the sound of his cheering words, and the unceasing labors of his hand and mind.

JOHN C. PARISH

A Few Martial Memories

I

OFF TO THE WARS

O, Johnnie has gone for to live in a tent —
They have grafted him into the Army.

In the spring of 1862, Camp Benton, just west of St. Louis, was a rallying point for the volunteers of the Northwest. Fifteen or twenty thousand new troops occupied it, in tents and barracks; brass bands paraded; raw cavalrymen, with unstained sabres, stood in long lines learning to cut, thrust and "let the enemy parry"; infantry with glittering weapons were drilling in companies and in regiments; the silver ringing of bright ramrods in still brighter gun-barrels was heard on every hand; staff officers, who had been clerks or unfledged lawyers a few weeks previously, galloped about with an air of immense responsibility, as though a battle were in progress. All was glitter, bustle and excitement. "Now, this is war", I said to myself, leaning against a cannon that had never been fired, and folding my arms in the fashion of Napoleon.

In a couple of days a great number of boxes somewhat resembling coffins, were hauled to the front of our quarters, and we turned out with loud cheers to "draw guns". They were beautiful Springfield

rifles, as bright as silver, and of the best pattern used in either army during the war. It was an exciting moment. When the orderly sergeant handed me one, together with a belt, a bayonet and sheath, a cap-box and cartridge box, and a brass "U. S." to put on the cartridge box, I felt that a great trust was being reposed in me by the United States government. Many a man has gone to Congress or received a Major-General's commission with less actual modesty and solemn emotion than I experienced on that occasion. And that burnished rifle, so beautiful that it seemed fit only to stand in the corner of a parlor, or repose in a case of rosewood and velvet, subsequently had an obscure but worthy history. In the course of the war, from its well-grooved barrel, I hurled more than eight hundred Minie balls in protest against a Southern Confederacy, and on my last battlefield I smashed it against the side of an oak tree, that it might never fire a shot for the dissolution of the Union.[1]

Still other things were rapidly given to us. We received those horrible-looking regulation felt hats which somebody decreed we must wear; also black plumes to adorn them; a brass eagle that resembled a peacock in full feather, for the side of a hat; a brass bugle for the front; brass letters and figures to denote each man's company and regiment; leather "dog collars" to span our necks, and much other

[1] Practically the entire Sixteenth Iowa Infantry was captured before Atlanta on July 22, 1864.— The Editor.

trumpery — all of which we threw away eventually, except the hat. The latter, in time, we lowered a story or two, by an ingenious method, and it served us well in storms of rain, and in the fierce heats of Southern summer. Buttoned and belted and strapped, and profusely ornamented, we felt we were soldiers indeed, and we pined for gory combat. Now and then a straggler would arrive, and after gazing on our splendid paraphernalia, he would be in a fever of anxiety until he, too, had secured the last gewgaw to which he was entitled at the hands of a generous Government. "Have you drawed your bugle yet?" became the slang salutation of the camp, the original inquiry having been propounded by an alarmed rural volunteer to one of his belated companions. After strutting about with our new weapons, like so many boys in their first new boots, we were ordered to the drill-ground to learn how to handle them without impaling one another.

Early the next morning the drums rattled furiously, and orders came to pack up instanter and get ready to leave for the seat of war. The wildest commotion ensued. Every other matter was forgotten, and with eager haste we got into line on the parade ground. There we learned the most annoying duty of a soldier — to stand in his place like a hitching post, perhaps for hours, simply awaiting orders.

We finally stacked arms and had breakfast, but at eleven o'clock we marched out of Camp Benton with

drums beating and colors flying, going we knew not where. Three batteries and three regiments of infantry followed us. The people of St. Louis cheered us vociferously all along the route. At 2 o'clock we reached the steamboat levee, and our regiment (16th Iowa) was packed and crowded on board a miserable old craft called the *Crescent City*. The other regiments embarked on other boats, and more troops and batteries were swiftly ferried across from East St. Louis and embarked on still other steamers. At dusk our somewhat imposing flotilla swung off, and amid the roar and clatter of martial music, and the cheering of soldiers and people, we steamed down the Mississippi. It was the 1st of April, and our commanders told us we would smell gunpowder soon.

At ten o'clock the next morning we reached Cairo, and saluted the beautiful Ohio with a round of cheers. Our fleet turned up the Ohio, and on still the next day we came to Paducah, Kentucky, at the confluence of the Ohio and Tennessee rivers. Taking on plenty of coal, we moved up the Tennessee river to join Grant's army, flushed with its recent victory at Fort Donelson. The voyage was enchanting. I shall remember those lofty bluffs, robed in green foliage, bright with blossoms and flowers, to the last days of my life. Wild and picturesque scenes lay on either side, and strains of music floated on every breeze. The weather was balmy and delightful. The air was fragrant with the breath of Southern spring. We seemed only on a pleasure excursion. We passed

Fort Henry without stopping, but close to its battle-rent works, constructed on land little above the river level, "Old Glory" floated peacefully above the riddled ramparts, sentries paced back and forth, and troops were encamped near by.

On the evening of April 5th we arrived at Pittsburg Landing. No wharves, warehouses or dwellings lined the shore. Not even a clearing was visible. We saw only a wooded wilderness. On the east shore were richly timbered low lands, subject to overflow. On the west side abrupt bluffs rose from the water's edge to a height of 150 feet. They were broken by deep ravines that came down to the river. These towering green highlands were covered with magnificent oaks and elms in full foliage, decorated here and there by dark mistletoe. In Egyptian darkness we disembarked on the west shore, and climbing nearly to the summit of the bluff, we formed in line and stacked arms. The other regiments and the artillery companies also disembarked and climbed the hill. A very large army seemed scattered about. We could see innumerable campfires far to the front, and martial music floated for miles through the woods. Worn out with a voyage of hundreds of miles, we spread our blankets and went to sleep. It was the night before the battle of Shiloh — one of the bloodiest engagements of the whole war.

II

THE OPENING GUNS OF SHILOH

So long as there's truth to unfetter,
So long as there's wrong to set right,
So long as our march is upward,
So long will the cry be —"Fight".
So I drink — to defeat or to conquest;
To the laurel — or cypress and scar;
To danger, to courage, to daring —
To the glory and grandeur of War.

Irene F. Brown.

Early in the morning — very early — I became aware that something unusual was occurring. Rousing with an effort, I staggered to my feet and found that other men had also been awakened, and far away through the woods we faintly heard bugles sounding and heard the distant dull roll of drums, mingled with the discharge of fire arms. Interrogating members of a regiment near by, we got the answer:

"Why, it's the long roll beating."

"And what's the long roll?" we inquired.

They explained that it was a peculiar roll of the drum that is only beaten at a time of great danger to an army. Like a fire bell at night, it was a note of alarm. It signified the enemy's presence, and called the soldiers to arms, in haste. This was news indeed, and a presentiment of impending momentous

events seemed for a moment to possess me. Every drummer who heard the roll, snatched his drum and repeated it. The weird note sounded in every direction. We listened intently and were soon startled by the roar of artillery, somewhat distant, but frequent and heavy. Presently the cannonading became "nearer, clearer, deadlier than before." The crash of musketry, in volleys, was heard, far away to the front. Staff and field officers began to appear, many of them mounted and "riding in hot haste"; and the drums of many of the regiments around the landing beat the assembly.

The idea that some kind of a battle was commencing, had been ridiculed at first, but it was now certain that heavy fighting was being done on the outer lines. Our drums beat and our regiment hastily formed, after which baggage was brought up from the landing, ammunition was issued, and we were shown how to bite and use cartridges. We got orders to cook breakfast, eat it, and get back into line. As the roar over in the woods waxed nearer, louder, deeper and more terrible, wounded men began to appear in great numbers along the road leading to the river. The first of them who reached us gave a partially correct but exaggerated statement of affairs. The army had been surprised by an immense force of Confederates, they said; soldiers had been shot or bayonetted in their tents; whole regiments had been captured or massacred; our lines had been broken and driven back; many of our bat-

teries had been captured, and affairs were growing worse every moment. Presently a new class of men began to arrive from the field, in limited numbers. They were totally uninjured, and some of them had no muskets. In reply to any questioning, they said their regiments "were all cut to pieces," and that there was no use for them to stay there any longer. As time dragged by this class of men became more numerous, and the number of regiments that were all cut to pieces struck me as being quite appalling.

The great battle meantime waxed fiercer and fiercer, and appeared to be extending over miles and miles of ground; more artillery was getting into line; the concussion of guns grew heavier and more frightful; and volleys of musketry broke in tremendous explosions, one overlapping and drowning the other in rapid succession; the leaves on the trees and the very air seemed to vibrate with repeated shocks; and listening volunteers, fresh from the North, some of them slightly pale, abandoned their long cherished fear that the war might end before they would ever do any fighting.

The preceding night we had slept for the first time on a soldier's couch — the ground — little dreaming that before we should sleep again the surge-like tide of an awful battle would sweep to within twenty paces of that spot. It was a Sabbath morning, warm, sunny, and with a cloudless sky. I thought of the ringing of the church bells in my native State, and then I listened with awe to the ter-

rible roar of the mighty conflict raging a few miles away. It swelled into smooth thunder, varied by volleys of artillery, and then broke into redoubled violence, lashing and clashing with spasmodic rage. It seemed that some vast, devouring force of Nature was approaching; that some furious ocean had been poured upon the land, and was leaping and crashing its way through crags and abysses to the scene where we stood. On the opposite side of the river the lowlands were basking in the sunshine that streamed through the fresh foliage of the trees, and blossoms and flowers were plainly discernible. It was a picture of perfect tranquillity. The river was like a sheet of glass. Two heavily armed gunboats moved slowly back and forth like restless monsters fretted with unavailing ire; and the many transports lying along shore were rapidly getting up steam as though to fly from a region of disaster.

Fugitives and wounded men poured past our bivouac by hundreds. We had ceased to interrogate them, for the reply was invariably the same. A fearful struggle was in progress. The Union army was literally fighting for existence. It was being steadily driven back, and had met with enormous losses. The attack had been made with consummate skill, at the earliest break of dawn. At many portions of the field, not even picket lines had been stationed in front of the Union encampments, and these troops were taken by complete surprise.[2] Men were

[2] The question of whether or not Grant's army was taken by sur-

actually killed on their cots. Rebel soldiers afterwards told me that they "fired into the tents and the Yankees came buzzing out like bees." At other portions of the field, pickets were properly stationed. Where the blame lies is immaterial. Generals, colonels and soldiers knew little about actual war — especially on a large scale. The enemy rushed on in three heavy lines of battle, and won everything at the outset, but that the battle raged for forty-eight hours afterwards, and ended in a rebel defeat, is one of the wonders of history.

Albert Sidney Johnston fell that day, just after leading a victorious charge, and at the very moment he was waving his thanks to his wildly applauding soldiers.[3] Just before the battle he had issued to them a stirring address, in which he said:

I have put you in motion to offer battle to the invaders of your country. With the resolution and disciplined valor becoming men fighting, as you are, for all worth living or dying for, you can but march to a decisive victory over agrarian mercenaries, sent to subjugate and despoil you of

prise has been for many years a subject of controversy. For a refutation of the surprise theory see Rich's *The Battle of Shiloh.*— The Editor.

[3] There has been much difference of opinion as to the manner of the death of General Johnston. The story recounted by Parkhurst is to be found in many of the earlier books dealing with the battle. Later writers have in several cases maintained that General Johnston was engaged in forming the reserves behind the lines when he was hit by a stray ball. See Rich's *The Death of General Albert Sidney Johnston on the Battlefield of Shiloh* in *The Iowa Journal of History and Politics,* Vol. XVI, pp. 275–281.— The Editor.

your liberties, property, and honor. Remember the precious stake involved. Remember the dependence of your mothers, your wives, your sisters, and our children on the result. Remember the fair, broad, abounding lands, the happy homes, and ties that will be desolated by your defeat. The eyes and hopes of 8,000,000 of people rest upon you. You are expected to show yourselves worthy of your valor and lineage: worthy of the women of the South, whose noble devotion in this war has never been exceeded in any time. With such incentives to brave deeds and with the trust that God is with us your generals will lead you confidently to the combat, assured of success.[4]

After breaking a Union line, and driving it back in rout, Gen. Johnston was receiving the clamorous applause of his soldiers. Three fugitives turned around to see what new calamity impended, and they guessed him to be a general. Loading their muskets as quick as they could, they fired simultaneously.[5] He fell in his saddle, and died a few moments afterwards in the arms of a surgeon. His death caused a temporary cessation of the enemy's activity. After some delay, that proved valuable to the Union forces, Beauregard assumed command. He swore he would "water his horse in the Tennessee river before sunset," and he nearly kept his word.[6] The enemy's

[4] This address by General Johnston to his soldiers is printed in the *War of the Rebellion: Official Records,* Series I, Vol. X, Pt. II, pp. 396–397.— The Editor.

[5] See footnote on p. 120.— The Editor.

[6] This famous declaration was made at the beginning of the battle by General Johnston, not by General Beauregard.— The Editor.

frantic efforts continued. By this time every Union regiment was in action.

Gen. Lew Wallace left Crump's Landing, somewhere down the river, that morning, with about ten thousand men, with rush instructions to reach the field promptly, but he got lost in the woods. Had he made the march in proper time, he might have won imperishable glory. He could have hit the left flank and rear of the rebel army, and changed a disastrous field into a victorious one. As matters went, he arrived when the crisis was over — the next morning.[7] All day long, hour after hour, the battle raged, and the victory seemed to be Beauregard's.

III

SUNDAY EVENING AT SHILOH

Their toast to the smoke of the peace pipe,
As it curls over vintage and sheaves;
Over war vessels resting at anchor,
And the plenty that Peace achieves.
I drink to the sword and the musket;
To Battle's thunder and crash and jar;
To the screech and the scream of the bullet —
To onset, to strife and to War.

Irene F. Brown.

It was close to evening. From the hilltop where I stood, stretching down the long abrupt slope to the river's edge, and off to the left for half a mile, and

[7] General Wallace arrived after dark Sunday evening and during the night disposed his troops for battle.— *War of the Rebellion: Of-*

perhaps a mile, was the wreck of a terribly beaten army. Thousands and thousands of men, in the apathy of despair, awaited an apparently inevitable calamity. Buell's army was known to be close at hand, hurrying toward us, on the other side of the river, and officers of every rank from general down, were passing through this vast mob and appealing to them by everything that civilized men hold sacred to get into line and keep the enemy back, if only for ten minutes, till Buell could save them from massacre. I even saw a girl of eighteen stand on a stump like another Joan of Arc, and deliver a passionate harangue. She was in Zouave uniform — some "daughter of a regiment" — and her burning words produced astonishing effect.

We had but a little ways to go, and barely a moment to take in the situation. A long line of artillery stretched off to the right, some of the pieces being heavy enough to shatter the walls of a fortress at one discharge. The enemy was throwing a few shells.

> At once there rose so wild a yell,
> It seemed that all the fiends that fell
> Had pealed the banner cry of Hell.

Thousands and thousands of infuriated men poured in to sight with fixed bayonets, yelling like demons.

ficial Records, Series I, Vol. X, Pt. II, pp. 170, 176, 188, 193, 196, 197. For a discussion of General Wallace's march to the battlefield, see Rich's *General Lew. Wallace at Shiloh* in *The Iowa Journal of History and Politics*, Vol. XVIII, pp. 301–308.— The Editor.

It seemed that the earth had vomited forth a new rebel army. "Bull's Run! Bull's Run! Bull's Run!" they shrieked at the tops of their voices. They hoped to stampede us in sheer terror. We fired by instinct. Almost at the same time our massed park of artillery hurled barrels of grape and canister into their naked ranks. Their yells were drowned in the roar, but on they came, the living trampling over the dead. No commands were given us. No man's voice could have been heard. Every man loaded and fired with frantic haste. Smoke rose before us, in clouds. Suddenly a tempest of musket balls flew hissing around us. We knew we had checked the charge, for troops on a charge seldom fire. The combat deepened. A terrific and supernatural noise alarmed me. It seemed like some enormous projectile ripping the air open. I instinctively crouched to the earth. It passed in the direction of the enemy, diagonally, and fell among them. I imagined I heard it bursting, and that I saw the flames of its explosion. It was a huge shell from one of the gunboats. Others followed in swift succession, scattering death and havoc wherever they fell. They were thrown with astonishing precision.

An unusual crash of musketry to the left caught my attention. Glancing across the road I saw that a long double line of infantry had just poured a volley into the foe. Where I fought, our line was ragged and disordered. Some were standing erect, some were lying down, some were fighting on one knee,

and some were behind logs, stumps and trees. But every man of that line stood erect, in splendid order. They were fresh troops from Buell's command. The rest was like a horrible dream. We loaded and fired and smoke enveloped us. The ground trembled beneath our feet. We were in a whirlwind of smoke, fire and missiles. It was so near night that our muskets flashed fire. Our cannons belched forth streams of fire. At times I saw gunners standing erect, ramrods in hand, like silhouettes against a background of fire. At length bullets ceased to fall among us. I dreaded a new charge. Then the fire began to slacken all along our line, we began to hear cheers, we ceased firing, and knew that the conflict had ended. Then, amid the lifting clouds of smoke, and amid the dead and dying, powder-grimed and streaming with perspiration, we snatched off our hats and cheered and yelled like maniacs. We had repulsed the foe, and the first day's carnage at least was over.

As I was getting into place at the line of battle, just before the enemy's onset, I hastily viewed a most melancholy circumstance. On the left hand side of the road, on the summit of the hill stood an old log cabin, and around it were innumerable tents — I cannot say how many, for they stretched to the left — and every one of those tents was filled with wounded soldiers. Musket balls were already piercing the canvas, and I saw men running with stretchers to remove the wounded. All that stood

between those tents and the storming columns of the foe was a hurriedly forming and ragged line of battle. The line must have been within a yard of the tents, or may have been formed down through them, the outer tents being torn down. Imagine the agony of a man with a shattered leg or with a Minie ball through his lungs being jolted off in a stretcher by two excited, rough and incompetent men. Imagine this being done under a fire of musketry, with shells bursting plentifully around, and tremendous excitement prevailing. Or worse yet, suppose he had been left behind, shorn of the strength he possessed an hour before, and must lie helpless on his blood-drenched couch with screaming missiles rending his tent to tatters, and inflicting additional wounds. I did not see the result, but great numbers of those men must have been killed on the cots where they were lying.

We had no sooner reached the line of battle than a shell came shrieking through the air, and fell not twenty feet in front of us. It whirled there a moment and exploded. A soldier fell forward on his breast, and a comrade ran to his side, and taking him by the shoulders, lifted him up. Then we saw that his face and throat were blown or cut off, and the blood spurted in great jets or streams from the veins and arteries of his neck, and his friend dropped the quivering trunk to the ground with a look of horror. It was the ghastliest sight I saw in the war. We hear orators rant about men spilling

their blood on the altar of their country. That man literally poured out all the blood in his veins on the barren soil of a Tennessee hill, that the flag that floats in triumph today might continue an emblem of nationality and power.

Immediately after the repulse of the foe, and when triumphal cheers were ceasing, we began to hear different and more piteous sounds. They were the moans of the wounded and dying. I even heard horses sending forth sounds that seemed like appeals for human sympathy and assistance. Indistinctly seen, but all around us, was blood — on the ground, on the trees, on the guns that had swept the foe so terribly, on the prostrate forms of the slain, and even on men who were walking about, glowing with the enthusiasm of victory.

Troops were pouring up the road from the landing. They were soldiers of Buell's army. The steamers were ferrying them across the river as fast as possible, and bands of music were playing on the steamers. These men had been in the service some little time, and betrayed evidence of training and discipline. They passed us, and deployed in line of battle some distance beyond us, for the enemy's forces had retired about half a mile. The Buell troops that got into action that evening numbered only a few thousand, but they rendered invaluable aid at a critical moment.[8] They were led by the im-

[8] Only a part of Colonel Ammen's brigade of General Nelson's division actually got into the fight on Sunday evening. These troops

petuous General Nelson, who was afterwards killed in a Louisville hotel by one of our own generals. Nelson was a proud, arrogant, overbearing man, but he was a most heroic military leader — utterly without fear. I saw him on horseback at the road, under the full fire of the enemy, but did not know until the next morning who he was.

A rapid re-organization of Grant's forces ensued; the rolls were called, arms were stacked in line; those of us who had any rations, ate them, after which, exhausted with the day's toils and intense excitement, we spread our blankets on the ground and were soon sleeping soundly.

Our bugles sang truce — for the night cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk to the ground over-powered,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

CLINTON PARKHURST,
Co. C, 16th Iowa Infantry.

could doubtless be numbered in hundreds rather than thousands.— *War of the Rebellion: Official Records*, Series I, Vol. X, Pt. II, pp. 328, 333–334, 337.— The Editor.

Comment by the Editor

A MOSAIC

History is made up of mosaics with many pieces gone. For some days we have been trying to put together the fragments of a biographical mosaic, but there are still more vacant places than there are colored stones. Probably some of the readers of THE PALIMPSEST can supply the missing pieces. Back in the thirties, when the name of Antoine Le Claire was one to conjure with, the town of Le Claire was laid out on the bank of the Mississippi above Davenport. And alongside of it, about the same time, Eleazer Parkhurst and T. C. Eads began another village. It was named Parkhurst after Eleazer who was its first settler, its first postmaster, and its leading citizen. After him came Lemuel Parkhurst and Waldo Parkhurst and others of the clan who built houses and opened stores and helped keep up the rivalry with the adjacent village of Le Claire.

After various fortunes and misfortunes, including the change of the name of their town to Berlin, the followers of Eleazer agreed to join the rivals across the way, and in 1855 a new town of Le Claire was incorporated which included the original Parkhurst.

From the town of Le Claire on February 12, 1862, an eighteen year old boy, Clinton Parkhurst, en-

listed in the Sixteenth Iowa Infantry. It was a new regiment and did not receive ammunition until the morning of April 6, when it entered the Battle of Shiloh. Clinton Parkhurst's impressions of this conflict are told in *A Few Martial Memories* in this number.

Other battles followed, and between the times of desperate fighting there was foraging and skirmishing, long days in camp and on the march, and weary night watches. A year passed — two years — then, one summer day in 1864 in the Atlanta campaign, the gallant Sixteenth Iowa, fighting to the last, was surrounded and practically the entire regiment was forced to surrender. So Clinton Parkhurst, after swinging his rifle against a tree to put it out of commission, ceased fighting for a time and became an inmate of Andersonville Prison. But after a few months the men of the Sixteenth were exchanged and returned to combat service.

In the summer of 1865, Parkhurst was mustered out at Clinton, Iowa. He was still hardly more than a boy, but the years in camp and battle line and prison had deepened his life and given him a heritage of experiences which he never lost.

More than fifty years had gone by since the Battle of Shiloh. The lusty young soldiers who had gathered at reunions after the war and sung "We're Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground"— just as the boys of the American Legion today sing

"Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag"— were fewer in number and their voices were beginning to quaver as they sang. Their blue uniforms which had been the emblem of youth were now the garments of age. In June, 1913, there came to the State Historical Society an envelope containing the manuscript of *A Few Martial Memories* written out painstakingly in longhand and signed by "Clint Parkhurst, 16th Iowa Infantry". There was something almost startling in the fresh vividness of the account coming to light a half century after the event. No letter accompanied the manuscript. The only clue to an address was the postmark on the envelope: "Marshalltown, Iowa". A letter addressed to Mr. Clint Parkhurst at that place brought no reply. A friend living in Marshalltown reported no trace of such a person. Sometime afterward a letter written to the Commandant of the Iowa Soldiers' Home at Marshalltown was answered as follows:

"Clinton Parkhurst was admitted to this Home November 15, 1895 and he deserted this Home on August 22, 1913, and we have heard nothing of him since."

The rest of the mosaic is missing. What did he do in those thirty years between his mustering out in 1865 and his entering the Soldiers' Home in 1895? They were the prime of his life — from his twenty-first to his fifty-first years. The *List of Ex-Soldiers, Sailors and Marines Living in Iowa,* published in

1886 by the Adjutant General of the State, does not contain his name. Probably he had moved out of the State. He served throughout the war as a private and perhaps took similar rank in civil life. The chances are that his comings and goings were little noted. Yet we have not had from the pen of any officer on either side any more vivid glimpses of Shiloh than these *Few Martial Memories* by Clinton Parkhurst.

And then, after eighteen years in the Iowa Soldiers' Home, he "deserted". Somewhere, still, he may be alive, dreaming oftentimes perhaps of the beauty of the Sabbath morning when the long roll stirred the air at Pittsburg Landing, of the calmness of the Tennessee River lying "like a sheet of glass" between the highlands where the battle was raging, and the opposite shore where "the lowlands were basking in the sunshine that streamed through the fresh foliage of the trees, and blossoms and flowers were plainly discernible." The boy who listened that day to the increasing roar of the conflict and thought of the ringing of the Sabbath morning church bells in his native State would now be seventy-six years old. We hope he is still living and we take this means of thanking him for the opportunity to preserve his impressions of Shiloh.

J. C. P.

THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN C. PARISH

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VOL. I ISSUED IN NOVEMBER 1920 NO. 5

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A Geological Palimpsest

Iowa is very, very old — as old as the hills, and older. So old, in truth, is this fair land that no matter at what period the story is begun whole eternities of time stretch back to ages still more remote. Seasons without number have come and gone. Soft winds of spring have caressed a dormant nature into consciousness; things have lived in the warmth of summer suns; then the green of youth has invariably changed to the brown and gold of a spent cycle; and winter winds have thrown a counterpane of snow over the dead and useless refuse of departed life. For some creatures the span of life has been but a single day; others have witnessed the passing of a hundred seasons; a few giant plants have weathered the gales of four thousand years; but only the rocks have endured since the earth was formed. To the hills and valleys the seasons of man are as night and day, while the ages of ice are as winter, and the millions of years intervening as summer.

Through stately periods of time the earth has evolved. Mud has turned to stone, the sea has given place to land, mountains and molehills have raised their heights, and tiny clams have laid down their shells to form the limestone and the marble for the future dwellings of a nobler race. Since the first soft protozoan form emerged in the distant dawn of life, myriads of types from amoebas to men have spread their kind through endless generations. By far the greater number have lived true to form; but a few have varied from the normal type the better to maintain themselves; and slowly, as eons of time elapsed, old species died and new ones came into existence. Thus mice and mastodons evolved.

"All the world's a stage" for the drama of life wherein creatures of every kind — large and small, spined and spineless, chinned and finned — have had "their exits and their entrances" along the streams, on the plains, among the mountains, in the forests, and on the floor of the ocean. The theme of the play has been strife, and all through the acts, be they comic or tragic, two great forces have always contended. The one has aimed at construction, the other has sought to destroy. The air and the water were ever at odds with the earth, while the principal objects of animal life have always been to eat and escape being eaten. No one knows when the play began, no one knows the end; but the story as told by the rocks is as vivid as though it were written by human hand. This drama of life is the history of Iowa before the advent of man.

The record begins at a time when Iowa was under the sea. The only inhabitants were plants and animals that lived in the water. Very simple in structure they were: it was the age of the algae in plant life while in the animal kingdom the noblest creatures were worms. The duration of time that the sea remained is altogether beyond comprehension. Slowly, ever so slowly, the dashing waves crumbled the rocks on the shore and the rivers brought down from the land great volumes of sand to be laid on the floor of the ocean. Ten millions of years elapsed, perhaps more, until at the bottom of the sea there lay the sediment for thousands of feet of proterozoic rock. This is the story as told by the Sioux Falls "granite" in northwestern Iowa.

After a great while the sea over Iowa receded. Then, for possibly two million years, the rocky surface of the land was exposed to wind and rain. Over the vast expanse of barren territory not a sign of life appeared. No carpet of grass protected the earth from the savage attacks of the water; no clump of trees broke the monotony of the level horizon: the whole plateau was a desert. As the centuries passed deep gorges were carved by the streams, and at last the down-tearing forces succeeded in reducing the land almost to the sea level.

Gradually from the south the sea encroached upon the land until all of Iowa was again submerged. Its history during the next ten thousand centuries or more is told by sandstone cliffs in Allamakee County.

All sorts of spineless creatures lived in the water. Crab-like trilobites swam to and fro, ugly sea worms crawled in the slime of Cambrian fens, the primitive nautilus "spread his lustrous coil" and left his "outgrown shell by life's unresting sea", while jellyfish and sponges dwelt in quiet places near the shore.

At last a new age dawned. The all-pervading sea still held dominion over nearly all of North America. So small was the area of land that the sand carried away by the streams was lost on the bed of the ocean. The principal upbuilding forces were the primeval molluscs that deposited their calcium carbonate shells in the shallow arms of the ocean. By imperceptible accretions the Ordovician limestones of northeastern Iowa were formed. Gradually the water receded and the newly made rocks were exposed to the weather. As the floods from summer showers trickled into the earth during the ages that followed some of the minerals were dissolved and carried away to be stored in cavities and crevices to form the lead mines for Julien Dubuque. That was millions of years ago.

Centuries elapsed while the Iowa country was a desert-like waste. Then again the sea invaded with its hosts of crabs, corals, and worms. Thousands of years fled by while shell by shell the Anamosa limestone grew. But as the world "turned on in the lathe of time" the sea crept back to its former haunts and the land once more emerged.

No longer was Iowa a desert. The time had arrived when living things came out of the water and found a home on the land. The ferns were among the first of the plants to venture ashore and then came the rushes. Forests of gigantic horsetails and clubmosses grew in the lowlands. Slimy snails moved sluggishly along the stems of leafless weeds, while thousand-legged worms scooted in and out of the mold. Dread scorpions were abroad in the land. It was the age of the fishes when the ocean returned and the process of rockmaking was resumed. Endless varieties of fish there were, some of them twenty feet long, and armed with terrible mandibles. Enormous sharks infested the sea where now are the prairies of Iowa. The crinoids and molluscs were also abundant. It is they, indeed, that have preserved the record of their times in the bluffs of the Cedar and Iowa rivers. He who will may read the chronicles of those prehistoric days in the limestone walls of the Old Stone Capitol.

Then came a time when the climate of Iowa was tropical. Vast salt marshes were filled with rank vegetation. Ugly amphibians, scaled and tailed, croaked beneath the dripping boughs and left their trail in the hardened sand as they fed on the primitive dragonflies millions of centuries ago. Cockroaches and spiders were plentiful, but not a fly or a bee had appeared. Giant trees, enormous ferns, and ever-present rushes stored up the heat of summer suns and dying, fell into the water. As thousands of

years went by, the reedy tarns turned into peat bogs and slowly decomposition continued until little but carbon remained. Such is the story the coal mines tell.

But the old earth heaved amain, the Appalachian mountains arose, and here and there a great salt lake or an inland sea was formed. The supply of fresh water was exceeded by evaporation and so at the end of a long period of time only a salt bed remained or an extensive deposit of gypsum. So it has come to pass that in the age of man stucco comes from the Fort Dodge gypsum mines that were prepared at the end of the Paleozoic era.

Enormous segments of geologic time elapsed during which the sea had receded and Iowa was exposed to erosion. At first the climate was arid so that plant life was scarce, but as humidity increased vegetation developed apace. In the animal kingdom the reptiles were dominant. Crocodiles, lizards, and queer looking turtles were here in abundance. Gigantic and ungainly monsters called dinosaurs roamed over the land, while from the flying Jurassic saurians the birds were slowly evolving.

During countless ages the wind and water were engaged in their persistent work of destruction. Gradually the land was reduced to the sea level and the ocean crept in over Iowa. This time the water was muddy and shale and sandstone resulted. As sedimentation progressed great marshes appeared by the seashore and finally the ocean receded, never

again to encroach upon Iowa. In the west the lofty peaks of the Rockies were rising.

Permanently disenthralled from the sea and possessed of a favorable climate Iowa became the abode of the flora and fauna of Tertiary times. To the east the Mississippi River probably followed its present course, though its mouth was much farther north, but the streams of interior Iowa were not in all cases where we find them at present. The valleys were young and the drainage was very imperfect. Luxuriant forests of oak, poplar, hickory, fig, willow, chestnut, and palm trees covered the hills, while moss-mantled cypresses grew in the marshes. There were flowers for the first time in Iowa, and with them came the bees and the butterflies. The ancestors of squirrels and opossums busied themselves among the branches while below on the ground there were creatures that took the place of beavers and gophers. Giant razor-back swine and something akin to rhinoceroses haunted the banks of the streams. In the open spaces there were species that closely resembled cattle, while from others deer have descended. An insignificant creature with three-toed hoofs passed himself off for a horse. All sorts of dog-like animals prowled through the forests and howled in the moonlit wastes. Stealthy panthers and fierce saber-toothed tigers quietly stalked their prey, while above in the branches large families of monkeys chattered defiance to all. Bright colored birds flitted in the sunny

glades or among the shadowy recesses. Snakes, lizards, and turtles basked on half-submerged logs or fed upon insects.

The majestic sweep of geologic ages finally brought to an end the era of temperate climate in Iowa, and after hundreds of thousands of years ushered in the era of ice. It may have been more than two million years ago that the climate began to grow rigorous. All through the long, bleak winters the snow fell and the summers were too cool to melt it. So year by year and century after century the snow piled higher and higher, until the land was covered with a solid sheet of ice. The plants and animals suffered extinction or migrated southward.

As this ponderous glacier moved over the surface of Iowa it ground down the hills and filled up the valleys. Slowly the ice sheet moved southward, crushing the rocks into fragments and grinding the fragments to powder. At length there came a time when the climate grew milder and the ice was gradually melted. Swollen and turbid streams carried away the water and with it some of the earth that was frozen into the glacier, but much of the debris was left where it lay. Even with the slow movement of glaciers, still there was time during the ice age for huge granite boulders to be carried from central Canada to the prairies of Iowa.

The first glaciation was followed by an interval of temperate climate when vegetation flourished and the animals returned as before. But the age of the

glaciers was only beginning. Again and again the ice crept down from the north and as often disappeared. Twice the glacier extended all over Iowa, but the three other invasions covered only a part of this region. Rivers were turned out of their courses. At one time an ice sheet from Labrador pushed the Mississippi about fifty miles to the westward, but in time the river returned to its old course, and the abandoned channel was partly appropriated by the Maquoketa, Wapsipinicon, Cedar, and Iowa. Again, as the ice retreated great lakes were formed, and once for hundreds of years the waters of Lake Michigan flowed into the Mississippi along the course of the Chicago drainage canal.

The earliest glaciers laid down the impervious subsoil of clay while the later ones mingled powdered rock with the muck and peat of the inter-glacial periods to form the loam of the fertile Iowa farms. Probably a hundred thousand years have fled since the last glacier visited north-central Iowa, but the region is still too young to be properly drained, so nature is assisted by dredges and tile. It was during the glacial period that mankind came into existence, but no man trod Iowa soil until after the last glacier was gone. Compared with the inconceivable eons of time since the first Iowa rocks were formed, it was only as yesterday that the ancient mound builders flourished.

Such is the geological history of Iowa. No one can say when the first record was made, but the

story through all of the ages is indelibly carved in rock by the feet and forms of the mummied dead that lie where they lived. Age after age, as the sea and the land contended and the species struggled to live, the drama of the world was faithfully recorded. Sometimes, to be sure, the story is partly erased, sometimes it is lost beneath subsequent records, but at some place or other in Iowa a fragment of each act may be found. The surface of Iowa is a palimpsest of the ages.

JOHN E. BRIGGS

The Iowa Home Note

Hark! the meadow-lark is singing
From the weathered haycock's ledge,
And the robin in the orchard
Blithely carols forth his joy;
While the turtle-dove is calling
From the tangled osage hedge,
And the cardinal is whistling
Like a happy barefoot boy.

And the song that floats triumphant
From the meadow and the lane
Is the song of rustling cornfields
Where the winds of midday sigh,
'Tis the song of Iowa prairies —
Gilded seas of waving grain
When the round red sun is setting
In a glowing opal sky.

'Tis the song of Iowa rivers
With their sunlit wooded hills,
And of roadsides decked with blossoms
That would grace a hallowed shrine.
'Tis the throbbing Iowa Home Note
That reverberates and thrills
In the farm and village echoes —
Just as in your heart and mine.

BERTHA M. H. SHAMBAUGH

Through European Eyes

An exiled Italian traveller, an English master of the Queen's household, a Swedish novelist, and a Scotch writer known the world over, are among the many who have visited the Iowa country and written their impressions. And since it is well to "see oursels as ithers see us", we are presenting here the comments of Giacomo Constantino Beltrami, Charles Augustus Murray, Fredrika Bremer, and Robert Louis Stevenson.

GIACOMO CONSTANTINO BELTRAMI — 1823

Of these four, Beltrami was first upon the scene. In 1823 he came into the Upper Mississippi Valley by the route best known in those days — down the Ohio River and up the Mississippi. His Latin imagination was stirred and in his writings he waxed eloquent over the Mississippi River, even while he was voyaging along that stretch of water lying between Cairo and St. Louis which Charles Dickens later spoke of as "the hateful Mississippi" and "a slimy monster hideous to behold".

William Clark, of the Lewis and Clark expedition, was a boat companion as far as St. Louis, and Major Taliaferro, Indian agent at Fort St. Anthony, accompanied Beltrami up the river to that pioneer post. After brief sojourns at St. Louis and Fort Edwards the travellers reached the rapids near the

mouth of the Des Moines River and began their observation of the edge of the land that was to be Iowa, but whereon at the time there was not a solitary white settlement. Beltrami's account follows:[1]

"The next day we ascended, though not without difficulty, these rapids, which continue for the space of twenty-one miles, when we saw another encampment of Saukis upon the eastern bank.

"Nine miles higher, on the western bank, are the ruins of the old Fort Madison.

"The president of that name had established an *entrepôt* of the most necessary articles for the Indians, to be exchanged for their peltry. The object of the government was not speculation, but, by its example, to fix reasonable prices among the traders; for, in the United States, everybody traffics *except* the government. Fearing, however, the effect of any restraint on the trade of private individuals, it has withdrawn its factories and agents, and left the field open to the South West Company, which has been joined by a rival company, and now monopolizes the commerce of almost the whole savage region of the valleys of the Mississippi and the Missouri. Its two principal centres of operations are St. Louis and Michilimakinac, on lake Hûron.

"At a short distance from this fort, on the same side, is the river of the *Bête Puante,* and farther on, that of the Yahowas, so called from the name of the

[1] Beltrami's *A Pilgrimage in Europe and America,* Vol. II, pp. 150–152.

savage tribes which inhabited its banks. It is ninety-seven miles from Fort Edward, and three hundred from St. Louis.

"The fields were beginning to resume their verdure; the meadows, groves, and forests were reviving at the return of spring. Never had I seen nature more beautiful, more majestic, than in this vast domain of silence and solitude. Never did the warbling of the birds so expressively declare the renewal of their innocent loves. Every object was as new to my imagination as to my eye.

"All around me breathed that melancholy, which, by turns sweet and bitter, exercises so powerful an influence over minds endowed with sensibility. How ardently, how often, did I long to be alone!

"Wooded islands, disposed in beautiful order by the hand of nature, continually varied the picture: the course of the river, which had become calm and smooth, reflected the dazzling rays of the sun like glass; smiling hills formed a delightful contrast with the immense prairies, which are like oceans, and the monotony of which is relieved by isolated clusters of thick and massy trees. These enchanting scenes lasted from the river Yahowa till we reached a place which presents a distant and exquisitely blended view of what is called Rocky Island, three hundred and seventy-two miles from St. Louis, and one hundred and sixty from Fort Edward. Fort Armstrong, at this spot, is constructed upon a *plateau,* at an elevation of about fifty feet above the level of the river,

and rewards the spectator who ascends it with the most magical variety of scenery. It takes its name from Mr. Armstrong, who was secretary at war at the time of its construction.

"The eastern bank at the mouth of Rocky River was lined with an encampment of Indians, called Foxes. Their features, dress, weapons, customs, and language, are similar to those of the Saukis, whose allies they are, in peace and war. On the western shore of the Mississippi, a semicircular hill, clothed with trees and underwood, encloses a fertile spot carefully cultivated by the garrison, and formed into fields and kitchen gardens. The fort saluted us on our arrival with four discharges of cannon, and the Indians paid us the same compliment with their muskets. The echo, which repeated them a thousand times, was most striking from its contrast with the deep repose of these deserts."

A day was spent with the polite "gentlemen of the garrison" and in visiting the Sac Indians on the Illinois shore. As the voyagers proceeded northward, they passed a Fox village on the western bank. At one point Beltrami went ashore and succeeded in shooting a rattlesnake. He visited Galena and then passed on to "the mines of Dubuques".[2]

"A Canadian of that name was the friend of a tribe of the Foxes, who have a kind of village here.

[2] Beltrami's *A Pilgrimage in Europe and America*, Vol. II, pp. 163–165.

In 1788, these Indians granted him permission to work the mines. His establishment flourished; but the fatal sisters cut the thread of his days and of his fortune.

"He had no children. The attachment of the Indians was confined to him; and, to get rid as soon as possible of the importunities of those who wanted to succeed him, they burnt his furnaces, warehouses, and dwelling-house; and by this energetic measure, expressed the determination of the red people to have no other whites among them than such as they liked. . . .

"The Indians still keep exclusive possession of these mines, and with such jealousy, that I was obliged to have recourse to the all-powerful whiskey to obtain permission to see them.

"They melt the lead into holes which they dig in the rock, to reduce it into pigs. They exchange it with the traders for articles of the greatest necessity; but they carry it themselves to the other side of the river, which they will not suffer them to pass. Notwithstanding these precautions, the mines are so valuable, and the Americans so enterprising, that I much question whether the Indians will long retain possession of them.

"Dubuques reposes, with royal state, in a leaden chest contained in a mausoleum of wood, which the Indians erected to him upon the summit of a small hill that overlooks their camps and commands the river.

"This man was become their idol, because he possessed, or pretended to possess, an antidote to the bite of the rattle-snake. Nothing but artifice and delusion can render the red people friendly to the whites; for, both from instinct, and from feelings transmitted from father to son, they cordially despise and hate them."

CHARLES AUGUSTUS MURRAY — 1835

A dozen years later the Honorable Charles Augustus Murray, who announced his English blood in every line of his charming "Travels in North America", came up the Mississippi. According to Thwaites, Murray was a "grandson of Lord Dunmore, last colonial governor of Virginia, and himself master of the Queen's household". At the foot of the rapids which Beltrami had noted, he found a white settlement. He comments as follows:[3]

"This village of Keokuk is the lowest and most blackguard place that I have yet visited: its population is composed chiefly of the watermen who assist in loading and unloading the keel-boats, and in towing them up when the rapids are too strong for the steam-engines. They are a coarse and ferocious caricature of the London bargemen, and their chief occupation seems to consist in drinking, fighting, and gambling. One fellow who was half drunk, (or in western language 'corned') was relating with great satisfaction how he had hid himself in a wood that

[3] Murray's *Travels in North America*, Vol. II, pp. 96–97.

skirted the road, and (in time of peace) had shot an unsuspecting and inoffensive Indian who was passing with a wild turkey over his shoulder: he concluded by saying that he had thrown the body into a thicket, and had taken the bird home for his own dinner. He seemed quite proud of this exploit, and said that he would as soon shoot an Indian as a fox or an otter. I thought he was only making an idle boast; but some of the bystanders assured me it was a well-known fact, and yet he had never been either tried or punished. This murderer is called a Christian, and his victim a heathen! It must, however, be remembered, that the feelings of the border settlers in the West were frequently exasperated by the robberies, cruelties, and outrages of neighbouring Indians; their childhood was terrified by tales of the scalping-knife, sometimes but too well founded, and they have thus been brought to consider the Indian rather as a wild beast than as a fellow-creature."

At Keokuk three-fourths of the cargo was transferred to a keel boat to lighten the load so that the boat could ascend the rapids. Murray continues:

"The rapids are about fourteen miles long, and at the top of them is a military post or cantonment called Fort des Moines.[4] This site appears to me to have been chosen with singularly bad judgment; it is low, unhealthy, and quite unimportant in a military point of view: moreover, if it had been placed at the

[4] Murray's *Travels in North America*, Vol. II, pp. 98–100.

lower, instead of the upper end of the rapids, an immense and useless expense would have been spared to the government, inasmuch as the freightage of every article conveyed thither is now doubled. The freight on board the steamer, from which I made these observations, was twenty-five cents per hundred weight from St. Louis to Keokuk, being one hundred and seventy miles, and from St. Louis to the fort, being only fourteen miles farther, it was fifty cents.

"I landed at Fort des Moines only for a few minutes, and had but just time to remark the pale and sickly countenances of such soldiers as were loitering about the beach; indeed, I was told by a young man who was sutler at this post, that when he had left it a few weeks before, there was only one officer on duty out of seven or eight, who were stationed there. The number of desertions from this post was said to be greater than from any other in the United States. The reason is probably this: the dragoons who are posted there and at Fort Leavenworth, were formed out of a corps, called during the last Indian war 'The Rangers;' they have been recruited chiefly in the Eastern States, where young men of some property and enterprise were induced to join, by the flattering picture drawn of the service, and by the advantageous opportunity promised of seeing the 'Far West.' They were taught to expect an easy life in a country abounding with game, and that the only hardships to which they would be exposed,

would be in the exciting novelty of a yearly tour or circuit made during the spring and summer, among the wild tribes on the Missouri, Arkansas, Platte, &c.; but on arriving at their respective stations, they found a very different state of things: they were obliged to build their own barracks, store-rooms, stables, &c.; to haul and cut wood, and to perform a hundred other menial or mechanical offices, so repugnant to the prejudices of an American. If we take into consideration the facilities of escape in a steamboat, by which a deserter may place himself in a few days in the recesses of Canada, Texas, or the mines, and at the same time bear in mind the feebleness with which the American military laws and customs follow or punish deserters, we shall only wonder that the ranks can be kept as full as they are."

Murray made little comment on Fort Armstrong but the lead mines of Galena and Dubuque interested him greatly. Since Beltrami's trip the whites had crossed to the west bank of the river and had begun a vigorous young mining settlement at Dubuque.

"I reached Dubuques without accident, and proceeded to the only tavern of which it can boast.[5] The landlord, whom I had met in the steamer, on ascending the Mississippi, promised me a bed to myself; a luxury that is by no means easily obtained by travellers in the West. The bar-room, which was indeed

[5] Murray's *Travels in North America*, Vol. II, pp. 151–157.

the only public sitting-room, was crowded with a parcel of blackguard noisy miners, from whom the most experienced and notorious blasphemers in Portsmouth or Wapping might have taken a lesson; and I felt more than ever annoyed by that absurd custom, so prevalent in America, of forcing travellers of quiet and respectable habits into the society of ruffians, by giving them no alternative but sitting in the bar-room or walking the street.

"It may be said that I am illiberal in censuring the customs of a country, by reference to those of a small infant village; but the custom to which I allude, is not confined to villages; it is common to most towns in the West, and is partially applicable to the hotels in the eastern cities. They may have dining-rooms of enormous extent, tables groaning under hundreds of dishes; but of comfort, quiet, and privacy, they know but little. It is doubtless true, that the bar of a small village tavern in England may be crowded with guests little, if at all, more refined or orderly than those Dubuques miners, but I never found a tavern in England so small or mean, that I could not have the comfort of a little room to myself, where I might read, write, or follow my own pursuits without annoyance.

"I sat by the fireside watching the strange and rough-looking characters who successively entered to drink a glass of the nauseous dilution of alcohol, variously coloured, according as they asked for brandy, whisky, or rum, when a voice from the door

inquiring of the landlord, whether accommodations for the night were to be had, struck my ear as familiar to me. I rose to look at the speaker, and our astonishment was mutual, when I recognized Dr. M. of the United States army, who is a relative of its commander-in-chief. He is a very pleasant gentlemanly man, from the state of New York, whose acquaintance I had made in my trip to Fort Leavenworth, to which place he was now on his return. After an exchange of the first expressions of pleasure and surprise, I assisted him in getting up his baggage from the canoe in which he had come down the river, and in despatching a supper that was set before him. We then returned to the bar; and after talking over some of our adventures since we parted, requested to be shown to our dormitory. This was a large room, occupying the whole of the first floor, and containing about eight or nine beds; the doctor selected one in the centre of the wall opposite the door; I chose one next to him, and the nearest to me was given to an officer who accompanied the doctor. The other beds contained two or three persons, according to the number of guests requiring accommodation.

"The doctor, his friend, and I, resolutely refused to admit any partner into our beds; and, notwithstanding the noise and oaths still prevalent in the bar, we fell asleep. I was awakened by voices close to my bed-side, and turned round to listen to the following dialogue:—

Doctor (to a drunken fellow who was taking off his coat and waistcoat close to the doctor's bed).—'Halloo! where the devil are you coming to?'

Drunkard.—'To bed, to be sure!'

Doctor.—'Where?'

Drunkard.—'Why, with you.'

Doctor (raising his voice angrily).—'I'll be d——d if you come into this bed!'

Drunkard (walking off with an air of dignity).—'Well, you need not be so d——d particular;—I'm as particular as you, I assure you!'

"Three other tipsy fellows staggered into the room, soon after midnight, and slept somewhere: they went off again before daylight without paying for their lodging, and the landlord did not even know that they had entered his house.

"It certainly appears at first sight to be a strange anomaly in human nature, that at Dubuques, Galena, and other rising towns on the Mississippi, containing in proportion to their size as profligate, turbulent, and abandoned a population as any in the world, theft is almost unknown; and though dirks are frequently drawn, and pistols fired in savage and drunken brawls, by ruffians who regard neither the laws of God nor man, I do not believe that an instance of larceny or housebreaking has occurred. So easily are money and food here obtained by labour, that it seems scarcely worth a man's while to steal. Thus, the solution of the apparent anomaly is to be found in this, that theft is a naughty

child, of which idleness is the father and want the mother.

"I spent the following day in examining the mines near Dubuques, which are not generally so rich in lead as those hitherto found on the opposite shore, towards Galena. However, the whole country in the neighbourhood contains mineral, and I have no doubt that diggings at a little distance from the town will be productive of great profits; at all events, it will be, in my opinion, a greater and more populous town than Galena ever will become.

"The next day being Sunday, I attended religious service, which was performed in a small low room, scarcely capable of containing a hundred persons. The minister was a pale, ascetic, sallow-looking man, and delivered a lecture dull and sombre as his countenance. However, it was pleasant to see even this small assemblage, who thought of divine worship in such a place as Dubuques. In the evening, there was more drunkenness and noise than usual about the bar, and one young man was pointed out to me as 'the bully' *par excellence*. He was a tall stout fellow, on whose countenance the evil passions had already set their indelible seal. He was said to be a great boxer, and had stabbed two or three men with his dirk during the last ten days. He had two companions with him, who acted, I suppose, as myrmidons in his brawls. When he first entered, I was sitting in the bar reading; he desired me, in a harsh imperative tone, to move out of the way, as he

wanted to get something to drink. There was plenty of room for him to go round my chair, without disturbing me; so I told him to go round if he wished a dram. He looked somewhat surprised, but he went round, and I resumed my book. Then it was that the landlord whispered to me the particulars respecting him as given above. I confess, I almost wished that he would insult me, that I might try to break his head with my good cudgel which was at hand; so incensed and disgusted was I at finding myself in the company of such a villain. However, he soon after left the room, and gave me no chance either of cracking his crown, or, what is much more probable, of getting five or six inches of his dirk into my body.

"I could not resist laughing at the absurdity of one of his companions, who was very drunk, and finding that his head was burning from the quantity of whisky that he had swallowed, an idea came into it that would never have entered the brain of any man except an Irishman, or a Kentuckian: he fancied that his *hat* was hot, and occasioned the sensation above mentioned; accordingly, he would not be satisfied till the landlord put it into a tub of cold water, and filled it; he then desired it might be soaked there till morning, and left the house contented and bare-headed.

"I was obliged to remain here yet another day, as no steamboat appeared. At length the Warrior touched, and took us off to Galena. We stopped a

short time at a large smelting establishment a mile or two below the town: on a high bluff which overlooks it is the tomb of Dubuques, a Spanish miner from whom the place derives its name. The spot is marked by a cross, and I clambered up to see it. With a disregard of sepulchral sanctity, which I have before noticed as being too prevalent in America, I found that it had been broken down in one or two places; I picked up the skull and some other bones. The grave had been built of brick, and had on one side a stone slab, bearing a simple Latin inscription, announcing that the tenant had come from the Spanish mines, and giving the usual data respecting his age, birth, death, &c. The view from this bold high bluff is very fine, but unfortunately the day on which I visited it was cloudy."

FREDRIKA BREMER — 1850

The Swedish novelist, Fredrika Bremer, made a trip to America in 1849 and spent nearly two years in this country. Her impressions, embodied in letters written at the time, were published in Sweden and also in an English translation in New York under the title *The Homes of the New World.* In the fall of 1850 she took a steamer from Buffalo to Detroit, and reached Chicago by rail. From here she went by steamer to Milwaukee and then travelled by stage across Wisconsin and south to Galena, Illinois. In a letter written from this town she gave

the following hearsay account of the inhabitants of the land on the other side of the Mississippi:[6]

"I heard an interesting account from a married couple whom I received in my room, and who are just now come from the wilderness beyond the Mississippi, of the so-called Squatters, a kind of white people who constitute a portion of the first colonists of the Western country. They settle themselves down here and there in the wilderness, cultivate the earth, and cultivate freedom, but will not become acquainted with any other kind of cultivation. They pay no taxes, and will not acknowledge either law or church. They live in families, have no social life, but are extremely peaceable, and no way guilty of any violation of law. All that they desire is to be at peace, and to have free elbow-room. They live very amicably with the Indians, not so well with the American whites. When these latter come with their schools, their churches, and their shops, then the Squatters withdraw themselves further and still further into the wilderness, in order to be able, as they say, to live in innocence and freedom. The whole of the Western country beyond the Mississippi and as far as the Pacific Ocean, is said to be inhabited by patches with these Squatters, or tillers of the land, the origin of whom is said to be as much unknown as that of the Clay-eaters of South Carolina and Georgia. Their way of life has also a resemblance. The Squatters, however, evince more power

[6] Bremer's *The Homes of the New World*, Vol. I, pp. 650–651.

and impulse of labor; the Clay-eaters subject the life of nature. The Squatters are the representatives of the wilderness, and stand as such in stiff opposition to cultivation."

Later, however, when Miss Bremer had crossed the river and travelled in the land of the "squatters", she wrote her own impressions:[7]

"The journey across the Iowa prairie in a half-covered wagon was very pleasant. The weather was as warm as a summer's day, and the sun shone above a fertile, billowy plain, which extended far, far into the distance. Three fourths of the land of Iowa are said to be of this billowy prairie-land. The country did not appear to be cultivated, but looked extremely beautiful and home-like, an immense pasture-meadow. The scenery of the Mississippi is of a bright, cheerful character.

"In the afternoon we reached the little town of Keokuk, on a high bank by the river. We ate a good dinner at a good inn; tea was served for soup, which is a general practice at dinners in the Western inns. It was not till late in the evening that the vessel came by which we were to continue our journey, and in the mean time I set off alone on a journey of discovery. I left behind me the young city of the Mississippi, which has a good situation, and followed a path which led up the hill along the river side. The sun was descending, and clouds of a pale crimson

[7] Bremer's *The Homes of the New World*, Vol. II, pp. 81–83.

tint covered the western heavens. The air was mild and calm, the whole scene expansive, bright, and calm, an idyllian landscape on a large scale.

"Small houses, at short distances from each other, studded this hill by the river side; they were neatly built of wood, of good proportions, and with that appropriateness and cleverness which distinguishes the work of the Americans. They were each one like the other, and seemed to be the habitations of work-people. Most of the doors stood open, probably to admit the mild evening air. I availed myself of this circumstance to gain a sight of the interior, and fell into discourse with two of the good women of the houses. They were, as I had imagined, the dwellings of artisans who had work in the town. There was no luxury in these small habitations, but every thing was so neat and orderly, so ornamental, and there was such a holiday calm over every thing, from the mistress of the family down to the very furniture, that it did one good to see it. It was also Sunday evening, and the peace of the Sabbath rested within the home as well as over the country.

"When I returned to my herberg in the town it was quite dusk; but it had, in the mean time, been noised abroad that some sort of Scandinavian animal was to be seen at the inn, and it was now requested to come and show itself.

"I went down, accordingly, into the large saloon, and found a great number of people there, principally of the male sex, who increased more and more

until there was a regular throng, and I had to shake hands with many most extraordinary figures. But one often sees such here in the West. The men work hard, and are careless regarding their toilet; they do not give themselves time to attend to it; but their unkemmed outsides are no type of that which is within, as I frequently observed this evening. I also made a somewhat closer acquaintance, to my real pleasure, with a little company of more refined people; I say *refined* intentionally, not *better,* because those phrases, better and worse, are always indefinite, and less suitable in this country than in any other; I mean well-bred and well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, the aristocracy of Keokuk. Not being myself of a reserved disposition, I like the American open, frank, and friendly manner. It is easy to become acquainted, and it is very soon evident whether there is reciprocity of feeling or not."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON — 1879

It was nearly thirty years later that Robert Louis Stevenson visited Iowa. In 1879 he crossed the ocean in an emigrant ship, and started across the continent toward San Francisco in an emigrant train, loaded down with a valise, a knapsack, and — in the bag of his railway rug — six fat volumes of Bancroft's *History of the United States.* He left the following record of a day of travel between Burlington and Council Bluffs.[8]

[8] Stevenson's *Across the Plains* (Scribner Edition, 1912), pp. 24–28.

"*Thursday.*— I suppose there must be a cycle in the fatigue of travelling, for when I awoke next morning, I was entirely renewed in spirits and ate a hearty breakfast of porridge, with sweet milk, and coffee and hot cakes, at Burlington upon the Mississippi. Another long day's ride followed, with but one feature worthy of remark. At a place called Creston, a drunken man got in. He was aggressively friendly, but, according to English notions, not at all unpresentable upon a train. For one stage he eluded the notice of the officials; but just as we were beginning to move out of the next station, Cromwell by name, by came the conductor. There was a word or two of talk; and then the official had the man by the shoulders, twitched him from his seat, marched him through the car, and sent him flying on to the track. It was done in three motions, as exact as a piece of drill. The train was still moving slowly, although beginning to mend her pace, and the drunkard got his feet without a fall. He carried a red bundle, though not so red as his cheeks; and he shook this menacingly in the air with one hand, while the other stole behind him to the region of the kidneys. It was the first indication that I had come among revolvers, and I observed it with some emotion. The conductor stood on the steps with one hand on his hip, looking back at him; and perhaps this attitude imposed upon the creature, for he turned without further ado, and went off staggering along the track towards Cromwell, followed by a peal of laughter from the cars. They were speaking

English all about me, but I knew I was in a foreign land.

"Twenty minutes before nine that night, we were deposited at the Pacific Transfer Station near Council Bluffs, on the eastern bank of the Missouri River. Here we were to stay the night at a kind of caravanserai, set apart for emigrants. But I gave way to a thirst for luxury, separated myself from my companions, and marched with my effects into the Union Pacific Hotel. A white clerk and a coloured gentleman whom, in my plain European way, I should call the boots, were installed behind a counter like bank tellers. They took my name, assigned me a number, and proceeded to deal with my packages. And here came the tug of war. I wished to give up my packages into safe keeping; but I did not wish to go to bed. And this, it appeared, was impossible in an American hotel.

"It was, of course, some inane misunderstanding, and sprang from my unfamiliarity with the language. For although two nations use the same words and read the same books, intercourse is not conducted by the dictionary. The business of life is not carried on by words, but in set phrases, each with a special and almost a slang signification. Some international obscurity prevailed between me and the coloured gentleman at Council Bluffs; so that what I was asking, which seemed very natural to me, appeared to him a monstrous exigency. He refused, and that with the plainness of the West. This American manner of conducting matters of business is, at

first, highly unpalatable to the European. When we approach a man in the way of his calling, and for those services by which he earns his bread, we consider him for the time being our hired servant. But in the American opinion, two gentlemen meet and have a friendly talk with a view to exchanging favours if they shall agree to please. I know not which is the more convenient, nor even which is the more truly courteous. The English stiffness unfortunately tends to be continued after the particular transaction is at an end, and thus favours class separations. But on the other hand, these equalitarian plainnesses leave an open field for the insolence of Jack-in-office.

"I was nettled by the coloured gentleman's refusal, and unbuttoned my wrath under the similitude of ironical submission. I knew nothing, I said, of the ways of American hotels; but I had no desire to give trouble. If there was nothing for it but to get to bed immediately, let him say the word, and though it was not my habit, I should cheerfully obey.

"He burst into a shout of laughter. 'Ah!' said he, 'you do not know about America. They are fine people in America. Oh! you will like them very well. But you mustn't get mad. I know what you want. You come along with me.'

"And issuing from behind the counter, and taking me by the arm like an old acquaintance, he led me to the bar of the hotel.

" 'There,' said he, pushing me from him by the shoulder, 'go and have a drink!' "

Comment by the Editor

THE MEANING OF IOWA

Why should Iowa mean anything to us? It is not the greatest State in the Union in size, in numbers, or in wealth. It has no large city — no mecca for the pilgrimages of mankind. Its shores are not washed by the sea as are those of California and Florida. Its hills do not rise into the blue like the mountains of Colorado. It does not look out toward the island empire of either Great Britain or Japan. Its people can not talk across the fence to the Canadians or feel the stir of excitement along the prickly border of Mexico.

But it is the heart of America. Its shores are the two greatest rivers of the continent. Its rolling hills and fertile plains smile in the sun — well content with the task of making manna for millions. It has woods and winding streams and blue lakes, and towns with shady streets and green lawns and alert and friendly people.

And it has traditions. We are young in the land, but the land is old. Its story runs back of the days when glaciers slipped down across it; back to the times when the sea covered the Mississippi Basin. Into the long story come the red men, and after many generations the whites. The songs of French boatmen echo upon its streams; Spanish fur traders trail its western shore. Julien Dubuque and Manuel Lisa move through the misty past. Builders of

homes arrive and out of the border land a State comes into the Union. Congressmen, soldiers, and farmers, lawyers, business men, and wide-visioned women play their parts; and so our heritage has grown.

And yet, probably it is the associations of a more immediate past, the memory of more intimate and homely things that makes up for us the thought of Iowa. It is where we live — perhaps where we have always lived. Its people are our people, and Iowa is our State. We frame its laws and try to obey them. It is we who build its institutions and make its history and look forward to the enjoyment of its future. The familiar scenes of the land between the rivers have woven themselves into our lives. And so Iowa means a thousand things to us — the rush of water in the gutters in the spring time, and the smell of burning leaves in the fall; the tang of early frost and the sight of oaks still clinging to their rusty foliage on the hill tops; the sound of birds in the early summer morning, and the stillness graven on the marble of a winter night. It means black mud in the bottom road and red sumac along the fence; small towns and large corn fields; *Wallace's Farmer* and Ding's cartoons; the clack of the mower and the memory of boys going off to war.

Iowa has its faults; but so, perhaps, have our parents, our wives, and our children — to say nothing of ourselves. And after all, we can not explain the charm of the things we love. Let us then not so

much boast of Iowa as be happy in it. Let us look with seeing eyes upon its beauties, and with friendly eyes upon its people — our neighbors. Let us know its story and make sure that we ourselves play in it a worthy part; for what we make it mean to us, that will it mean to those who come hereafter.

J. C. P.

THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN C. PARISH

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VOL. I ISSUED IN DECEMBER 1920 NO. 6

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Crossing the Mississippi

In the early movement of settlers to Iowa, the Mississippi River played a double rôle. To the emigrants from Virginia, Kentucky, and other States bordering on the Ohio and Mississippi, it served as an invaluable highway. To those who came overland from Chicago, Milwaukee, or any point in Illinois, on the other hand, it loomed up as an almost impassable barrier. Either as an aid or a hindrance to travel, it was a factor all early emigrants had to reckon with.

The difficulties to be encountered by travel in a white-topped emigrant wagon in those early days can hardly be over-emphasized. There were few roads and no bridges. Broken traces and mired wheels were the common happenings of a day's journey. Rivers proved to be an unfailing source of trouble. The small streams were crossed by fording; the larger ones by swimming the teams, wagons and all. But when the Father of Waters was reached, these methods were out of the question:

here apparently was an insurmountable obstacle. However, these eager home seekers were not willing to be deprived of the hard earned fruits of their trying journey — now lying within sight — by a mere river. And out of this situation came the ferry.

The earliest type of ferry to operate on the Mississippi River was the canoe. It served the Indians as a means of crossing long before the whites penetrated as far west as the Mississippi. When the white explorers finally reached the valley region, they also adopted the customary mode of crossing long followed by their red predecessors. At a still later period, the canoe answered the more frequent and pressing demands of the hunters and trappers on their way to and from the country then regarded as the far west. It even survived till the day when occasional homeseekers in their emigrant wagons found their way into that pioneer region.

Only the ordinary difficulties and risks of canoeing attended the crossing of the river by the Indians, white explorers, and trappers; but with the emigrants it was different. For as a pioneer account relates, "wagons had to be unloaded and taken to pieces, and both they and their loads shipped in small cargoes at a voyage, till all were over; then the teams had to be unharnessed or unyoked and made to swim, the horses being led by the halter at the side of the canoe, and the oxen by the horns." A still more hazardous undertaking was the crossing

in winter, and in the springtime when huge cakes of ice raced along on the swift current, ready to smash into splinters any luckless craft that might get in the way. But this was not always taken into account by travellers eager to reach their destination, and sometimes, in the face of imminent peril, they insisted on being ferried over.

An example of this is afforded by the story of a New Englander — a young college graduate wholly unfamiliar with the stern conditions of pioneer life. He arrived at a point on the Illinois shore opposite Burlington, in December, 1840. Being very anxious to get across the river that evening, he tried to engage the services of the ferryman, who, however, flatly refused to venture on the river in the dark, giving as his reason that the floating ice made it far too perilsome. Nothing daunted by the ferryman's dark and foreboding picture, the easterner still demanded to be taken over, but it proved futile. So instead of the hoped for conveniences of a Burlington hotel, he was forced to accept the more scant offerings of a one-roomed cabin, and submit to the discomfort of sleeping in the same room with thirty others — men, women, and children. But the next day when the canoe landed him safely on the Burlington side of the river after an hour's trying struggle among the floating cakes of ice, he probably felt less bitter toward the stubborn ferryman.

While the canoe met very satisfactorily the needs of the early explorers, stray travellers, and occa-

sional homeseekers, it proved wholly inadequate for the stream of emigrants which followed the opening of the Black Hawk Purchase. Imagine the situation when a group of twelve or more emigrant wagons lined up on the Illinois shore to be ferried over — the confusion, the frenzied haste to get the wagons unloaded and taken to pieces, the long disheartening wait while the total tonnage of the wagons was being taken over, bit by bit, when the hours dragged and even the best natured grew surly. Hence, to meet this situation brought about by the onrush of settlers to the Iowa country, regular public ferries equipped to carry whole wagonloads at a time came into use.

The regular public ferries passed through several well defined stages of evolution, easily distinguished by the type of motive power. Flat-boats and skiffs marked the initial stage. The craft generally spoken of as "flat-boats" were huge barge-like affairs, so constructed as to hold wagon, team, and other equipment. They were steered by huge sweeps, often as long as the boats themselves. By some these boats were designated as "mud scows". The distinguishing characteristic of this type was that man supplied the motive power. Propelled in some cases by oars, in others by poles, in still others by huge sweeps, it was nevertheless human strength that furnished the moving force.

Although a marked improvement over the canoe, the flat-boat did not do away with the trials of

ferrying. A large element of risk still remained: the craft was always at the mercy of the current and was carried well down stream. After dark the hazards of crossing multiplied and ferrymen charged accordingly. And in many cases it still took an hour or more to cross the river.

While it is very likely that the first flat-boat ferry to operate on the Mississippi within the borders of Iowa was one established at Keokuk to serve the early settlers in the Half Breed Tract, there appears to be no recorded evidence to show it. So far as can be gathered from available records, Clark's Ferry at Buffalo marks the opening of flat-boat ferrying in Iowa. The ferry was established by Captain Benjamin W. Clark in 1833 while he was still living at Andalusia, Illinois. For a number of years it held the distinction of being the most noted ferry between Burlington and Dubuque. Indeed, one writer went so far as to state that it was "the most convenient place to cross the Mississippi . . . . anywhere between Balize and Prairie du Chien." And probably a major portion of the traffic passing from the direction of the Illinois River to the mining region west of the Mississippi, or toward the interior, crossed the river at this point.

However, this reputation was short lived, and later developments lead one to believe that it was based more on the conspicuous absence of other ferries than on any intrinsic qualities. In 1836, Antoine Le Claire established a ferry at Davenport — a few

miles below Buffalo — and he gradually drew away most of the travel that had heretofore passed over Clark's Ferry.

As the stream of emigrants heading for the Iowa country increased in volume, the process of carrying it over the Mississippi in man-propelled craft soon became inadequate. Probably some ingenious individual saw the absurdity in having humans sweat and toil away at the poles and oars while veritable reservoirs of power rested on the ferry boat, and struck upon the happy idea of making the horses furnish the power. At any rate, a transition did take place wherein the crude flat-boat gave way to the horse ferry, an affair moved by horse power rather than by man power. However, the transition was not a complete one; in many cases this stage was not present, the flat-boat being directly followed by the steam ferry.

In a newspaper published in Bloomington (Muscatine) in 1841 the following notice appears:

"A new boat, propelled by horse power, has lately been placed upon the river at this place, for the accommodation of the ferry; and, though hastily made, all of green oak, and clumsy in its exterior, it swims like a swan and will cross in eight minutes with ease and safety. We may flatter ourselves that a ferry is now permanently established."

The third, and by far the most vital step, was the introduction of steam as a motive power. And while very little record is to be had of the actual results of

the change from human to horse strength, evidence as to the effects of the transition to steam is abundant. Whole streams of immigration were diverted from their customary avenues of travel to seek the conveniences offered by steam ferries. Nor is this to be wondered at. Regular trips were now made every hour, in some cases every fifteen minutes. Moreover, in sharp contrast to the time it took to cross in a flat-boat — sometimes several hours — the crossing could now be made in five minutes. This spurt in speed of crossing was closely paralleled by a tremendous leap in carrying capacity. For as a matter of fact, the crude flat-boat capable of carrying a single wagon had now grown to a gigantic affair which could carry eighteen or more teams at once, and even whole trains. As in other industries, the introduction of steam marked a new era in the ferry business.

The extent to which steam power revolutionized ferrying is also revealed in the following comment from a Dubuque newspaper: "Bogy's splendid new steam ferryboat is doing the most rushing business of the season. She is puffing and blowing all the time. She is a perfect Godsend to California emigrants. If the number of wagons that she brings across in a day had to abide the tardiness of the old-fashioned horse boat, they would not reach this side in a week."

Probably the first steam ferry to operate on the Mississippi within the borders of Iowa was estab-

lished by Captain John Wilson in 1852. It is said that he launched the steam ferry as early as 1843, but it was found to be too far in advance of the times and so was taken off the river until 1852. This ferry plied across the river at Davenport.

John Wilson was unusually energetic, enterprising, and capable, as a ferryman. In 1837 he purchased Antoine Le Claire's ferry business, and immediately began building new flat-boats. By 1841 he had a horse ferry boat in operation and his steam ferry was launched in 1843. Moreover, he made an arrangement with the Rock River ferry located at the mouth of the Green River, whereby one fare paid the way over both ferries.

A more novel contribution to ferrying at Davenport accredited to the enterprising Wilson was the ferry alarm. The conditions leading to the adoption of the alarm have been ably told by a contemporary writer as follows: "In primitive times in order to arouse the ferryman on the opposite shore the Stephensonites (now Rock Islanders) who had been over here in Davenport to attend evening services and overstayed their time, or zealous Davenporters who after dark had occasion to visit Stephenson in a missionary cause, had to raise the 'war-whoop'. In order to discourage relics of barbarism Mr. Wilson introduced the ferry triangle, an ungainly piece of triangular steel which, when vigorously pounded with a club, sent forth from its gallows tree a most wretched clanging noise. But it brought the skiff though it awakened the whole town."

No account of ferries in Iowa would be complete without some mention at least of tolls, and cost of franchises. As a matter of fact, these are but special phases of the general subject, and they illuminate it materially. In the early days when the Mississippi was crossed in ferries, money was not so plentiful as it is to-day. Hence, ferry fees were often paid with goods. The circumstances under which Clark collected his first ferriage afford an instance, and they also show something of the man's temper. A company of French traders on their way from the Iowa River to the Trading Post on Rock Island encamped one evening at Buffalo. The information that Clark intended to establish a ferry across the river at this point, they received as a huge joke, ridiculing the whole enterprise. Nevertheless, they called loudly for the ferry-boat to carry their drove of cattle across, little dreaming that it would appear. Nor is it very likely that they realized the type of man they were dealing with.

Captain Clark, his flat-boat completed and ready for service, gathered enough men and boys to operate the boat, and in no pleasant frame of mind set out into the dark to offer his services to the noisy Frenchmen. When the traders noticed the flat-boat approaching, however, they burst into uproarious laughter, aiming to turn the whole matter off as a joke; and they told the Captain they had nothing to ferry and that he might return. But he was not so easily disposed of, for his temper was now thor-

oughly aroused. He landed his boat, marched into the camp of the Frenchmen with his small crew, and angrily demanded ten dollars as his ferriage fee. The whole affair speedily lost its comical aspects, and the traders saw that the infuriated Captain would brook no further trifling. But to their great embarrassment, they had not ten dollars in money among them. So they offered him two bolts of calico which he accepted.

Another incident arising out of the scarcity of money is related of Antoine Le Claire who established his ferry at Davenport in 1836. As his fee for ferrying a number of sheep over the river, he accepted their fleeces, the owner having had them sheared prior to the crossing. This wool he kept for a while, but failing to find any particular use for it, he finally burned it to get rid of it.

But it must not be understood that it was the daily occurrence for a party to pay its way over the river in calico or in raw wool. These were the unusual and striking incidents. Ordinarily, of course, fares were paid in money. The County Commissioner's Court at Rockingham in May, 1838, fixed the following ferriage rates for the Mississippi River:

Footmen	$ .18¾
Man and horse	.50
One vehicle and driver	.75
Two horses, vehicle and driver	1.00
Each additional horse or mule	.18¾

Meat cattle, per head	.12½
Sheep or hogs	.05
Freight per hundred	.06¼

From sunset to sunrise, double rates were allowed.

The puzzling feature of this table stands out in the apparent difficulty of making change in ½ cents and ¼ cents. And for both explanation and solution one must go back to a day when money was nearly non-existent. Says a writer of that early day, "During all this time there was no money of any description. Talk about scarcity now a days! Then the only change aside from barter consisted of bits and picayunes — the former a piece of the eighth part of a Spanish milled dollar, cut with a chisel into eight equal parts when the operation was fairly and honestly done, but the skilful and designing often made nine bits and even ten out of one dollar piece. The picayune in like manner was a Spanish quarter cut into four equal parts, hence the origin of these two terms bits and picayunes."

The table then, was based on the actual circulation of the crude bits of chiseled coin which survived a day when money was very scarce. Not infrequently, however, one party or the other had to surrender the half or fourth cent in making change.

While the ferries of early days rendered practically the same public service that the bridges of to-day do, they were, for the most part, established for private profit. And when one considers the striking similarity between crossing the Mississippi

in a ferry-boat and crossing it over a bridge, it seems odd that a toll should have to be paid in the one case and not in the other. Nevertheless, free ferries were as conspicuously absent then as free bridges are prevalent to-day.

On the other hand, the idea of a free public ferry was not altogether unheard of. By legislative act the commissioners of Louisa County were authorized to establish and keep a ferry across the Iowa River which was to render its services free to all the citizens of the county. And at the extra session of the First General Assembly the Mayor and Aldermen of Ft. Madison were authorized to provide for "the free carriage across the Mississippi river for one year, of all persons with their property coming to Ft. Madison for the purpose of trading with its inhabitants, and bringing marketing and produce to the place". Moreover, there was considerable agitation for the free ferry in a number of the larger towns.

License fees kept pace with the rapid development of the ferries in general — the increase in carrying capacity, the substitution of steam in the place of horse or man power, and the increase in volume of business. Beginning with the humble figure of $2.00 per year or less, the cost of franchises leaped, in the course of time, to the striking figure of $1000 annually. Before the formal granting of ferry franchises through legislative action, licenses were not required. There appears to be no written evidence

that either Captain Clark or Antoine Le Claire or Captain John Wilson paid license fees. But with the establishing of ferries through legal processes, charges were made for the right to carry on the business.

The County Commissioner's Court which met at Rockingham in May, 1838, fixed the following schedules for licenses on the Mississippi: Davenport, $20.00; Buffalo, $10.00; Rockingham, $8.00; and all others $5.00. How long these schedules remained in force we are not told; very likely it was not many years. Gregoire's ferry established at Dubuque was required to pay $100.00 annually. And the Council Bluffs and Nebraska Ferry Company was charged $1000 annually for the right to operate on the Missouri at Council Bluffs.

In the course of time the steamboat replaced the steam ferry, and this marked the last stage of water transportation. Then came the bridges and wherever they appeared the ferries became an insignificant factor in crossing the Mississippi. In 1855 the first bridge across the Mississippi at Davenport was completed; eighteen years later a second bridge followed. The Illinois shore was linked to the Iowa shore at Clinton in 1864. Four years later work was in full sway on a bridge at Dubuque. And in 1891 the so called "high bridge" was opened at Muscatine.

It is needless to further catalogue these Mississippi crossings. Suffice it to say that since the nine-

ties all the important river towns have built bridges. And although water crossings still exist and doubtless always will, it is apparent that the spanning of the Mississippi with mighty bridges sounded the death knell of the once prosperous trade of ferrying.

WILLIAM S. JOHNSON

Clint Parkhurst

Henry Clinton Parkhurst, a man of brilliant mind, a prolific author of fine prose and poetry productions, has in consequence of a tangle of circumstances, almost sunk into oblivion, yet the memory of him is fresh in the minds of a few of his former acquaintances who have made unavailing efforts to learn his recent whereabouts.

It was a happy incident that THE PALIMPSEST published in a recent number a few of Parkhurst's *Martial Memories,* in which the private of the Sixteenth Iowa Infantry tells the graphic details — spiced with humor and some self-mockery — of the terrific Battle of Shiloh where he received his first and lasting impressions of war, for by that publication the interest in the author has been revived.

Where Clinton Parkhurst is living — at an age of 76 or 77 — the present writer does not know. Neither has he much knowledge of his doings after he left the Iowa Soldiers' Home at Marshalltown, of which he is reported to have been an inmate since 1895. As a matter of fact he probably spent comparatively few years at the Home for during that period he was for a longer or shorter time in various parts of the country — East, West, and South. But of the earlier years much can be told and the following account is an attempt to contribute some of the missing fragments of the "biographical mosaic".

The village of Parkhurst in Scott County, where Clint was born in 1844, and the neighboring village of LeClaire, which in 1855 were consolidated under the name of LeClaire, have been centers of intellectual life from their earliest days, and Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Parkhurst, the parents of Clinton, were prominent in that society. His mother early recognized the bright qualities of her son and granted him every advantage for their cultivation. In later years he wrote of his mother:

Ignore the common goal, she said,
  Leave fools to gather rubbish vile;
Lift thou thine eyes to heights o'erhead,
  And seek to bask in Glory's smile.
The sluggard perishes in shame,
  The Shylock's pomps with him expire.
The hero leaves a deathless name
  For countless ages to admire.
Strong be thy will — as iron strong,
  To cleave a path to grand renown,
And, peerless in the fields of song,
  To millions shall thy name go down.
Let proud ambition sway thy mind, —
  To live, that when thy race is o'er,
Resplendent tracks shall glow behind.

Clint had his early training in a select school in LeClaire, taught by a Mrs. Mary Marks, a highly educated English lady, the wife of an Episcopal minister. In Davenport he first attended the public

school, then Iowa College, and after its removal to Grinnell, the Griswold College. He is said — and probably truthfully — to have been full of harmless pranks. He had a peculiar way of translating phonetically some silly Latin sentences: for instance, "Pastor ridebit" he would give in English "Pastor, ride a bit", and for "Puer juraverat" he would say "The poor jury 've a rat". This sort of linguistic sport, however, was not always appreciated by the teacher. From early youth he evinced a remarkable gift for beautiful prose writing and also for versification which augured a great future.

In February, 1862, at a little over seventeen years of age, he enlisted in Co. C of the Sixteenth Iowa Infantry and on March 20th was sent with his regiment to St. Louis. There the raw recruit was equipped with a glittering rifle and other paraphernalia and was sent a few days later to war, the horrors of which he immediately experienced in the bloody Battle of Shiloh. Never shirking from duty, or avoiding the perils of battle, he participated in all the important events of the various campaigns up to the battles around Atlanta, when he with the greater portion of the gallant regiment was captured and held a prisoner by the Confederates.

From the beginning of his military service he kept a daily record of all he saw and participated in, continuing it till the war ended, not ceasing to write secretly in the deadly stockades of Andersonville, Millen, and Florence. Thus he accumulated much

highly valuable material which was later elaborated in a large number of war sketches and also furnished a delicate coloring for his different epical works.

Parkhurst was mustered out of service in July, 1865, and became a reporter on the *Davenport Democrat,* but soon shifted to a paper in Le Claire, thence to Rock Island, Moline, Muscatine, Des Moines, and other places. In one or two of these papers he had even acquired a pecuniary interest. He never stayed long in one position, nowhere finding an opportunity that would suit his particular ideals of journalism, and he quit. He turned to writing magazine articles and other forms of literary work. For, as he says of himself:

> From his very boyhood days
> *Fame* had been his constant dream.

It is difficult, almost to the verge of impossibility, to follow Clint Parkhurst's much twisted meanderings. One month he might be in Chicago or New York, and the next in San Francisco, St. Louis, or Tacoma, doing for a short time some editorial or other literary work, or he would spend weeks and months in the Sierras to gather new inspirations. In 1874 and 1875 he was in Mexico and Nicaragua, and the fruit of this jaunt was an extensive epos entitled "Sun Worship Shores". In 1876 he came from California back to Davenport, where in De-

cember of that year he was admitted to the bar of Scott County.

The subjects of his writings were almost exclusively historical — biblical or secular. Numerous sketches from the Civil War have been published in the *San Francisco Chronicle,* the *Chicago News,* the *Davenport Democrat,* the *Davenport Times,* the *Davenport Leader,* the *Omaha Bee,* the *Galveston News,* the *Boston Investigator,* the *Marshalltown Register,* etc., either over his real name or the nom de plume "Free Lance". Several of the above named papers printed also large extracts from his epics, "Shot and Shell", "Judith", "Voyage of Columbus", "In Custer's Honor", "Pauline", "Sun Worship Shores", "Death Speech of Robert Emmett", and others. As a sample of his mode of treatment of biblical themes the following paraphrase, entitled "Solomon's Lament", may find a place:

O Shulamite return, return —
My heart is lone, no joys can cheer;
The very stars have ceased to burn
With wonted rays, and chill and drear
The breezes come from mountains bare
To moan to me in low despair.
They miss thee as the stars have done,
Thy roses swoon beneath the sun;
All nature sighs, all fair things yearn
For thee — O Shulamite return.

Return, return, O Shulamite —
I cannot stay my grief with wine;
I cannot through the day or night
These wasting thoughts of thee resign;
No more my wonted joys delight,
No more I bow at Pleasure's shrine,
Nor bask in halls of glory bright —
How long, O sweet, must I repine?

A kindred one I cannot meet
'Mong all Judea's joyous throng;
O whither stray thy joyous feet,
Thou princess of my mournful song?
O peerless idol of my mind,
Thou sweeter than the breath of dawn;
O fairest of all womankind —
Queen of my heart, where hast thou gone?
Hath love yet lore thou hast not taught,
Or lore I have not deigned to learn?
Then be all lore save thine forgot —
O Shulamite return, return.

Several times Parkhurst lost large parts of his manuscripts, in two instances a whole book. Portions of them he resurrected from newspaper files, and in filling the gaps he also improved these works. In the winter of 1904, in his old home city, and with many of his literary notes and treasures around him, he again prepared his writings, including a new epos of about 1200 lines entitled "Tamerlane Victorious or the World's Desolation", for a book. When com-

pleted, it went up with other matter in flame and smoke.

Newspapers generally are not inclined to print much rhyme, or long poetry. They view original verse with disfavor. But they were generous to Clint Parkhurst, giving much space to extensive extracts from his works, and these, at least, could be lifted out of their graves.

With book publishers he was much less successful. Byron once gave his publisher a splendidly bound Bible, and the recipient was proud of it until he happened to discover that his friend donor had altered the last verse of the 18th chapter of St. John (Now Barrabas was a robber) so as to read: "Now Barrabas was a *publisher.*"

Parkhurst came to the conclusion that most of the American publishers were Barrabases. He has named many a publishing house of prominence which has injured him. He has also publicly pilloried several distinguished authors who have appropriated, literally or with slight changes, large portions of his manuscripts when temporarily in their possession. In this respect he fared worse than the poor devils of young Frenchmen who wrote good stories for the great Dumas, who put his name upon their front pages. But they were paid, however miserably, for their slave-work. Clint did not get a cent for the productions stolen from him, but was treated with abuse when he remonstrated.

In newspapers may often be seen advertisements

like this: "Cash paid for bright ideas." When a writer without a name subjects such ideas to the advertiser they are kept for awhile and then courteously declined, but after some little time they appear, somewhat masked, in a book, perhaps, under some famous person's name. Clint once replied to an advertisement in a New York paper offering literary employment, and was invited to an interview, in the course of which a bulky manuscript was produced, which he was only permitted to glance at for a few minutes. He could only gather that it was a maritime narrative. The advertiser said: "The material is good, but the book doesn't suit us exactly. We want it reproduced in a little better style. What can you do the job for?" Clint was very poor and needed a little money badly; but he declined to "do the job"; he did not want to assist a leech to suck another poor fellow's heartblood.

In 1896, in his temporary Tusculum, the Soldiers' Home of Virginia, he wrote an historical romance concerning the Black Hawk War, entitled "A Military Belle". It was a book of love and adventure, and inwoven was the story of the proverbial unlucky man, for whom the author himself was the model. Under disadvantages and persecuted by the management of the Home, who attributed to him certain derogatory newspaper letters which he never wrote, the manuscript was finished after about a year. A publisher was found in New York, and the outlook was fine. Because of some one's blunders several

letters of the publisher did not reach the author who never saw a proof, and the publication was long delayed. Parkhurst finally went to New York, where he learned that the book had already been stereotyped. But it abounded in grievous errors, and numerous plates had to be cut and cast over. At last, in 1899, the Military Belle made her bow, and an encouragingly large number of books were sold. But the publisher failed, and Clint got only about $9 from the debacle.

The last and probably the greatest of his many literary misfortunes was blended with the one of the city of San Francisco. In Davenport he had gathered from many newspaper columns a large portion of his poetical writings, which he re-arranged, carefully improved, and incorporated in a manuscript ready for the printer. This manuscript he sent in 1905 to his daughter Mabel in San Francisco — as usual without keeping a duplicate. On the 18th day of April, 1906, that beautiful city was visited by earthquake and conflagration. His daughter did well enough to save her life, but all her belongings and the manuscript of her father were destroyed.

Parkhurst outlived this shock as he had many previous minor ones. In January, 1908, a Davenport friend received from him a hopeful letter out of the Missouri mountains. He wrote that he had taken up the life of a literary hermit. "I came to the wilds of the Ozarks last summer," he wrote, "and the venture has been a success. I own an acre

of ground, have a good house on it, have a library of fifty choice volumes, and several dozen magazines and daily papers, and have every want supplied. My pension has been increased to $12 per month." He was enthused over the "glorious sceneries" and the "incomparable climate." His health was good; for "anybody's health is good here." But the solitude there could not suit him for any great length of time. He returned to the Iowa Soldiers' Home, where he was in company with his old commander, Col. Add. H. Sanders. From that place he disappeared in August, 1913, after having spent there, off and on, periods of various duration. Nothing has of late been heard of any more literary work of his.

AUG. P. RICHTER

Comment by the Editor

CLINTON PARKHURST

Somewhere on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, Clinton Parkhurst is apparently still living. Since the publication of the October PALIMPSEST we have had many letters about the writer of *A Few Martial Memories.* Some of these letters were from readers who did not know Parkhurst but whose interest was aroused by his graphic descriptive powers. Others have come from men and women who have known Clinton Parkhurst at different times in his career — and they have supplied many of the missing fragments of the mosaic.

We have heard from friends of Clinton Parkhurst in his schoolboy days, from neighbors, from his fellow journalists, from his brother, and from his daughter. We can now definitely connect him with the early Parkhursts of the town of that name. His father, Lemuel Parkhurst, was the son of Sterling Parkhurst and a nephew of Eleazer Parkhurst, the founder of the town. Here he was born in 1844, in the same township where two years later "Buffalo Bill" Cody first saw the light of day.

The most complete account of Parkhurst that has come to us is that of Aug. P. Richter, for many years editor of *Der Demokrat* of Davenport; and it is this story which is printed in the present number of THE

PALIMPSEST. The letters and accounts, however, whether from friend or relative, are alike in one respect. They fail to answer the question: Where is Clinton Parkhurst? With all of them the trails run out and stop. We have heard that two of his friends say, in identical phraseology, that he is "basking on the shores of the Pacific", but they do not say where.

Probably we could find his address by writing to the Pension Department at Washington. But this we do not intend to do. The biographical mosaic is nearly complete. If the subject of the portrait wishes to keep the corner piece in his pocket during his last few years, it is his right and we shall respect it. We are happy to have read some of his writings, and to know something of the man, and we shall wish him many happy days on the sunset shores of America.

THE RIVER

It will soon be two hundred and fifty years since the canoes of Marquette and Jolliet swept out of the Wisconsin into the waters of the Mississippi; and in those long years the river has had a wonderful history. Full of romance are the days when explorer and fur trader paddled their slender barks up and down the stream. Upon its broad highway the settlers of the Louisiana Purchase arrived. Primitive steamboats laid their course along the beautiful shores of the prairie land of Iowa, while busy ferries laced their way back and forth across the cur-

rent. Then came the heyday of the paddle wheel — those adventurous times when the roar of the whistle and the sound of the pilot's bell were heard on every bend of the river; when captains and crews raced their boats with a high spirit of sport, feeding the fires with barrels of resin till the flames sometimes blazed from the tops of the stacks. Snags and explosion and fire took a heavy toll, but it was not these accidents that spoiled the game and made Mark Twain's river a thing of the past. Just as the ferries gave way to the bridges, so the steamboat traffic declined with the extension of railroads. The river still runs past our borders. Its banks are as beautiful as ever. The "wooded islands" and "enchanting scenes" of Beltrami's day are still there.

Last summer we wanted to do as Beltrami and so many others had done — travel by boat up the river to the falls of St. Anthony and see the beauties of the Upper Mississippi by night and day from a steamer's deck. But we were told that there was no steamship line now making the trip. Beltrami, nearly a hundred years ago, had the advantage of us. We can only travel alongside and see the river from a car window or catch fleeting, smoke-veiled vistas as we slip across on the bridges. However, if the old adventurous days are denied us in the present and if the scenic highway is closed we can at least enjoy the glories of the past and we intend to tell in The Palimpsest during the coming year some of the stories of the days when the Steamboat was King.

J. C. P.

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THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN C. PARISH

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE STATE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

VOLUME II
JANUARY TO DECEMBER
1921

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA
IOWA CITY IOWA
1921

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The State Historical Society of Iowa

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

VOL. II ISSUED IN JANUARY 1921 NO. 1

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Lost in an Iowa Blizzard

The setting down of this experience of the earlier years of Reuben and David Williams has sprung from a desire to place on record, while they may yet be told by one of the participants, the details of what has always been, in our immediate family circle, an exceedingly thrilling incident of my father's boyhood days. The dates, places, and other facts of the story are historically accurate. David Williams is now 76 years old and, retired, lives in Gridley, California. Reuben Williams died in October, 1898, at Trosky, Minnesota, in his 62nd year.

The vast grassy prairies of northern Iowa which have since made it famous as an agricultural State, were at first shunned by the early settlers. No doubt the chief reasons for avoiding the prairies was the difficulty of obtaining fuel, and the absence of protection against the cold winds of winter. As settlements became closer, the more venturesome began to establish prairie homes. Across the miles

of bleak plain, then essentially destitute of obstruction of any kind, the winds had opportunity to gain their full force. In winter the deeply drifted snow obliterated all landmarks. Travel from one point to another was often possible only on snow-shoes, although at times the solid icy crust of the snow would carry the weight of a horse.

Blizzards were of common occurrence and fatalities not infrequent. In the face of a blinding whirl of snow all familiar objects vanished. Dependence on sheer Indian instinct, an intuitive sense of distance and direction, was often the only chance of safety. And especially real was the danger if night came on. Reliance on native instinct, however, was not always assurance of a safe return to shelter. From these early days have come down vivid accounts of suffering endured and lives lost. The story that follows, however, is of two boys who passed a night in the teeth of a bewildering snowstorm and yet escaped with their lives. I have heard it told by my father many times and I give the details here in his own words.[1]

IRA A. WILLIAMS

PORTLAND, OREGON, DECEMBER, 1920

The winter of 1856–57 was the hardest the settlers then in Iowa had ever seen. Father had a large family and was poor. We boys all had to work at

[1] This account in a slightly longer form appeared in *The Register and Leader* (Des Moines) February 23, 1913.

whatever we could get to do. Reuben, who was the oldest, had hired out to Mr. Horace Green for a few months. Green lived over on Willow Creek some three miles from our place and about four miles northwest of Masonic Grove (now Mason City). Willow Creek is the outlet to Clear Lake and runs through Mason City. Mr. Green kept a lot of cattle and always had several pairs of big oxen. His house was on the open prairie, without a sign of a tree or other windbreak for protection. Nor had he yet even been able to build any sheds for his cattle.

It was late in December and Mr. Green had gone to Dubuque to get a load of supplies. Halfway across Iowa and back by team in the middle of winter in those days was a long trip and a hard and indefinite task. Even Mrs. Green did not know when he might return. Green's going left her and Reuben to take care of things and look after the stock, and although Reuben was man-grown, I think eighteen or nineteen, he had his hands more than full. I was only twelve years old, but was fully accustomed to doing outdoor work, so I went over to help until Mr. Green came back.

We had had some real hard blizzards before that and there was lots of snow. One of our biggest jobs was watering the cattle. The house was on a spring branch some distance from where this stream joined the main Willow Creek. There had been plenty of water here all along, but the snow had finally drifted in so deeply that it became impossible to keep it open longer for the stock to get down to drink.

I had been there a few days. It was December 28, 1856. The sun rose bright that morning and the atmosphere was as clear as a bell. It was cold but there was no reason whatever for us to expect any great change before night. Reuben and I did up the chores and along about 11 o'clock Mrs. Green said she thought it would be best to take the cattle across to Willow Creek to water them that day. The old watering-hole in the yard was drifted full and, as the day was pleasant, we would save time and easily be back by noon, we thought.

To get to the creek we had to go down the branch a way and then over the point of a ridge between the two streams. This ridge was covered with new breaking and the snow on it was not very deep. We got the cattle across all right and, after a half hour's hard shoveling and chopping, had a large hole in the ice open where they could get down to the water. Naturally, busy as we were, we paid no attention to the sky nor thought anything about the weather. We were out of sight from the buildings yet not over one half or three quarters of a mile from the house.

We had worked hard and were nearly through watering the last of four or five calves that were in the herd. It must have been about one o'clock in the afternoon. Reuben was down dipping out water for the calves with a pail we had carried with us. Without warning of any kind the storm burst upon us. A blast of wind swept down the bank behind

which we were working and in a second we were completely enveloped in the whirling snow that filled the air full.

This didn't frighten us any for it was a common enough experience. Our first thought was to get the cattle back to the house. Buttoning tight our short coats and picking up the shovel and ax, we tried to drive them back the way they had come. It was straight against the wind, which was already so stiff we could scarcely stand in the face of it, and penetratingly cold. They refused to go. We knew that if only some of the big steers would make a start towards home, the rest would follow. But each time we managed to get them headed about they would veer this way and that, and finally come to a determined standstill, their tails to the wind.

If there had been a nice warm barn at home, or even a shed awaiting them, it would have been different. But outside of the low, hay-covered stable where Green kept his horses there was nothing there to break the force of the wind in the least. Behind this and in the lee of a small hay-stack they were in the habit of huddling together, though little more protected than in the open field. An incentive for the animals to face the cutting wind across the bare field in the direction of home was, therefore, all but lacking. With shelter ahead of him a steer will put his head down and buck almost any kind of a wind that does not actually blow him backwards. But to convince them to move against their inclinations proved quite another matter.

Next we undertook to get the oxen started. They were well-broken and valuable animals. To let them stray, of all times in Mr. Green's absence, was certainly the last thing to be thought of. Obedient and willing brutes though they were in the yoke, our commands in the face of the blinding blizzard went entirely unheeded. It seemed like hours that we toiled with those cattle. Reuben had been left in charge of the stock and felt all of a man's responsibility for their safety. He was determined to take them back to shelter. So we kept doggedly at it until we were both tired completely out. It was of no use. The cattle became so badly scattered and the intensity of the storm had increased so much that we were compelled to give up. It had also rapidly grown colder. We were blinded by the snow, and pieces of ice blown from the old snow crust cut our faces like a knife.

So we struck the ax and shovel in the snow and left them. They were found afterwards out there on the breaking. From there I am certain we could have made our way against the storm to the house. I urged Reuben to go home and let the cattle take care of themselves. But he wouldn't hear to going back without them.

A short distance down the other side of the creek from where we had watered the stock was a small grove of crab-apple trees, underbrush and willows. We knew we could get to this and there be protected from the wind. In the hope that the storm might

soon break so that we could go out and round up the cattle before night, we made for this crab-apple thicket. To reach it we crossed the main road running between Masonic Grove and Clear Lake. It was plainly marked in the otherwise unbroken white by the flanking lines of weeds whose tops still showed above the snow. When we came to the road I again remonstrated. Knowing that Reuben in his present frame of mind could not be persuaded to face Mrs. Green without the stock, I suggested following the road to Masonic Grove to wait until the blizzard eased up somewhat. I was getting fearfully cold. He said "No", that we would be all right, still intending, he confessed, to make another trial with the cattle as soon as we warmed up a bit in the shelter of the grove.

Within the thicket the air was quiet, and by "strapping" our hands and jumping about we were soon warm enough. I suppose it was at least three or four o'clock in the afternoon by this time. The storm continued to increase in violence outside. To think of venturing out again after the stock would be clearly foolhardy, yet I could not gain Reuben's consent to go back without them. It had not occurred to either of us then that we ourselves might be in any danger.

Hours passed. Daylight began to fade and we knew that night was coming on. The wind did not reach us, but to keep up circulation in the biting cold we started a path in the snow around a clump

of trees in the center of the thicket. It was perhaps three or four rods around the circle. We took turns. First one, then the other, would take the path and walk, or trot, or run, till our blood tingled. Between times we squatted in the snow, back against a tree, until beginning numbness warned us it was time to run again.

After darkness came on we could tell little about the progress of the storm. An occasional trip to the edge of the thicket, however, was sufficient to assure us of the unabated fury of the wind, and we thought the temperature was still going down. Reuben was finally compelled to abandon hope of getting any of the stock back before morning. What with our continued exercises and intermittent breathing spells, we kept ourselves quite comfortable, and the soft snow was soon packed solid in our little circuit. We did not know the time, but it must have been about midnight when the stars shone out straight above us, and it looked as if the clouds were clearing away.

Within our friendly shelter we could have securely spent the rest of the night. But at the farthest the house was not over a mile away, and we knew Mrs. Green would be exceedingly anxious over our long absence. So Reuben decided that we should leave the grove, the thought that we might not be able to go straight to the Green's house not entering either of our minds. We were warm to start, had our directions true, and knew every inch of the ground.

As I recall it now, I think I begged Reuben to stay where we were until daylight. He was obdurate and we started out. No doubt discomfiture over the loss of the cattle still rankled within him. Outside of the thicket was a raging snowstorm. Confident of our course, we floundered through the drifts, at the start, square against the storm; the sharp hurtling scales of ice cutting our faces and the floury snow filling our nostrils and eyes. On we pushed towards where Mrs. Green's kindly beacon should have guided us to safety. This way and that we turned in the darkness, the sense of our exact whereabouts growing more and more vague, yet certain in the hope that intuition would soon point us to the door. We were lost.

Failing to find the house, our next thought was, of course, to return to the crab-apple thicket. But it, too, was not to be found. The wild blackness of the night had swallowed it up. Once voluntarily scorning its kindly protection, it now eluded us; and we were left to fight alone our one-sided battle with the elements.

It was almost impossible for us to realize that we were actually lost. Here we were in a region, every foot of which was familiar ground in time of calm. And yet, so completely was the recognition of all familiar landmarks closed to us that, in our bewilderment, we knew neither north, south, east, nor west. The realization, however, that shelter must be found was not slow in coming, for the exertion

of merely keeping in motion was rapidly telling on me, and the gripping cold was sinking to the marrow. To stop anywhere within the sweep of the wind we knew must mean certain death. To go aimlessly on and on in the face of the storm was equally certain to mean pure physical exhaustion, and then — but although Reuben's maturer mind may have sensed already the tragic possibility, through his cheering encouragement no thought of such an ending came to me.

We went with the storm. Long, long we blundered ahead. Reuben half dragged, half carried me on. One step the snow bore our weight, the next we floundered in it. At last, after what seemed miles, we tumbled down a steep bank. I had been begging Reuben to let me stop. I was tired out, cold and sleepy. Only too well did my big brother recognize these symptoms. He had urged me on, talked to me, chaffed me, dragged and pushed me along, all but kicked and pommeled me, anything to ward off and stay the progress of the cold which was slowly but surely stiffening my very blood.

Behind the bank where we had fallen the wind did not reach with its full fury. I told Reuben I was going to rest here. I could go no further. All of his arguments were of no avail. My feet were numb. I was completely exhausted. I could not walk, and he, though strong as an ox, saw disaster ahead for both of us if he undertook to carry me. I wanted to go to sleep.

Out of the wind a little I lay down in the snow. All the way along Reuben had clung to me with first one hand then the other. I do not think I had any mittens. I know I tried to keep my hands from freezing by walking with them in my pockets. Reuben's hands were bare. While he was dipping water for the calves he had soaked two fingers of the glove on his left hand and they had frozen stiff. He took his gloves off while we were in the crab-apple thicket and stuck them up in the crotch of a tree. We found them there afterwards where he had placed them.

I do not know how long I lay there. The snow quickly drifted over me. Reuben did not give up, but kept moving all night long. He paced back and forth in the snow. I can only recall that he constantly talked to me. So long as I would answer, he knew I was awake. We had heard of persons saving their lives by burrowing into the snow out of the biting wind. In my benumbed condition I did not reason. But I am certain that Reuben was thoroughly conscious of the danger of this. It was plainly now a drawn battle for our lives. Chagrin over the loss of the cattle had nerved rather than weakened him for the struggle. And an indomitable pride of responsibility for me bore him up against the almost irresistible desire to rest and to sleep that now beset him.

Throughout the night his vigil did not cease. I must have fallen asleep. It seemed to me I was

warm and comfortable. The snow had covered me over completely, only the toe of one of my boots remaining in sight to show where I lay buried. They were new boots with red tops that my uncle had given me when I started to walk to Iowa from our old home in Illinois the summer before.

Daylight slowly came. As surroundings began to be visible, the place appeared more and more familiar. Yet it was not until near sunrise that Reuben could make out that we were within calling distance of one of the houses in Masonic Grove (now Mason City). It was fully four miles back to the little crab-apple grove, though how much farther we had wandered since leaving it we would never know.

I was brought back to a drowsy consciousness by being pulled out of the snow by Reuben. The air was so cold it seemed fairly blue, and its cutting bitterness struck into my flesh like steel. The rising sun shone large and the guardian sun-dogs, one on either side, betokened the keenness of the opening day. I tried to walk, but my feet were dead. As if wooden, my benumbed body refused to respond to a still more feeble will. Reuben's efforts to get me towards the house were fruitless. The last I recall was hearing him shout to some one.

When I came to I was in bed. My hands were being rubbed with snow. My new leather boots had been cut from my feet which now rested in melting ice. As full consciousness returned, I learned how we had at first been taken for Indians; and how,

when it was known that we were actually in distress, Mr. James Jenkins and Mr. Tenure had come out and carried me in. Dr. Huntley had been at once sent for. Reuben had followed me into the house and had gone straight to the fire. Both of his hands were frozen stiff, as were mine, and his feet were clumps of ice. I have heard him say that he never again suffered such anguish as the soul-crazing pangs of returning feeling that racked his chilled body while he stood there beginning to thaw out. All attention was at first given to me, of course, and it was only after I was seen to be out of danger that it appeared to any one that Reuben might be at all badly frozen. The torpid pallor of pain and exhaustion already showed in his twitching face and he reeled at every step. The doctor at once applied ice to his hands and feet. Though belated, this measure probably saved to him the use of these members. Casings of solid ice formed around our feet, then slowly melted away as the blood sluggishly gained its way into them again.

It was hours before the frost was all drawn out. Much of this time I was in a partial stupor. I think neither of us suffered much severe pain after the first aching paroxysms were over. But the very joy of relaxation after the terrible strain of the past night was in itself overpowering. I roused repeatedly from a disturbed sleep in which I was again struggling with the raging storm, again going through, in all its horror, the frightful experience of the night before.

Word was at once sent to Mrs. Green that we were safe. She was thus prepared to break the news to mother and father who happened to drive over early that morning. It had been one of the hardest storms of the winter and they, knowing that Mr. Green was away, had come to see how we boys were getting on. As he unfastened the ox-team, father jokingly called out, "Don't see anything of the boys this morning; frozen up, are they?" "Guess they must be", Mrs. Green replied, in the same bantering tone, "They've been since eleven o'clock yesterday morning watering the stock over on the Willow, and they're only four miles away in Masonic Grove now". Even she was not then aware of how perilous an experience traversing that four miles had been to us.

So father at once came on down expecting to take us back to Green's to hunt up the lost cattle. Mrs. Green's anxiety was one of genuine motherly interest in us boys, as much as of responsibility for the security of her husband's property. She told mother that morning how she had kept a light in the window the night through, and of how she rang the old cow-bell for us. When darkness came on and we did not return, she knew we were in trouble. All through that wild night she kept up the vigil. She had gone out into the storm and clanged the old bell until out of breath, and until the sting of the frigid blast drove her back to the fireside. Over and over, and as long as strength held out had the plucky

woman kept it up. We have never wondered that its feeble tones failed to reach our ears in the howling storm, though how close to its call we may really have been we shall never know.

The days that followed were languishing ones, but physically sturdy as we were, recovery was fairly rapid. Medical attention was of course necessary. Although present day anaesthetics were then unknown and surgical instruments crude, we have never attributed to their absence the fact that we found ourselves crippled for the rest of our days. The ministrations of a devoted mother through the long days of convalescence, and encouragement and care from a father of stern but devoutly religious temperament, were the inspiring influences which made seem so much worth while the life that had been spared us.

Early Cabins in Iowa

A creaking, canvas-covered wagon slowly came to a halt as the oxen, tired from the long journey, ceased straining at the yoke. The driver looked about him at the expanse of prairie, unbroken except for the timber which fringed an occasional water course. Far behind lay his old home. Days before he had crossed the Mississippi, and leaving the busy river town had pushed westward until he had passed all signs of habitation and reached this virgin prairie. Nowhere was a sheltering roof to be seen except the covered wagon whose protection was given to the women and children. The only table upon which to partake of the plain meals of corn bread and bacon was the green earth.

But this sketch is not biographical; nor does it deal with the unique. All up and down the Iowa frontier this scene was being repeated. Sometimes a lonely wagon made its way to the edge of the unknown; sometimes a group of neighbors or related families made the venture together. In every case the pioneer's first thought was to prepare a home. It would be a dwelling place for his family, a fortress against the Indians, a nucleus for civilization. Under these conditions building the cabin came to be an event of great importance and produced a thrill of pleasure that could hardly be understood by those who had never suffered the same privations.

The first home was necessarily a simple affair. In the prairie country where wood was scarce and sod was plentiful, the easiest house to build was the sod shanty. The materials were procured by taking the breaking plow into the low land where the sod was heavy and plowing a furrow from sixteen to eighteen inches in width. This was cut into sections, eighteen to twenty inches long, which were then laid like brick. The roof was usually made of large rafters covered with prairie hay or grass and covered again with sod. Often the structure had a board floor, and usually one door and one window. It is surprising the amount of genius that could be expended in the construction of a sod shanty. For this reason, there was great difference in the appearance and arrangement of these cabins. Some had an air of comfort, convenience, and even neatness, which gave them a genuine homelike appearance. Others remained as they were at first — simply holes in the ground.

Even in the wooded districts finished lumber was not to be had and labor was dear. As a result the architecture of the home entered very little into the thoughts of the early settlers — it was shelter they wanted, and protection from the stress of weather. The settler had neither the money nor the mechanical appliances for building himself a modern house: he was content in most instances to have a mere cabin.

Of dwellings made of timber, perhaps the most

primitive were the "three faced" camps. These structures — sometimes called "cat faced" sheds or "wickeups"— consisted of three walls made of logs in their rough state — the fourth side being left open. The first settler in a community who had to build his cabin without assistance selected small logs that he could raise to the walls alone, but after neighbors came larger logs were used. Across these walls, poles were laid at a distance of about three feet apart, and on these was placed a roof of clapboards which were kept in position by weight-poles. The only floor in the camp was the earth, and the structure required neither door, window, nor chimney, for the open side answered all these purposes. Immediately in front of the cabin was built a huge log fire which served for warmth and for cooking purposes. These "three-faced camps", built apparently in a hurry to afford a resting place for a family without a home, were temporary in most cases and were soon supplanted by more complete dwelling places.

The claim cabins proper, which followed these first buildings, required some help and a good deal of labor to build. House raisings were frequent and became social as well as industrial events. After the logs had been cut into the desired length according to the dimensions of the house, they were dragged to the building place by horses. The neighbors were then called upon to assist. Four men were selected to "carry up the corners", and

the work began. As the logs were lifted up a "saddle" was hewn upon the top of one log and a notch cut in the underside of the next to fit upon the saddle. By cutting the notches in the larger end of the log a little deeper and alternating the butt and top ends the walls of the cabin were carried up approximately level. At first the logs were put together with the bark on. As the idea of decoration and elegance increased a place was chipped along two sides of each log. Finally the inside and outside of the cabin walls were hewn so as to present a flat surface.

When the house-walls had reached a height of seven or eight feet, two gables were formed by shortening the logs gradually at each end of the building near the top, and fastening each log to the one below or to the roof logs. The roof was made by laying very straight small logs or stout poles from gable to gable at regular intervals and on these were fastened the clapboards very much in the same manner as modern shingles, only with fewer courses, as the clapboards were perhaps four feet long and generally about two and a half feet to the weather. Weight poles were laid over the whole and were secured by long wooden pins, driven into auger holes, which kept them from slipping down toward the lower edge of the roof.

When this sheltering roof was completed the small cracks between the wall logs were stopped with "chinking". The spaces were filled in with split

sticks of wood, called "chinks", and then daubed over, both inside and outside, with mortar made of clay which had straw or hay mixed with it to keep it from crumbling and falling out. In this way the cabin was made comfortably warm during the long cold winter.

Sometimes an opening was left for a door when the logs were laid, but usually the door space was made by cutting an aperture of the required size in one side of the room. The doorway was not always provided immediately with a door, but instead the most simple contrivances that would serve the purpose were brought into requisition. In some cases a quilt, blanket, or skin was spared for the purpose of guarding the entrance. There is an instance in which a table is said to have served as a door also, being taken down and used for a table, and rehung as a door after meals. As soon as convenient a shutter of some kind was provided. Sometimes this was a thatched frame work, but more often it consisted of two large clapboards or puncheons, pinned together with cross pieces and wooden pins. The door was hung on wooden hinges and held shut by a wooden catch. Through a hole above the latch a buckskin thong passed which when pulled lifted the wooden bar thus allowing the door to open. For security at night this latch string could be drawn in, hence, as an expression of welcome, there arose the saying: "The latch string is always hanging out".

Frequently there was no window at first. Later

when duties became less pressing, a hole about two feet long was cut out of one of the wall logs. Whenever possible the window was on the south side and could be left open during the summer at least. Greased or oiled paper pasted over sticks crossed in the shape of a sash was often used as a substitute for window glass. It admitted the light and excluded the air, but of course lacked the transparency. Even greased deer hide was sometimes used.

The chimney of the western pioneer's cabin was not built of stone or brick, but in most cases of split sticks of wood and mortar made of clay. Space was provided by leaving in the original building a large open place in the wall, or more often perhaps, by cutting one after the structure was up. The fireplace — at least six feet wide and frequently of such dimensions as to occupy nearly the whole width of the house — was constructed in this opening. It was planked on the outside by butts of wood notched together to stay it. The back and sides were built of stone, of wood lined with stone, or of stone and earth, the stone-work facing into the room. A large flat rock in front of it, called a hearth stone, was placed level with the floor to protect the puncheons from brands that might roll out of the fire. For a chimney, or flue, any contrivance that would conduct the smoke upward would do. Some flues consisted of squares of sod, laid as a mason lays a wall of bricks and plastered on the inside with clay. Perhaps the more common type was that known as the

"cat and clay" chimney. It was built of small split sticks, two and a half or three feet in length, carried a little distance above the roof, and plastered, both inside and outside, with a thick covering of clay. Built as they were the burning of a chimney was a frequent occurrence in cold weather.

Other accessories were added as soon as possible. The clay which had previously served as a floor and which had been beaten hard and smooth by this time was overlaid with a "puncheon" floor consisting of slabs hewn from logs. After the floor was laid the upper surface would be smoothed off with an adz. As a final touch of elegance a few more logs were sometimes put on the building making an upstairs or loft which was reached by a ladder secured to the wall. Other families built a better roof or an additional room.

During all of this building process there was ordinarily no sound of hammering of nails or rasping of the saw, only the dull thud of the ax. The pioneer was often forced to build his cabin without nails, screws, bolts, bars, or iron of any description. Wooden pegs were hewn from the logs; the hinges and even the catch for the door were wooden.

The living room was of good size, for usually it served the purpose of kitchen, bedroom, parlor, and arsenal. In other words the loom, spinning wheel, chairs, beds, cooking utensils, and other furniture were all arranged as snugly as possible in this one room. With an ax and an auger the pioneer met all

pressing needs. The furniture varied in proportion to the ingenuity of the occupants, except in the rare instances where settlers brought with them their old household supply.

The articles used in the kitchen were few and simple. Lacking the convenience of a cook stove, the work was done in and about the big fireplace. The utensils of a well furnished kitchen included an iron pot, a long-handled frying pan, a skillet, and sometimes a coffee pot. Often a later improvement was found in the shape of an iron crane swinging from the side of the chimney and carrying on its "pot hook" the kettles or iron pots used in cooking.

Sometimes a mantel shelf was made by placing clapboards across strong wooden pins fitted into holes bored in the wall logs. This shelf might hold kitchen or table-ware, the candlestick with its deer tallow candle and possibly an old clock. If the family were lucky enough to have an abundance of table-ware, a series of shelves with perhaps a cheap cotton cloth as a curtain might be built for a china closet.

The necessity of finding a more convenient and comfortable place than the ground upon which to sleep, produced the "prairie bunk". This "one-legged" bedstead, now a piece of furniture of the past, was improvised by the pioneer in a unique manner. A forked stake was driven into the ground at a proper distance from the corner of the room and upon it poles, usually of hickory, were laid

reaching from each wall. These poles where they touched the walls rested in the openings between the logs or were driven into auger holes. Upon these poles slats of clapboard were placed, or linden bark was interwoven from pole to pole. Sometimes an old fashioned "cord bed" was made by using basswood bark for the cord. On this framework the housewife spread her straw tick, or piled the luxurious mound of her home-made feather bed. Such a sleeping place was usually known as a "prairie bedstead", but sometimes it was called a "prairie rascal".

Beds of this sort, however, were for the grown-ups. Children were stowed away for the night either in low, dark attics, among the horns of elk and deer, or in trundle beds which would slip under the larger bedstead in the daytime.

It was easy enough to improvise tables, bureaus, and chairs. Often a packing box answered the purposes of the first two, while smaller boxes of the same kind served as chairs. Real chairs were seldom seen in the early cabins; but in their place long benches and stools were made out of hewn planks. These stools were often three-legged because of the difficulty of making four legs so that all would touch the uneven floor at the same time. The benches were but hewn slabs with a couple of stakes driven slantingly into each end on the under side; and the tables, in some instances were simply larger and higher benches.

In one corner were the loom and other implements used in the manufacture of clothing; while the clothing itself was suspended from pegs driven in the logs. As there was no storehouse, flitches of bacon and rings of dried pumpkin were suspended from the rafters. Over the door was usually hung the rifle and with it the powder-horn and hunting pouch. Luxuries were rare even among well to do people and seldom was there so much as a strip of rag carpet on their floors although they might have large tracts of land, numerous head of stock and many bushels of corn.

Occasionally one found on the frontier a cabin with more complete and comfortable furnishings. Mrs. Semira A. Phillips describes as follows her uncle's cabin in Mahaska County:

Their cabin had but one room, but that room was larger than cabins generally were. I think now it was eighteen feet wide and twenty feet long. I know they had in it four ordinary sized beds, and a trundle-bed which was kept under one of the big beds in the daytime and drawn out at night for the children. The style of bedstead used then was so high from the floor to the bed rail that there was ample room under a bed to store many trunks and chests and boxes and bundles. It was customary to hang a valance around which hid all these unsightly things. Women in that day and stage of the country's history learned how to manage and utilize room. My uncle's cabin had a very large fire-place, six feet wide at least. That fire-place was built up, back and jambs with stone and mud. The top of the chimney was of mud and split staves or sticks. The

floor was puncheon and the roof clap-boards. There was a door in the south, a small window in the west end by the fire-place, and another small window in the north. My aunt had a loom and all other necessaries for making cloth. While the weather was warm the loom was kept in a shed at the back of the house. That shed had a clap-board roof, and the floor was of elm tree bark laid flat on the ground with the rough side up. My uncle and aunt were both good managers and could make the best of their crude surroundings.

Another account tells of a big cabin with a single immense room below, with whitewashed walls and carefully scrubbed puncheon floor, and a room above for sleeping purposes. An interesting feature of this home is described as follows:

A little way from that big log house was another of less pretentions which was used as a kitchen and dining-room. There was a big wide fireplace with crane and hooks and a long table covered with a snowy cloth.

It is interesting to note that the first three United States Senators from Iowa spent part of their lives in log cabins. George W. Jones came out to Sinsinawa Mound in what is now southwestern Wisconsin in 1827. Returning the next spring, he slept under his wagon one night and the next morning set the ten or twelve men whom he had hired, at work chopping down trees. Two days later he slept in the log cabin that had been completed in that time. He carried up two corners of the house himself —

the first manual labor he had ever done. The cabin was forty-nine by seventeen feet, having an entry of fifteen by seventeen feet. Each room had one door and one window only. The flooring was of planks brought from St. Genevieve, Missouri. When Augustus Caesar Dodge was a boy the Dodge family lived for eight years in a rude log cabin. This home was built entirely from hewn timbers, without a particle of sawed lumber, and was equipped with a puncheon floor and a clapboard roof.

James Harlan, the third United States Senator from Iowa, has given us a description of his boyhood home in Indiana and the account is typical of the methods of house building throughout the Middle West. Their first cabin was made largely from a single tree. The trunk of this tree was five or six feet in diameter, and when the tree was felled, served as the back of the "camp". A few feet in front two forked branches were driven into the ground, a beam placed across the forks, and smaller poles were laid from this beam to the trunk of the tree. This structure was then covered with strips of bark, several feet in length, overlapping like shingles, and the sides were hung with bed-clothing. This makeshift was replaced in about a week by the more typical log cabin. This must have been a busy week for in that time the father of Harlan had not only collected the materials from the forest and with the assistance of six neighbors raised the walls; but he had completed the further tasks of chinking the logs,

building the fireplace, and constructing a stairway to the loft.

When Robert Lucas, first Governor of the Territory of Iowa, visited Iowa City in 1839, the most commodious cabin in the town served as his headquarters. It boasted of an attic for a lodging room, and into this loft one must climb, by means of a primitive ladder, through a very small opening in the upper floor.

Among the historic cabins of Iowa which are still existing, that of Antoine Le Claire is perhaps the most memorable because of the events that transpired there. At the signing of the treaty with the Sac Indians in 1832, the section of land on which the treaty was signed was set aside and given to Le Claire on condition that he build his home thereon. Soon after, while there still was no city of Davenport, Le Claire erected what was then a most pretentious home. The house was built of hewn logs, boarded over. It was a story and a half high with three gables. To-day the house stands at the rear of 420 West Fifth Street in Davenport. After it was moved, a second story was added and the roof replaced. This building might not be recognized as a log cabin but for the fact that here and there the siding has been torn off revealing the logs of the first story.

The old log cabins of the early settlers in Iowa have now all but disappeared. They have been replaced by less picturesque though more practical

dwellings. Once in a while a vacated cabin is to be found among the trees along the river or on the sheltered slope of a prairie hill. In some cases, the old houses are still seen among the farm buildings, somewhat away from the present house and now used as summer kitchens or work shops. Others, after three quarters of a century, are still occupied — standing as a mute testimony of work well done.

MILDRED J. SHARP

Comment by the Editor

WEATHER

As far as the weather goes we are all communists. It rains on the just and the unjust, and the sunshine has no favorites. And so, being the common possession of mankind, it is not surprising that it is the common topic of conversation, and that "good morning", "bon jour", "buenos dias", and the like furnish the customary greeting the world over. As a topic it has its good points. It has variety and is spiced with adventure and excitement in the form of cloudbursts, tornadoes, and blizzards. Its future is an unfailing subject for speculation; its present is a convenient and unresisting object for our curses, and its past is a prime field for reminiscence.

Mr. Williams' story of an early Iowa blizzard has raised in our mind a few questions we have often asked but never have had answered satisfactorily. Is the country changing its climate? Is there less snow and a milder temperature than in the good old days of sleigh-riding and Thanksgiving skating? Or does our mellowing memory recall only the high lights — the occasional drifting of snow over the fence tops and the dropping of the mercury into the bottom of the tube — until we think of these phenomena as the ordinary winter program?

To try to satisfy our curiosity we have spent a

little time burrowing among the early meteorological reports and the recent reports issued by the Iowa Weather and Crop Service. We have not emerged triumphant but here are a few facts: Professor T. S. Parvin published in the *Report of the Geological Survey of the State of Iowa* for 1870 a discussion of the climate of Iowa with tables based on careful records kept by him, first at Muscatine and later at Iowa City, for the years 1839 to 1869. With regard to temperature he states, "During a residence of more than thirty years in central eastern Iowa, I have never seen the mercury rise to 100 degrees nor fall below 30 degrees". The lowest temperature he records as —30°, on January 18, 1857, during the same bitter winter in which Mr. Williams' blizzard occurred, and in which, two months later, terrible weather prevented Major William Williams and his relief expedition from immediately following up the band of Inkpaduta which had perpetrated the Spirit Lake Massacre.

Professor Parvin makes a tabulation of annual and monthly snowfall by inches for a period from 1848 to 1869 inclusive. The average annual snowfall for this period was 33.23 inches, the highest was 61.97 inches in 1868, the lowest 7.90 in 1850. The greatest monthly fall of snow in the period was in December, 1848, and amounted to 29.52 inches. Apparently this nearly exhausted the supply for in the two years immediately following (1849 and 1850) the totals for the entire years were only 9.41 and 7.90 respectively.

Turning now to more recent times, it appears that much lower temperatures are occasionally to be found. The Iowa Weather and Crop Service recorded in December, 1917, a temperature of 40 below zero, and in January, 1912, the thermometer at Washta in Cherokee County was reported as registering 47 below. This month of January, 1912, was commented upon by all observers. Professor A. J. Smith at Iowa City reported it to be the coldest month since observations began at that station in 1858, over a half century before. The average annual quantity of snowfall for the State in inches is reported by the Iowa Weather and Crop Service. For the ten years from 1909 to 1918 the average annual snowfall never was less than 23.4 inches nor more than 49 inches. The average for the ten years was 32.67 inches. And yet the Report for 1912 states that at Earlham in Madison County the station recorded a total amount of 77.2 inches for the year.

But these are only sample figures. To draw conclusions one must go deeper and wider. We recommend the subject as an interesting and useful one for study.

J. C. P.

THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN C. PARISH

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

VOL. II ISSUED IN FEBRUARY 1921 NO. 2

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The Old Military Road

Trailing diagonally across the State from Dubuque to Iowa City is an old ridge road. It was laid out more than eighty years ago to connect the little mining town on the river with the new Territorial capital. The United States government was then fostering the construction of military roads on the western frontier, and in March, 1839, Congress appropriated twenty thousand dollars for such a road to begin at Dubuque and run "to such point on the northern boundary of the State of Missouri as may be best suited for its future extension by that State to the cities of Jefferson and St. Louis".

The road was ultimately extended beyond Iowa City, but to the people of the Territory of Iowa in 1839 the opportunity offered by the government meant simply access to the site of the new capital. The road from Dubuque as far as Iowa City was immediately surveyed, a United States army engineer named Tilghman directing the work. James, Lucius, and Edward Langworthy, the first two of

whom had crossed the Mississippi to the deserted diggings of Julien Dubuque in 1830, were given contracts for the construction of the road from Dubuque as far as the Cedar River. Edward Langworthy states that after the surveys were made Tilghman engaged Lyman Dillon to plow a furrow along the route, under his direction, for the guidance of the contractors.

Meanwhile at Iowa City the town had been platted and the capitol building begun. A temporary tavern known as "Lean-back Hall" welcomed the travellers and tried to rival the hospitality which they had enjoyed at Tim Fanning's famous log tavern at the other end of the road. In the course of years Tim Fanning's tavern and "Lean-back Hall" have disappeared; nevertheless incentive was not lacking for two historically minded vacationists to retrace the old road on foot in September, 1920. The writers of the articles that follow — Marcus L. Hansen and John E. Briggs — set out one autumn morning from Iowa City equipped with stout shoes and hearts, a tiny tent, an ancient map, and all the information they could gather about the old highway. Four days they walked on the way to Dubuque, their feet treading the modern thoroughfare while their minds were busy with the traces of deserted villages and the ancient secrets of living towns, with the signs of departed traffic and the many reminders of the vanished spirits of the Old Military Road.

THE EDITOR

Phantoms on the Old Road

The Old Military Road! How foreign the expression to the peaceful, early autumn calm that lay over the valleys dropping away to the right and left of the ridge along which the road wound. My comrade and I had shouldered our packs at Iowa City and, setting our faces toward the northeast, had begun with ambitious strides to walk the old thoroughfare from Iowa City to Dubuque — our only motive being that furnished by the old books which told us that so the pioneers of Iowa had done. We could well believe that the road was old but why should it be called military? If in yonder groves where now one sees the red barn gables shining between the trees there arose the battlements of European fortresses, or if the deeply furrowed crossroads that mark the county lines were international boundaries where armed sentinels scanned the passports ere we proceeded, then we might declare the name appropriate. But harvest fields, many-tinted woodlands, and farmers who nod cheerily as they pass are not military, and the name is only the heritage of other years.

How fain we would escape from the past! Last season's automobile is discarded for the newer model and this year's clothes will be the derision of next year's fashions. But geography binds us with

bands that only under the most unusual circumstances are broken. Long after the mapmaker is gone the names that he sprinkled over the sheet are still written and bear mute testimony to the nature of the world in which he lived. Wall Street has no wall; Back Bay has no bay; and the Military Road is no longer military.

Yet military it once was. Soldiers planned it, surveyed it, and used it. Eastern Iowa in 1839 was the frontier; the site of the territorial capital had just been chosen on the wild bluff that rises above the waters of the Iowa. The Mississippi River towns were full of men eager to venture forth into the wilderness, and the Indian trails on the prairies were followed by the ever-moving pioneers. That these irrepressible spirits would soon come into forcible contact with the Indians who only reluctantly had left their homes in the ceded "Forty Mile Strip" seemed inevitable, and in order that the iron hand of the government might be felt in the remotest valleys, roads were necessary whereby troops might be readily sent from the permanent posts to the scene of any disturbance. That one of these should lead from Dubuque, the commercial and military center of the Upper Mississippi, to Iowa City, the new capital, was logical; and by Act of Congress in 1839 an appropriation was made to pay for the surveying, grading, and bridging of such a thoroughfare. Yet even from the first, the number of soldiers who passed over it was surpassed by the incoming

swarm of settlers, and the military men did little more than leave their name upon their work.

And as such it is known to this day by all who dwell by its winding course. The college student who was painting the Ivanhoe Bridge laid down his brush — he was working for the county — and explained to us who pretended ignorance, that the real designation of the trail we followed was the Military Road. The gray-headed sage at Monticello who gossiped with us as we stopped to rest our weary feet at the Depot Park declaimed on the sacrilege of rerouting a few miles of the Military Road as some moderns favored; and at the Trappist Abbey, kind-hearted Brother Timothy, he of the twinkling eyes, led us down to the pasture gate and with his walking stick pointed out a cross-cut by which we might regain the Military Road. All knew of the glory that once was the portion of the old highway.

All but the reporter of that village paper into whose town we hobbled at noon. Jauntily he came out to interview these pedestrians — perhaps they were transcontinental hikers about to favor the town with a visit and the paper with a front page story. Disappointment for all. To him the Military Road meant nothing and when he heard of Iowa City — that was too common. Away he darted to the nearby poolroom where he was sure he could unearth important news.

How discouraging it was thus at the very door of publicity to have it slammed in the face! What

permanent record would now be left of this so historic a jaunt? In the dust of the road we left no trail over which investigators could puzzle and students write theses. And when the voices of the two travellers were stilled, who then would take up the tale of the intrepid historians who not only essayed to write of the pioneers but to live like them as well? This thought added to the torments of legs already weary, and the brightness of our spirits faded as the September afternoon darkened over the landscape.

Misery loves company and to console ourselves as the darkness gathered from the already gloomy valleys, we conjured up, one by one, the shades of departed wanderers to accompany us — a procession of phantoms of the Old Military Road. They were travellers whose journeyings have already been forgotten: Leather Stockings who had no Cooper; black-robed priests without their Parkman; frontier Ichabods whose singing school escapades no Irving has recorded; horse-thieves who were hanged before the first dime novel was penned; all that motley band of men and women whose yellowed letters are still unread, about the foundation stones of whose cabins the roots of lofty trees are now entwined, and many indeed who never wrote a letter, who never built a cabin but who, living, created that great romance that hovers about the wooded watercourses of Eastern Iowa, felt by everyone yet related by almost none.

Among the throng are Edmund Booth and his two

companions who tell of how they passed this way long before the rivers were bridged, and when few features marked the passage across the seas of waving prairie grass. Leaving Dubuque to make a residence in the West, they bid adieu to the sordid associations of "Dirty Hollow" and to the rippling waters of Catfish Creek with its busy mill, follow the dim trail that leads to the falls of the Maquoketa where already a few cabins cluster about the charming Cascade. Here and there are wagon ruts to guide their horses' feet along the winding ridge that like a huge serpent crawls on its way to the ford over the South Fork of the Maquoketa. And now the lights streaming out between the logs of the cabin of Daniel Varvel — first resident of Monticello — betoken a supper of ham and eggs, corn dodgers and coffee, and a bed in the fragrant hay piled high in the rude barn.

Early the next morning they are off again for there are streams to be crossed, Kitty's Creek and Fawn Creek, before the site of Anamosa is reached on the banks of the Wapsipinicon River. Booth goes no further but his two companions, bound for Iowa City, continue their way over the rolling prairie that stretches on to the waters of the Cedar where the lounging inhabitants of Ivanhoe point out the route to the new town. By hard riding they reach it before the evening of the second day and are soon, no doubt, at the tavern recounting their experiences by the way and listening perhaps to the complaints of

those, less fortunate than they, who wandering from the ridge had found themselves lost in the prairie swamps or whose horses tripped over the protruding roots. Glad are they all that the road builders are already at work.

Yonder in our procession of phantoms is one driving five yoke of oxen attached to a plow. Lyman Dillon is his name, and if the story of Dillon and his furrow had not been somewhat discredited by the historical critics his would have been the most honored position in the group. For the old tradition relates that it was he who first rescued travellers from the dangers of waywardness. Employed by citizens of Iowa City, with his oxen and plow he threw a furrow almost a hundred miles long extending from the capital to Dubuque, and the wagons and riders that followed this guide beat a road by its side which was the predecessor of the Military Road. However, though the records have made mythical parts of this tradition, he claims a rôle among these characters.

Now the shade of the real maker of the road, a United States army engineer by the name of Tilghman, joins us. Under his direction the surveys were made and contracts let for the construction of bridges, the grading through the swamps, and the ditching beside the road which cut a clean swath forty feet wide when forests or bushes were encountered.

At top speed one of Ansell Briggs' postriders

dashes by; but the commerce on the road increases and saddle bags can no longer contain the correspondence of prolific scribes. The Western Stage Company puts on four-horse coaches one of which now travels along silently beside us. A Concord Coach! How little the expression means to us who can describe vehicles only in terms of cylinders. They were things of beauty in which any man would be proud to ride, and pride our fathers did not lack. "How they looked around them with a self-satisfied air as they took a seat and waited for the stage to start" declared an old observer. "How they nodded their heads and waved their hands at envious friends as the driver gathered up the reins, cracked his whip and dashed away."

It was not always ease and splendor. There came mudholes in the road in which the polish of boots was lost as passengers dismounted and struggled through with as much difficulty as the lumbering coach. Here was a river swollen by spring rains and no longer fordable, so passengers crossed the rushing waters in skiffs and under the dripping trees awaited the coming of the other stage which would discharge its load and turn back. And in winter there was the cold that pierced the buffalo robes and the blinding snow storms when all the drifted road was obliterated and the driver, lantern in hand, stumbled before in search of uncovered landmarks, his shouted words carried away by the swirling gale.

What a brave race these "knights of the lash" were! — not, it is true, in the eyes of all their contemporaries. Pious Sunday School teachers warned the fidgety boys to stay away from the "barns" where there was nothing but loafers, rum and stories of the road; and one mother lamented the waywardness of her prodigal son, saying, "I'd jest as soon let that boy staid in that old printin' office as to had him gone to runnin' with them stage drivers." Beneath the corduroy suit, however, was usually as generous a soul as ever crossed the western plains. Stories, indeed, he had, and whoever climbed up on the box beside him and first judiciously praised the teams, was sure to be a sharer in them; and many a half-frozen traveller got the last drop from the whiskey bottle even though the nearest tavern were ten miles away. The valley stretches of the road that once reëchoed his song now return no music but the strident notes of the klaxon, and a whirring mechanism covers the ground once trod by the flying feet of the gallant four.

But look at the passengers who gaze from the windows of this spectre carriage. That young lady, with fair face almost hidden by bonnet, ribbons and curls, who seems so calmly unconscious that her hoops-skirts are filling a much larger proportion of the seat than the single fare entitles her to, is probably the daughter of some frontier politician coming from school in the East to be the reigning belle of the county town and break the hearts of half a score

of backwoods lawyers before she discovers which one has the speediest prospect of being sent to Congress. Those two high-hatted heads borne on broad shoulders over which capes are carelessly flung are filled with balanced sentences and classic perorations, for they are members of the Territorial legislature proceeding to the assembly at Iowa City where they hope to deliver their sentiments on the wickedness of banks and the lethargy of the Indian agents with more gusto and gesticulations than the cramped quarters of the coach allow. That solemn-visaged person whose eyes rest so dreamily upon the passing scenery would be the victim of one of the "river gangs" west of the Mississippi if they knew the riches hidden in his carpet bag, riches not his but funds which he has begged in the counting houses and parlors of the eastern cities. With them he will build a college for the sons and daughters of the pioneers — an institution from which, he hopes, will radiate an influence that will make of these prairies a Utopia. Already he sees the brick walls of the "Academy" with its trim cupola rising above the tops of the waving trees, the paths that entwine on its campus and the white cottages that line the village streets. The college was built and is now gone. Cattle graze along the old lanes where once the daughters and sons of deacons strolled; and the surrounding acres are as far from Utopia as the rest of Iowa. Still it is fondly remembered by some gray-headed men who remain, recalling not the lessons in

moral philosophy imparted within its chilly walls, but the nights in the literary society hall, the pranks played during prayers and solemn promises whispered where the campus shadows were darkest.

Other builders are there among the spirits from the phantom world. They are the home makers. On foot and on horseback they come, sturdy backwoodsmen who have already hewed the forests in Kentucky, Indiana and Tennessee, and wiry Yankees from the States of granite and fish. Some bring nothing but rifle, ax and stout heart; others guide beside them the oxen-drawn wagon with tow-headed boys, "hoopless" girls, and panting dogs trailing behind. Not only for Iowa are they bound; the lure of California draws many. Eight hundred teams passed over the road in the years 1851–1852 destined for the Golden State, proceeding as solitary individuals or in large parties of men and women organized and captained by old campaigners who could draw up the ranks to deliver two hundred shots in ten minutes or in close quarters fall upon the lurking redskins and with revolvers and "Bowie" give them a "Tennessee fight". A later generation of gold hunters follows, those who seek the hidden treasures of Pike's Peak. Like the "Forty-niners", the "Fifty-niners" pass clad in all varieties of picturesque costumes as if on a gay pleasure jaunt accompanied by bands of music to shorten the dreary stretches of the westward way. Here also come the shades of those three small boys of Cascade who,

inspired by the sight of the passing throngs and fired by the stories of the "Peakers" who stopped to ask for a drink, set out on foot for the Eldorado provided only with high hopes and a dozen and a half of eggs, and were overtaken by anxious friends only when the steeples of Anamosa were within sight.

More gorgeous cavalcades than these are the troops of United States dragoons who pass and repass, now hot on the trail of renegade Indians who have broken across the treaty line and are terrifying the new settlers, now returning leisurely, the manacled offenders in their midst. Here are other avengers of the law that travel quickly forward, the energetic county sheriff with his posse of farmers called from the plow and flail, scanning the muddy bottoms for traces of those thieves who with the frightened led-horses dragging behind, passed this way at midnight.

Who is this proceeding so cheerfully along with a smile for everyone and a helping hand for the emigrant who is repairing his broken wheel or axle? He is the frontier minister who christens the cabin children, rewards the patience of the bachelor homesteader with a bride, terrifies the souls of chronic sinners with warnings of impending doom and prays over the first grave dug in the green of the new cemetery. Perhaps it is the shade of Brother Taylor, Methodist circuit rider, who shed so many tears in the pulpit, that his hearers knew him only as "Weep-

ing Jeremiah''; or it may be the spirit of the Rev. Mr. Swerengen who never missed his fortnightly appointments in summer's heat or winter's cold, though he often ascended the platform so chilled by his struggle through the wintry road that the overcoat was discarded only after the discourse had waxed hot.

Far before us village windows begin to twinkle and as our minds turn more to supper and bed our ghostly companions become dimmer: lawyer and land agent hand in hand; pioneer doctor, dispenser of pills, expert ''bleeder'' and healer of man and beast; friendly neighbors on their way to a ''raising''; their sons and daughters returning from a spelling bee; and all that host of plain men and women, good and bad, who compose the foundation upon which the great figures of any generation stand. This passing pageant has revealed to us a secret of the history of Iowa.

What manner of men were they who first cut the forests and broke the sod of the Commonwealth? One person looking into the past sees in the dark ravine the evening rendezvous where about the flaring flames are gathered the ruffian gang who stole the horses and passed the bogus money, and he says the original Iowans were cut-throats and ruffians. Another sees spire after spire of school and church rising upon country lanes and village streets and he declares that the foundation stone of the State was the idealism of God-fearing men. A third

sees the curling smoke that comes from the hearths of a thousand cabins and he says the State was built about the home.

Still we must look not in the valley or on the plain or in the clearing to find the touchstone of the life of the State. Look upon the road — that great artery that poured in all the elements of weakness or strength, of lawlessness or order, of blasphemy or godliness that struggled for the mastery and whose conflict constitutes much of Iowa's story. Such a vision anyone may see who after studying the way his fathers lived will venture out upon the road to read the records that they have left.

But for us it has faded, and stretching out on the road before is a yellow shaft of light growing brighter and brighter. There is a warning signal sounded behind and we gingerly step aside as an automobile rushes by, its gay occupants shouting and laughing and singing. How like the present generation, we muse as the dark road is retaken. How devoid of gratitude they unthinkingly pass over the highways whose roughness has been worn smooth by the painful steps of predecessors — the highways of law, of learning, of religion as well as the Old Military Road.

Again there is the piercing warning in the rear. Again we jump to right and left, but too late to escape the stifling cloud of dust that fills the air so lately peopled by the shades of the wanderers of yesterday. Gone now are the bits of our homely

philosophy. The law against unlighted motor vehicles should be enforced, we angrily declare, and having wiped the dust from our faces we shake our fists at the departing tumult and with husky throats consign these travellers to a darker oblivion than has ever befallen any of their fore-runners on the Old Military Road.

MARCUS L. HANSEN

Along the Old Military Road

During the four days that Marc and I walked over the Old Military Road from Iowa City to Dubuque probably no less than twenty sympathetic people invited us to ride in their motor cars. Hundreds went by in a cloud of dust with never a sidelong glance. Of those who deigned to stop, some rode in magnificent touring cars and some in one-seated Fords; some were kind-hearted farmers on an errand to town, some were professional tourists, and once near the end of a thirty mile stretch three jolly girls insisted that our company would be ever so pleasant. Not once did we condescend to accept, and never did the good Samaritans fail to wonder at our stupidity.

So as we trudged along we were many a time compelled to explain to ourselves such a ridiculous method of traveling. In the first place, we reasoned, it would be fun to discover if the Representatives who walked to the Territorial capital earned their three dollars for every twenty miles traveled. We decided they did. Another excuse that we tried to accept was that walking afforded the very best physical exercise — and we were on a vacation.

But the principal justification was our desire to compare the old road as we found it with the one that used to exist. To be sure the route is almost

identical, but the landscape has changed and so has the traffic. In order to visualize pioneer scenes one needs to go slowly, while halts and repose are essential if one is to sense the romance of primitive travel and of the picturesque people who have passed that way, of legends that may have been true, and of villages long since forgotten.

At one end of the trail stands the Old Stone Capitol: it was in the process of erection when the road was first built. Of the many who enter the old building there are only a few who are reminded by the well-worn steps, that they tread a pathway of the founders of this Commonwealth. Governors, congressmen, judges, presidents, far-sighted lawmakers, rough-shod pioneers, and travelers from the ends of the earth have climbed those steps and worn away the solid rock. Those hollowed stones, mute evidence of that pageant of the past, are what make the place a shrine. To mount those steps, forgetting the lapse of time, and to walk in imagination with the notable personages of long ago in the presence of the things they saw is to be thrilled by the reality of the lives they lived.

On the road to Dubuque it is a little more than a four hour walk from the Old Stone Capitol to the Cedar River where only a small summer shack marks the site of the once flourishing village of Ivanhoe, Iowa. Before the road was surveyed a venturesome trader named William H. Merritt, who pitched his tent on the bank of the river was so deeply impressed

by the "beautiful scenery" and the stillness that "seemed to pervade the whole atmosphere", that all through his life the village that later developed was held in tender remembrance.

Anson Cowles laid out the town at the intersection of river and highway. It is said that keel boats were built at this point for the shipment of grain down stream in the spring, but Cowles' visions were not of a commercial metropolis. He planned to establish a great university to be governed by rules of his own devising. One-half of the plat, when the land became valuable, he proposed to donate as a permanent foundation. Not far from the campus was to be a large park where he would assemble all kinds of birds and beasts that inhabited Iowa, and teach them to dwell in harmony. His large and magnificent residence was to be by the side of the road where he could entertain strangers and point out the places of interest. In the garb of an Indian chieftain he was to ride in a curious equipage — a chariot built on a marvelous plan, drawn by six elk in trappings of beaded buckskin, each elk to be ridden by an Indian in full native costume. But all of this mental frostwork was dissolved by an untimely death, and nothing is left but tradition to tell of the foibles and virtues of the chivalrous Cowles.

Not all of the Ivanhoe residents were imbued with such lofty ambitions but some of them won recognition in other ways. One of the earliest physicians in Linn County was Dr. Sam Grafton who hung out

his shingle in Ivanhoe. George Greene was both lawyer and school master there before he was sent to the legislature and nearly a decade before he became judge of the State Supreme Court.

Wherever the famous old thoroughfare of earlier years intersected a river there a village was founded. Every one of those pioneer settlements is now a prosperous city — with the single exception of Ivanhoe. For some unaccountable reason this crossing was never a popular place. The principal settlers either died or moved to Mount Vernon, Cedar Rapids, or Marion. The timber along the Red Cedar River, as the stream was then called, was a refuge for horse thieves and dealers in counterfeit money. To this day the grandsons of pioneer settlers speak in awed tones of the Ivanhoe ruffians' rendezvous. But now every vestige of the village is gone. Not one among thousands who traverse the old road ever heard of the village of Ivanhoe and if inquiry were made perhaps few could explain why the Ivanhoe Bridge was so named.

The three other river towns have survived — Anamosa, Monticello, Cascade. There were only four or five settlers at the Buffalo Fork of the Wapsipinicon River when the Old Military Road was surveyed. The following year Thomas Cox was engaged to lay out a town to be named Dartmouth. The place was later called Lexington, but when the county seat was transferred from the village of Newport the name Anamosa was adopted.

A story is told of three Indians — a Winnebago chief, his squaw, and their beautiful daughter — who came one day to the village of Dartmouth. They attracted attention on account of their cheerful demeanor, easy dignity, and look of intelligence. The name of the chief was Nasinus and his daughter was called Anamosa. They made such a pleasant impression and the name of the girl seemed so proper that the town was named in her honor. It is said that she afterward fell in love with a young engineer and rather than marry the Indian her father had chosen she ended her life by jumping from a ledge at High Bluff.

There is an air of romance and beauty in the Wapsipinicon Valley and the earliest settlers wrote to their friends of the charm of the hills. It was raining the day that we entered the valley but in spite of the inclement weather the glimpses we caught of turreted walls of clean gleaming limestone, the primeval forest that seemed to close in on the highway, and the vistas that opened down enchanting ravines, all contributed to a feeling of complete fascination.

The surroundings lend credence to the old legend concerning the name of the river. Long ago when the red men roamed over Iowa a beautiful Indian maiden named Wapsie lived with her father on the bank of the river. In another tribe two days away toward the setting sun there dwelt a Sioux warrior named Pinicon. Now it came to pass that Pinicon

fell in love with the beautiful Wapsie and Fleet Foot, his rival, determined to kill him. One day when the two lovers were canoeing the jealous Fleet Foot watched from the shore. Talking, laughing, and entirely unconscious of danger, Wapsie at some word from Pinicon put her hand to his lips. Like a flash an arrow flew from a thicket and pierced the heart of the unfortunate Pinicon. Wapsie sprang to his side and in doing so overturned the canoe. Together, the water closed over them — Wapsie-Pinicon. Their voices can still be heard in the rippling stream that bears their names.

On an autumn day three years before the Old Military Road was established, Daniel Varvel, a valiant native of Kentucky, came to the mouth of Kitty Creek on the South Fork of the Maquoketa River. The view that greeted his eyes was surpassingly beautiful: then and there he decided to build his new home. Jack Frost had already painted the well-wooded hill sides with gorgeous splashes of crimson and yellow and brown. Over the hills the fertile prairie extended beyond the horizon. No home-seeker had appeared there before, no axe had disturbed the wild solitude, no plow share had ripped through the sod.

For years the Varvel log cabin was a landmark in Jones County. The wayfaring traveler stopped there for the night, it served as headquarters for the men who laid out the old road, the mail that came once a week was thrown off there. One by one other

cabins were built in the neighborhood. A two-story hotel about twenty feet square was erected. The settlement grew and came to be called Monticello.

The traveler who now visits the flourishing city can scarcely imagine such humble beginnings. Gone long ago are the trails of the Indian and the smoke of his wigwam; gone too are the primitive methods of travel and with them, perhaps, the spirit of fine hospitality. Instead there are well arranged boulevards and industrious factories, the sight of an airplane is a common occurrence, and neighbors are no longer acquainted.

A little cascade in the north branch of the Maquoketa River was a natural allurement for millers. As early as 1844 two pairs of burrs made of limestone were busily grinding "very superior flour". Within a few years Cascade was a prosperous village. While the stage coach stopped for an hour at Steel's Tavern the enterprising young real estate dealers boomed corner lots to the agents of eastern investors. What a glorious future for a town, they said, where the power from a waterfall nine feet in height was available! To this day at least one lot is owned by the heirs of those early speculators. But alas, more than water is needed to make a great city. No railroad came to Cascade and when the stages stopped running the bright prospects were ended.

Transportation is the magic that produces great cities. In the days of prairie schooners and stage coaches the road from the port of Dubuque to the

capital of Iowa was a main traveled highway of commerce. When the weather was fair in the fall of the year huge wagons were loaded with grain and hauled to the market. Slowly, ever so slowly, the big horses or oxen pulled their creaking and cumbersome load along the old road. Returning they brought household supplies for the winter. The passenger traffic was carried in fine Concord coaches or in "jerkies". Gracefully poised on the strong leather trusses the stage coach dashed by the slow freighter and, enveloped in dust with the team at full gallop, drew up at the tavern with much grinding of hickory shod brakes. The doctors and preachers rode horseback.

As towns are established in the wake of a newly built railway, so the pioneer settlers took claims adjoining the Old Military Road. The most desirable places were squatted on first, so that instead of homesteads at regular intervals along the whole distance, several families lived in one neighborhood miles away from another such settlement. Through the efforts of George Wallace Jones or Augustus C. Dodge mail routes were established and the cabin of some prominent settler was selected for a post office. Then someone would begin selling dry goods and groceries, a blacksmith would come to shoe horses, a school would be opened, and a church organized.

The village of Pamaho affords a typical instance. Four miles to the south from the Wapsipinicon River on the crest of a hill, a site for a town was selected.

For a number of years the people who lived in the three or four cabins called the place of their residence Pamaho. On account of the pleasant location the name was afterward changed to Fairview. In the fifties the town began growing and though handicapped by possessing no water power the rich agricultural region promised steady development.

But the builders of railroads neglected Fairview and the promise was never fulfilled. Without transportation the village has died. Many houses that border the road are deserted and almost all are in sad need of repair. The lawns have been seeded to rag weeds and dandelions. Cornfields overrun the old gardens. Here and there an old house has been left to decay: with the window panes broken, the clapboards awry, and the roof fallen in, its appearance is well nigh sepulchral.

The silence that broods over the village seems to indicate plainly that the people have all gone away. Throughout the whole settlement not a person is stirring. No busy housewife is hanging out clothes or sweeping the porch, no gardener looks up from his hoeing, no loafer is sauntering storeward, no children scamper hither and thither, and even the pigs and the chickens keep out of sight. Long years have elapsed since the side streets resounded with clattering hoofs and the rattle of buggy wheels. Those wheels are now mounted on posts at the street intersections where they serve the convenience of the rural mail carrier. The post office that was main-

tained for sixty-four years has been discontinued for nearly two decades.

No one would imagine that the church is in use: the tall grass in the yard is untrampled and the windows have a vacant expression. The school house, which at one time was no doubt a model, now seems to be outgrown and deserted. The bustle of business in the "Fairview Store" is a thing of the past. The board awning that once shaded the windows is falling away and its function is performed by numerous cobwebs. Not even a garage is maintained in the village. As the curious traveler now seeks the lost site of Bowen's Prairie and Ivanhoe, so before long Fairview will be gone.

It was noon on the fourth day of our pilgrimage. For eighty-five miles we had followed the path of the famous old furrow. Only the route is the same, we were thinking. The landscape, the methods of travel, the habits of living — all are changed and little remains of the past. Then away to the left far over the hill tops we caught a glimpse of the gleaming slate roof of New Melleray Abbey. All is changed, were we saying? Ah, no! Within yonder walls men are living to-day by the old sixth century rule of Saint Benedict.

Ten miles from Dubuque over a macadamized stretch of the Old Military Road and two miles through a beautiful forest that has been set apart for a State game preserve, these pious monks live in seclusion. Afar from the turmoil and strife of mod-

ern life they quietly read the *Lives of the Saints* and follow the customs that have prevailed in all Trappist Abbeys.

In summer and winter, fair weather or foul, they arise from their straw ticks at two o'clock in the morning and spend two hours in prayer. Then an hour and a half is devoted to mass before breakfast. They work in their fields until nearly noon, then they sleep until two. An hour is allotted for dinner. The rest of the day is consumed in deep meditation and reading. At seven o'clock they retire.

By an ancient rule of Saint Benedict the brothers are forbidden to speak. Only by special permission are any allowed to converse. Their clothing consists of a long gown of brown wool: rough serge is worn next to the skin. Bread, rice, and potatoes are their principal diet: they never eat meat. The farm land, the buildings, and the thoroughbred live stock are all owned in common.

It was after two when we bade adieu to the old monastery, and the sun was just disappearing when we entered Dubuque. Behind us the curtain of darkness was falling over a hundred miles of the famous old highway replete with the memories of former times, and before us the lights of Hotel Julien Dubuque awakened no thought of Tim Fanning's tavern. We had arrived at the end of the trail.

John E. Briggs

Comment by the Editor

THE OPEN ROAD

Personally conducted excursions into the past are both pleasant and profitable, but we should also like to recommend to adventurous souls that now and then they leave the easy chair and the book beside the fire and take to the open road on pilgrimages of their own to the scenes of yesterday. The trail may lead across country on a four days' walking tour or it may lead around the corner to some historic spot in the immediate neighborhood. East, west, north and south — everywhere there are shrines of the past.

The articles in this number present a kaleidoscopic view of the Old Military Road from Dubuque to Iowa City. But there were other military roads in Iowa, and there were roads, unsurveyed, where the wheels of emigrant wagons followed the deep-worn paths of Indian travel. There were many trails of adventure and a few thoroughfares of suffering migration. From river to river across the southern part of the State runs the old Mormon Trail, beaten in winter and summer by the feet and the wagons of thousands of fugitive followers of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, fleeing from the wrath of Illinois neighbors in long processions over the rolling prairies and hills toward the West. Children were born

on the way, and along the trail hundreds of graves were dug.

Another trail went east across the State. It left no beaten path. Its traffic was a hidden traffic, for the travelers passed by night, slipping furtively from station to station of the underground railroad or convoyed in covered wagons or under loads of produce by men who hated the institution of slavery. Tabor was the first station of the main road, and Lewis and Des Moines and Grinnell and Iowa City and Clinton lay upon this hidden highway toward freedom.

TOWNS — ALIVE AND DEAD

Pilgrimaging along the road one passes inevitably in and out of towns — large towns and small, live towns and dying towns, and spots where the ghosts of departed towns hover, visible only to those who have known the past. Sometimes the old towns have almost lost themselves in the heart of modern cities. But in the present Davenport it is not difficult to find the old cabin of Antoine Le Claire, nor is it impossible to search out in Council Bluffs reminders of the old town of Kanesville — wild outpost of pioneer days.

Often, however, the early settlements did not grow into cities but remain to this day quiet and secluded villages. Once perhaps they were possessed of the county courthouse and a high sense of hope. But untoward events happened. A rival town sprang up

on a more favorable site. The magic railroad line diverted settlement and then came a struggle over supremacy in the county. These contests, so frequent in the counties of Iowa, are full of both humor and tragedy. Sometimes the battle was decided at the polls or in the courts, sometimes justice was aided by the power of might, which carried the courthouse off bodily to its new surroundings. The disappointed towns frequently accepted the fate in dignified grace; sometimes they lost heart and shriveled to cross roads proportions; and sometimes they utterly passed away. You will find Magnolia in Harrison County placidly enjoying its seclusion, seven miles from a railroad. You will be able to locate Butler Center in Butler County and Marietta in Marshall County, though neither one has a post office. But you will hunt long to find Napoleon, the first county seat of Johnson County, or either Edinburg or Newport, each of which held in turn the technical honor of being the county seat of Jones County.

And many another little village that has had an historic past, though never a courthouse, is well worth a pilgrimage because of the quiet, quaint flavor of old days and undisturbed ways. There is the village of Bradford in Chickasaw County with its two heirlooms, the old Bradford Academy building and the "Little Brown Church in the Vale" where more than three score years ago the song was first sung that has been heard the world over. And in

Cedar County there is Springdale, quiet town of Friends where John Brown made his headquarters in the winter of 1857–1858, and where his men perfected themselves in the unfriendly art of warfare.

SHRINES AND RELICS

Aside from roads and towns there are many other shrines of old-time men and events. Up around the lakes of Dickinson County are the scenes of the famous Spirit Lake Massacre. Here and there over the State are the remains of old forts and stockades. On the banks of one river is the grave of Julien Dubuque who came to Iowa before Washington was President, and on the bluffs of the other river near Sioux City a monument rises above the bones of Sergeant Floyd who lost his life with the Lewis and Clark Expedition more than a hundred years ago.

In Wapello County the Indian agent, Joseph Street, is buried on the site of the old agency grounds, and with him lies Chief Wapello, buried at his own request by the side of his white friend. There are Indian mounds in at least thirty-five counties in the State and the refuse heaps of factories of arrowheads and axes; there are sites of vanished Indian towns and fields where Sioux and Winnebago and Sac and Fox Indians waged desperate battle.

WATER TRAILS

So too there are water trails to tempt the pilgrim. Take your canoe and ascend the Missouri River with

the journals of Lewis and Clark as a guide, stopping and camping and resting where they did along the western shore of Iowa. In 1673 Marquette reached the mouth of the Wisconsin River and entered the Mississippi at what is now McGregor "with a joy I can not express". Slip your canoe into the Wisconsin and follow. Perhaps even after two hundred and fifty years you will still catch the infection of his spirit. Or float down the Iowa River from Iowa City to the Mississippi, remembering as you drag your canoe around the dams that once the steamboat Ripple came up the river to Iowa City and set that young town in a ferment of excitement over the commercial prospects of the town now that it was in direct water communication with St. Louis and the Gulf.

Wherever you may choose to go on your journeying and whether you ride or walk or paddle, you will come back to the fireside and the easy chair with a keener taste for the stories of others who have made pilgrimages and explorations into the land of yesterday.

J. C. P.

THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN C. PARISH

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VOL. II ISSUED IN MARCH 1921 NO. 3

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Bradford—A Prairie Village

In times past, the rising sun each morning spread its rays over the great expanse of undulating grassland, and quickened to life the pulse of a little prairie village. Bradford, in Chickasaw County, the home of "The Little Brown Church in the Vale", was a bit of old New England set down on the prairies of northeastern Iowa. The village was far from new when the first white settler discovered it. It was an early habitation of the Indians, for the little stream filled with silvered life which had cut its way through the very marrow of the land of this region, the little glades of its tributaries with their shade, their wild life and their willing offerings of wild fruit, all combined to make this a favored spot with the red man, a delectable place for a camping-ground. Here too, beside the stream, were the bodies of their dead.

For generations the Land of the Passing Ones kept its sacred secret. The log structures above ground were placed only where nature could best conceal them. And the bark-encased bodies which

were committed to the keeping of the oldest of the oak children where they might ever hear the whispered words of hope and lyrics of eager life, were only found in the most interior part of the grove.

Then came the first white man, and here at the Indian village, a trading post was established. Little did the forest dwellers realize what this outpost of the white man's power would mean to them. But the time came when it seemed as though their gods had entirely forsaken them; and discouraged and saddened with the thoughts of leaving the camping-ground of their ancestors they turned one last, long glance toward the land of their memories, then set forth to a new home. The land of their dreams, the heritage of their forefathers, was no longer theirs. Is it any wonder that these white intruders were looked upon with such bitterness?

The log cabins sprang up on every side with the departure of the Indian, for the white man also found this a pleasant vale for the location of a home. Great trees were felled, and within a fortnight, it almost seemed — so rapidly was the prairie silence broken — there had appeared on the Iowa prairies a little village. In the course of time it became a thrifty place, a metropolis of the prairies. All stages of that region included it in their daily routes. When the main street was reached the horses were driven at a terrific speed, for the entrance of the stage was a matter of great importance. It was the only communication with the outside world and

many of the town worthies made it a point to be on hand when it arrived. The occasion was of especial importance to the small boys for their fancies pictured a wild rush from one bandit holdup to another, with towns interspersed to make the dash interesting.

Down the long main street of the village the stage came madly dashing — past the church, the school house, the Academy (a red brick structure which was the pride of the day), past the old log courthouse, the wagon-shop, the brewery, the saw-mill, the blacksmith's, and the public square. At the Bronson House, the big hotel of the time, it stopped. Here it was that the mail had to be left, new bags taken on, and a change of horses made. Then it was free to continue on its way over the prairie, traversing a distance of nearly twenty miles before the next village was reached. Occasionally it ran parallel to the Indian trail which was worn deep in the prairie soil, but for the most part the voyage was one of monotony, unless the driver happened to be awake to the wonders of bird and plant life about him.

Of the buildings of the village, the church became the nucleus. About it, the lives of the settlers came to a focus. And such a church as that was! A small brown building of Puritan severity in its straight unornamented architecture. It was but a meeting house, why decorate it? From this building and the principles for which it stood, the spirit of the people flowed out. Near by, just over the little hill which arose abruptly from Dry Run, was the old manse.

It was a little stucco structure, and there the good "Brother Nutting" lived. But as we are watching, the door opens and there steps forth none other than the minister himself.

His long parson's cloak and stiff hat would at once proclaim him a member of the village aristocracy. But his face contains nothing of scorn or pride. He is a young man, filled with eagerness and energy. Only such a man could have started these people on the way toward the building of a new church, at a time when they had been worshipping in an old shed with no windows and doors to keep out the cold. Well known is he in these days for his learning and his wit. He startles the audience with his quick flashes of humor. His eyes never dull. There always flames in them the fire of some great enterprise, some worthy undertaking. They twinkle in the joke of the moment, but there always gleams beneath, that severity, that soberness which again is Puritanic, that seriousness which comes of the deeply thinking theologian, pointing the way to eternal life. He is the master mind of the people, their leader in intellect. But when the service is over, he is a builder, a business manager who knows how to carry on the financial affairs of enterprises which command the fortunes of many a pioneer. He is a man among men, ever ready to share the lot of the poorest member of his congregation. He accepts vegetables and harvest products in pay for his services and wedding fees may be paid in apples.

The church yard is rapidly filling with people, and carriages are constantly arriving. Country people are coming in from the district around. Here comes a pioneer family in Sunday attire. Hoop skirts and small bonnets enter the church and bob down the aisle. Stove-pipe hats and swallow-tails are displayed in the entrance. And when these aristocrats of the village have been seated, in come others. A cheery, pink-cheeked little mother leads her brood of five down to one of the front seats, while behind them comes the beaming father.

Ah, here is the renowned Mrs. ———. She comes of a very dignified and noble Canadian family, and is always looked upon as the very model for extreme nicety of taste in dress and manners. Her paisley shawl, her blue satin gown, so delicately made, her pearl ear-rings, and shapely hat, all bespeak for her the very best of style. Her face is filled with interest in the lives of those about her. She walks in a half deliberate, half eager manner. She receives nods from everyone as she passes down the aisle. She is a distinguished member of the congregation. Well indeed may the tall, straight, high browed, intellectual gentleman who follows her be proud of his prize. They live some little distance from Bradford, but are stopping with friends in the village. They left their place last evening, came to Bradford, did their Saturday shopping, stayed with a friend over night, and when they have attended the sermon by "Elder Nutting", and eaten a perfectly served chicken din-

ner at some other friends, they will drive back to their home late this afternoon. That will give them time to do the chores before the evening comes on.

There were many manners represented in the folk of this congregation, but it was the best manners of the town-folk, the nucleus of the best society which here gathered every Sabbath for worship. Stern Scotch Presbyterians, former Baptists, critical Methodists and many more who had never professed faith in any denomination, here came together in the common interests of the welfare of their community. It was a great spirit which could unite this group of people and maintain their constant interest and help in any enterprise, but Mr. Nutting seemed to possess just that spirit. He combined sympathy, tact, and humor, as he mingled with his people, in quite the proportion needed to accomplish the best results.

One element, and one only, was lacking from the congregation among those who could rightfully be considered the personae of the village. There is no record that the little hunch-backed saloon keeper ever entered the church. And with him, there was the group of the rougher element such as always establishes itself in any new Western outpost. The town worthies might bring eternal damnation upon this group, for all it mattered to the men comprising it; their interest was in the saloon and not in the matters pertaining to some vague, uncertain hereafter.

From the pastor and Dr. Pitts, a music-master who came over from Fredericksburg to conduct the sing-

ing school, there flowed out to the people the beauty of the holy message in word and song. Perhaps the influence of this young doctor who conducted music classes when he was not actually practicing his real profession, was greater than we of to-day can realize. Many a man may have been stirred to intense emotion by the ardor of the music-master's eager, well modulated voice. The man was tall, dignified and of noble appearance. In the newly built church, nearly sixty years ago, he sang for the first time in public the song "The Little Brown Church in the Vale." This was only one of his noble efforts to make life, the real life of song and beauty, the one which should become the prize of the people. The world heard the echoes of that simple song, and responded to it, while the Doctor lived on in his unpretentious manner, uplifting those who needed his cheery word and song.

In the spirit of these two men — pastor and singer — the village people "lived and moved and had their being." The words of God rang continually in their ears when they were at work, and their life was a constant association with the beauty of the region about them. So a sincerity to their ideals and a loyalty to their deepest convictions became community traits of the prairie village of Bradford.

H. Clark Brown

The Little Brown Church in the Vale

At the edge of the village of Bradford stands a little, weather-beaten, old church, painted a quiet brown and half hidden among the trees. The bit of forest that civilization has left clustering about the building half hides and half discloses it; the short square belfry is only partly screened by the boughs of several oaks and a towering pine. This is the church immortalized in Dr. Pitts' lyric song "The Little Brown Church in the Vale".

The church itself is very plain — plain in a simple, homely way that gives to it a rare charm and beauty. In the simplicity and dignity of the structure are reflected the New England ancestry and training of the architect, the Reverend J. K. Nutting. The main gabled building, low and rather broad, is fronted with a dignified little tower. Everything is neat although unadorned; even the old doors of the Gothic portal are without ornament.

Little and plain as the church is, it represents courageous undertaking and noble sacrifice on the part of the inhabitants of now deserted Bradford. It was built just after a panic and during a period of inflated war prices. Money was practically unknown; Mr. Nutting indicates this when he writes that his cash salary for 1859 — four dollars — had been brought into the community by an Easterner.

In the year 1862 poverty due to war conditions compelled the parish to reduce the minister's salary from five hundred dollars to four hundred and fifty dollars payable in goods. With his characteristic energy, the young pastor not only accepted the reduction, but increased his already heavy burdens by making his acceptance conditional upon the building of a church.

The young men were in the army; those who remained were practically penniless, but they enthusiastically undertook the task. One man donated the lots, a second gave logs, and a third sawed them into lumber. A "bee" quarried the stone, which Leander Smith fitted into a slanting wall. Since his knowledge of masonry came from experience with the fences of Massachusetts, it happens that the foundation of the church has the same inward pitch that he habitually used in New England. The Reverend Mr. Todd, a friend of Mr. Nutting's father, now came to the aid of the little church. A collection from his Sunday school at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, bought the finishing lumber, which was hauled eighty miles by wagon from McGregor. "And so", Mr. Nutting says, "we finished the building."

Meanwhile the words of the song "The Little Brown Church in the Vale" had already been written. They had been inspired by the beauty of the spot upon which the church stands, but the picture of the building itself was purely imaginative. Dr. William Pitts, while visiting Bradford in 1857, was

impressed by the beauty of the valley that sheltered the little village. Leading from Bradford to Greenwood, a shaded nook on the Cedar River, was an inviting path that became the haunt of the young musician. Nearly every afternoon of his visit found him following the trail up through the grove of oaks and out across the plain to Greenwood. Just where the verdure of the forest merged into the blossoms of the prairie was a little glade that Dr. Pitts described as "an attractive and lovely spot". And this broadening of the wooded lane into the more open country, held for him an enchantment that found expression in his famous song. The place was also a favorite with the people of Bradford, and it was here, a few years later, that they built the Little Brown Church.

The song was written at Dr. Pitts' home in Wisconsin, but it was first publicly sung in the church which it eventually named. A passionate lover of beauty, the young man carried home with him a vivid picture of the little prairie valley, and embodied this vision in what the world knows as "The Little Brown Church in the Vale". Five years later, Dr. Pitts moved to Iowa and settled in the neighboring town of Fredericksburg, but twenty miles from the Little Brown Church, then in the process of construction. In taking charge of the musical organizations of the vicinity, he became the teacher of a little singing school at Bradford. In the spring of 1864, Mr. Nutting, who was a member of the Doctor's class, led the party to the church which, although

enclosed, was as yet unfinished; and here, to an audience seated upon improvised board benches, Dr. Pitts sang from his original manuscript the song "The Little Brown Church in the Vale". Thus the bare, unplastered walls that the lines immortalized were the first to echo their sweet melody.

Published by the H. M. Higgins Company of Chicago, the song became immensely popular. It was sung by the Fiske Jubilee Singers throughout the country and before the royal courts of Europe. Bradford's little church, already closely connected with the song, soon became definitely identified with it. The building, dedicated on December 29, 1864, only a few months prior to the publication of the song, had been appropriately painted brown. Whether this was due to the cheapness of brown paint or whether it is traceable to a desire to conform with the unpublished poem, will probably never be known.

The building that we know as the Little Brown Church expresses very well the sentiment of the lyric whose name it bears. It may be interesting to note just how the little church has fulfilled the statements and predictions of each stanza of the poem. Allowance must be made, however, for the fact that at the time of writing the nook selected by Dr. Pitts had never been popularly considered as the site for a place of worship, and that the church and graveyard of the song are the product of an idealistic imagination that felt no necessity for conformity with the real.

There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,
No lovelier spot in the dale.
No spot is so dear to my childhood,
As the little brown church in the vale.

The valley that shelters the church is charming in its simple beauty. The building stands at the edge of the break in the prairie. To the east, and yet really including the church within its borders, lies the vale, scatteringly wooded and appropriately set with the old-fashioned buildings. To the west stretches the blossoming prairie until it ends in the wooded skyline along the Cedar River. A few rods from the church, a wooden bridge spans the grassy-banked creek that courses through the valley. It all reminds one very much of an etching of an English landscape. Lofty oaks and stately pines still enshrine the little church, but the wildwood of the poem has gone with the life of the village that it surrounded. In the days when Dr. Pitts described the village as "a veritable beehive for industry", Bradford boasted of two saw mills, and these were so busy that the logs for the frame of the church had to wait several months before there was room for them in the mill yard. The size of the forest monarchs that once surrounded the church is indicated by a black walnut timber, three feet square and forty feet long, which supported the top saw in one of these mills. A very pretty grove still clusters about the little building, and though it is but a suggestion of the former wealth of verdure, it forms a glade that

at once secludes and dignifies the structure. The simple little church has sequestered itself among the protecting foliage, and there, enshrined in memories, it continues in its quiet homely way.

How sweet, on a bright Sabbath morning,
To list to the clear ringing bell,
Its tones so sweetly are calling,
Oh come to the church in the dell.

This praise of the bell is upheld in the love that the community bore it. Bells play a prominent part in many of Dr. Pitts' songs, but no other ever held for him the charm of the one whose soft enticing tones he immortalized. "The Bells of Shandon" may be as grand as the poet has pictured them, but you will never convince an old Bradfordite that they can rival the clear sweet tones of the bell that calls from the Little Brown Church. "The bell", it was called throughout the countryside, for it was the only one in the county and was the pride of all Bradford. Cast in Meneeley's famous foundry at Troy, New York, it was personally selected by Mr. Nutting because of its clear sweet tone. The bell was obtained through the benevolence of the young pastor's eastern friends; the inscription proclaimed it the gift of Mr. Thomas Cole and Catherine, his wife. Brought from Dubuque by wagon, the bell was rung almost the entire distance, and a considerable crowd gathered to view its entrance into the village, for the

arrival of "the bell" was an event in Bradford's history.

> There close by the church in the valley,
> Lies one that I loved so well.
> She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the willow,
> Disturb not her rest in the vale.

A pretty myth to the effect that Mrs. Pitts was buried at the Little Brown Church has grown around the sentiment that is expressed in this stanza. To the rear of the church is a little swale that would have been beautiful as a graveyard. This is the mythical resting place of Mrs. Pitts, and here the willows still grow, just as the poet described them. But there are no signs that the spot was ever used as a burying ground. The writing of the lyric seven years before the dedication of the church accounts for the inconsistency in regard to the graveyard. At the time of writing, Dr. Pitts never suspected that a house of worship would later be built upon the very spot on which he erected his dream church. With his usual sense of aesthetic fitness, he not only created the church for which nature had supplied the setting, but he added the churchyard that completed the picture.

> There close by the side of that loved one
> 'Neath the tree where the wild flowers bloom,
> When the farewell hymn shall be chanted,
> I shall rest by her side in the tomb.

The sentiment of this stanza was fulfilled in the

case of Dr. Pitts, though the burial did not take place at the Little Brown Church. In his later life the Doctor moved to Clarion, Iowa, and then to Brooklyn, New York, where he died in 1918. The ceremony for him at Fredericksburg was fittingly simple; the singing of "The City Four Square" by his eight year old grandson was the only distinguishing feature. He was buried beside his wife in the local cemetery at Fredericksburg where at last he "rests by her side in the tomb".

The very simpleness of The Little Brown Church endears it to all who knew old Bradford. After all it is only a little, very plain, storm-beaten church. But within it dwell the hope and love of God-fearing pioneers; around it cling the fondest memories that a scattered people cherish for their deserted village.

CHARLTON G. LAIRD

The English Community in Iowa[1]

The usual crowd gathered on the platform of the railroad station at Le Mars, one day in the spring of 1881, greeted the arrival of the train, and gazed curiously at the passengers it deposited before puffing its way on across the prairies. A sprinkling of local farmers and merchants who were returning from business trips, a drummer or two, and a family coming to make a home in the Northwest attracted only incidental attention, but there was a rustle of curiosity as some well-dressed but plainly foreign travellers appeared. They were a typical group of the English settlers at that time coming into northwestern Iowa, of whom a local editor drew this composite picture:

> They descend from the recesses of the Pullman palace cars dressed in the latest London and Paris styles, with Oxford hats, bright linen shining on their bosoms, a gold repeater ticking in the depths of their fashionably cut vest pockets and probably carrying in their hands the latest agony in canes. If ladies accompany the party their graceful forms are shrouded in the most elegant of cloaks or dolmans, their heads being surmounted by the most coquettish of bonnets and their fresh countenances beam with the ruddy glow of health and good nature. . . .

[1] Much of the material from which this account has been compiled was collected by Mr. Jacob Van der Zee.

The scene at the baggage car is as peculiar. Stout japanned and heavy leathern boxes and trunks are tossed on the platform by the inveterate baggagesmasher, who seems to make a final effort to sunder their seemingly invulnerable joints. Box after box, trunk after trunk, until a miniature mountain has been built on the platform. We recall an instance last summer of a single family that had eighty-two pieces of baggage, all of the strong and desirable variety.

They are by no means so dainty as they seem. In a day or two the men are seen on the streets with the plainest of stout corduroy suits, with knee-breeches and leather leggings. Great, strong, hardy-looking fellows they are, and though most of them are fresh from the English schools and universities, they have plenty of muscle and snap. . . .

The question will be asked, what kind of settlers for a new country do these dainty and wealthy looking persons make? and the answer is, the best in the world.

This picture is representative of an immigration that brought hundreds of settlers and millions of dollars to assist in opening up the new lands in the frontier corner of the State. The vanguard of this peaceful British invasion was William B. Close, a graduate of Cambridge and the captain of the university rowing crew of 1876, who came to the United States that year to take part in a regatta which was one of the features of the centennial celebration. The young man, however, was interested in business as well as in sport, for the Close family had some money to invest — preferably in land — and, hearing through a chance acquaintance of the lands for sale

in northwestern Iowa, he decided to investigate that location.

It happened that for a number of years the grasshoppers had invaded the farms in the Northwest and swept away almost everything which had been raised, leaving the settlers destitute and discouraged. Many desired to sell their homesteads and, partly as a result of this plague, land there was cheap. It was, however, well adapted for stock raising, and this was exactly what was wanted. There were also thousands of acres of railroad lands which might be secured at a reasonable price.

A trip to Le Mars and vicinity convinced Mr. Close that here was an opening for the profitable investment of English capital. He formed a company with his brothers, James B. Close and Fred Brooks Close, and the firm purchased some 30,000 acres in Plymouth County for about $2.50 per acre; the two younger brothers came to Iowa; and the firm of Close Brothers and Company began their farming and real estate business. Thus the foundations were laid for one of the unique social experiments in Iowa history, although there was nothing socialistic or communistic in the minds of the English settlers who followed the Close brothers to northwestern Iowa.

Some of the land was farmed directly by the owners. William B. Close, for example, had a farm of 2000 acres at West Fork, some twenty miles west of Le Mars, where he had 2000 sheep and some 1600

head of cattle. His two brothers had a farm of 960 acres near Le Mars with a three-story frame house and stables for thirty horses. Tracts of 1000 acres, belonging to other wealthy Englishmen, were not uncommon and many of these farms were given such names as "Gypsy Hill", "Inchinnoch", and "Troscoed". It is said that letters addressed to a farm by name but not having the town and State designated were always sent to Le Mars. Stock raising was the chief activity on these farms and high grade horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs were imported. A servant of William B. Close is reported to have made eighty-five trips across the Atlantic in charge of stock for the Iowa colony.

The greater part of the land handled by the firm, however, was laid out in small farms of 80 or 160 acres. It was estimated that 160 acres of this unimproved land cost about $1000. A small house, stable, well, and sheds were added, costing perhaps $500 additional, and usually some breaking — the first plowing of the tough prairie sod — was done, for which the firm paid about $2.25 per acre. In the summer of 1881 the arrangements were made for breaking 30,000 acres in Lyon and Osceola counties; and William McKay was given the contract for the erection of 90 houses and an equal number of stables. These improved farms were then sold outright to any persons who wished to buy land — Americans, English, Irish, Dutch, or Scandinavians — or they were rented, the tenant usually providing the labor

and stock, and giving to the firm one-third or one-half the crop or, in some cases, a cash rent. Three hundred of these farms were advertised in Lyon and Osceola counties in 1881 and no difficulty was found in securing purchasers or renters. On such farms the firm frequently made as much as fifty per cent profit, while the settler also made a larger profit than he would have been able to make on unimproved land.

The English firm believed that this plan would require less supervision and was less likely to result in serious loss than the system followed by Oliver Dalrymple of St. Paul who cultivated some seventy thousand acres in Minnesota, furnishing the machinery, seed, and horses, and employing the necessary laborers. An English newspaper man reported that Dalrymple had one hundred and twenty reaping machines and twenty-one threshing machines. The grain was hauled directly from the field to the threshing machines and from there to the market. The large amount of capital needed for this method of farming, the danger of a crop failure, and the difficulty of securing laborers who would take the proper care of the stock and machinery were the chief reasons for the decentralized system followed in the English projects.

The Close brothers soon made plans to promote the extensive investment of English capital in Iowa lands and to encourage the emigration to Iowa of men from England, especially those with at least

$2500 to $5000 capital. Artisans, mechanics, and laborers were not encouraged to emigrate, unless sure of employment, as agriculture was practically the only industry and labor was cheap. "A man entirely without means of subsistence is worse off in the United States than in England", they were told. Whether the people in England were considered more charitable or death by starvation less painful there we are not informed.

In order to get in touch with the people who had sufficient capital to purchase farms in Iowa, William B. Close returned to England to take charge of the publicity work there and to direct those who wished to join the Iowa colony. A commission of fifty pounds was charged for the advice and assistance of the company in selecting land and beginning farming.

To reassure investors who had had dreams of Indians carrying tomahawks and bad men shooting up the towns for recreation, Mr. Close explained that there were no Indians near Le Mars and the population was settled and orderly, drawn largely from New England and northern Europe. "The Negro and other disturbing elements are conspicuous only by their absence", the possible emigrant was informed. "Fire-arms, revolvers, bowie knives, and such playthings are never carried about and are not wanted." The possibility of invasions by the grasshoppers, the cold of the winters, and the heat of the summers were frankly conceded in some of

this publicity material. Moreover, though the respectability of the other settlers was unquestioned, it seems that their social status was not, for Mr. Close added this reassurance: "The lack of society, which is inevitable to a new colony and which the first ladies who went out have felt a little, is being rapidly obviated by the class and number of the people going out, and the want of trained servants, by one of the best societies in Scotland for training young girls having offered to supply their best girls to good families going out."

Just how much land this English firm bought and sold in Iowa it is difficult to say, but purchases of 40,000, 18,000, 25,000, 19,000 and 14,000 acres at various times indicate that their real estate business was extensive. In addition, they acted as the agents for the sale of the railroad lands. That their property holdings were large is evident from the fact that in 1882 the Close interests paid taxes to the amount of some $13,500 in the five counties of Woodbury, Plymouth, Osceola, Sioux, and Lyon, while another English land company paid $10,000 in taxes in Osceola County alone. This was the Iowa Land Company, with a capital stock of $2,500,000, organized largely by the Close brothers and the Duke of Sutherland for whom the town of Sutherland in O'Brien County was named.

In addition to the real estate business, there was a definite attempt to establish an English community in northwestern Iowa. Some five or six hundred

English people came to the vicinity of Le Mars bringing with them their English ideals of business, food, living conditions, and recreation. These people were not the type we usually visualize as immigrants: they were not seeking a haven from religious or political persecution, nor were they driven into exile by poverty. They were educated, well-to-do, and self reliant, accustomed to comfort and even luxury at home. There was even a sprinkling of titles among the newcomers, and university graduates were not uncommon. "No young English gentlemen could work hard on a diet of beans and bacon, such as he gets in the house of the Western American farmer", declared a visitor, and it seems that these English farmers added roast beef, marmalade, plum pudding, and tea to the usual frontier fare. Pianos, furnaces, and bathrooms were sometimes mentioned in descriptions of the houses on the larger farms.

Since many of the younger men who came to Iowa knew nothing of farming, especially under American conditions, some of the older and more experienced residents offered to receive a number of such young fellows into their homes, teach them the fundamentals of stock raising, and give them advice when they began farming for themselves. These agricultural apprentices usually paid a certain premium for this instruction in addition to working on the farms.

This plan of employing the younger sons of well-

to-do and aristocratic families as farm laborers seems to have struck the London *Punch* as a joke. It published a picture representing two young women, designated as Lady Maria and Lady Emily, dressed as kitchen maids, busy getting dinner. Lord John and Baron Somebody had just come in from work loaded with shovels and picks. The picture was entitled "A hint to younger sons of our aristocracy and eke to the daughters thereof" and Lady Maria was represented as saying, "How *late* you are boys: your baths are ready, and I've mended your dress trousers, Jack. So look sharp and clean yourselves, and then you can lay the cloth, and keep an eye on the mutton while Emily and I are dressing for dinner."

That a sense of humor was not lacking among these English visitors — contrary to the usual opinion — is evident also from a letter written by a young Englishman and published in the Manchester *Courier* in which he said: "To us English it is wonderful how civil all Yankees are, nothing could be too good for us. They opened doors for us, carried our bags and never took a 'tip' during our travels; but there the English, as a rule, carry revolvers and now and then use them, which creates respect."

Among the gentlemen who joined the Close brothers in assuming responsibility for these young fellows was Captain Reynolds Moreton, a retired officer of the English navy and a brother of Lord Decies. Moreton's farm was a short distance from

Le Mars and an English newspaper correspondent has left the following description of the activities there on the day he visited Le Mars:

> Captain Moreton is a father to the Colony, a good religious man, with great influence over all the young fellows. He farms about one thousand acres near the town, and has twenty-two young fellows with him, on the same principle as the Close pupils, and these Moreton boys are taken especially good care of; but, of course, admission to the captain's establishment is not an easy matter to procure. His boys do all the work of the farm. Lord Hobart, when I was there, was mowing, assisted by two of Lord St. Vincent's sons, and the hon. captain was feeding a threshing machine. It was hot, but every one looked happy, even young Moreton, who was firing and driving the steam engine.

This establishment was nicknamed "Moreton's pup farm" by the neighbors to whom the escapades of these English boys were a constant source of criticism and amusement. Many were the stories related of "Moreton's pups" and the other young fellows who refused to take life as seriously as frontier conditions demanded. Their labor must not have been altogether an asset for they sometimes used the handles of their hay forks as targets for revolver practice or ran hurdle races in the field with horses hitched to hayrakes. It is said that a group of these boys once rode their horses into the saloon in Le Mars, popularly known as the "House of Lords". This establishment seems to have been

a general rendezvous for many Englishmen and the local editor declared that the first rural telephone in the vicinity was from Captain Moreton's farm to the "House of Lords" for the benefit of the "pups".

The dangers of intemperance were recognized by the leading men in the English colony and one of the advertising pamphlets contained the following warning: "The great drawback to English settlers is the difficulty they experience in keeping from drink. Unless a man will keep from that vice he had better stay in England, where he can get the drink he is used to, for a drunkard will no more succeed in Iowa than in England." It appears, however, that despite this warning the Le Mars colony did not take kindly to prohibition — at least opponents of the prohibitory amendment of 1882 used this as an argument against its ratification. They asserted that English investors would cease to come to Iowa and that the Close brothers would transfer their business to Minnesota where they already had large interests. The vote in these counties on the prohibitory amendment in 1882, however, reveals no pronounced opposition.

To counteract the tendency to dissipation and maintain the traditions of English life, the leading men encouraged and fostered sports of many kinds. "We have started a cricket club and a new clergyman this month, and both of them are, I am glad to say, a success", wrote one of the settlers in August, 1881. To the American settler or the hard-working

European immigrant, the devotion of their English neighbors to cricket or hockey must have seemed incomprehensible, but the English middle classes have always believed that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" and these young Englishmen took time for chess, hockey, cricket, polo, lacrosse, football, and deer hunting. Even cock-fighting was occasionally reported. The English football was described as "an exciting game, resembling for all the world an Arkansaw rough-and-tumble free fight". Some of the young men with musical talent organized the Prairie Minstrels and gave public entertainments.

Horse racing was par excellence the favorite sport, however, and in this interest the Americans joined. The Le Mars derby was, for several years, an event of some importance in the northwest. Special trains were run from Omaha, St. Paul, and Chicago and a race horse valued at $25,000 was sent from Europe to take part in the races. Some international competition seems to have developed at these races for the local paper reported that in all races to which American owned horses were admitted they carried off the honors. General satisfaction with the fairness of the English promoters of the affair, however, was frequently expressed.

On the whole, there seems to have been the most friendly relations between these English settlers and their neighbors. Some criticism resulted from the escapades of a few young fellows who were more

interested in a good time than in agriculture; and there was also some friction over naturalization, for many of the Englishmen were not certain that they would remain permanently, and did not ask for citizenship. Resolutions of sympathy for Mrs. Garfield, addresses by prominent Englishmen at memorial services in honor of the dead president, and a gift of $200 from the Close brothers to aid flood sufferers, in keeping with their "reputation for generosity and public spirit", however, are examples of the sympathy which did much to allay what little dissatisfaction arose over the question of national allegiance. A Le Mars church is said to have been the only one in the United States where prayers were offered for the Queen of England; and the spirits of John Hancock and Thomas Jefferson must have marvelled at the sight of a British flag raised in honor of the Fourth of July on the prairies west of the Mississippi River.

Confidence in the business integrity of the English firms likewise promoted this spirit of coöperation. A Sibley paper congratulated the community on securing the headquarters of the Iowa Land Company and added: "Those who have had dealings with Close Bros., in the way of contracts for breaking, find them to be honorable gentlemen and always ready to do what is right. And as James B. Close will have charge of the business of the Iowa Land Company, the relations of our people with it will be pleasant." Since these English investors improved

their land holdings and thus raised the value of the property in their vicinity instead of merely holding their purchases for the purpose of securing the profits when other people made the improvements, they were heartily welcomed in all sections of the Northwest. A Rock Rapids paper estimated the amount expended by the Close brothers for improvements in Lyon County alone at $100,000 for one season. As early as 1881, $600,000 in English capital was said to have been brought to northwestern Iowa.

Business and sport, however, did not occupy the exclusive attention of these English settlers. Episcopal services were first held in Apollo Hall, but St. George's church was dedicated in July, 1882. In addition to the rector, Major Nassau Stephens of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, after twenty-two years' army service, arrived in Le Mars to act as lay reader in the church. Captain Moreton was an active leader in religious affairs and was one of the founders of the Young Men's Christian Association in Le Mars, raising some $1500 from friends in England for that purpose.

How cosmopolitan was this little group of English settlers and investors is revealed by newspaper items concerning them. Lord Hobart returned to England to enter the army for service in the Soudan. Admiral Farquhar of the British navy arrived to visit his sons. Henry and Reginald Moreton returned to England for a year. Hugh Watson, who had a ranch on the Big Sioux River, was killed while

hunting in Scotland. A tragedy which spanned the Atlantic Ocean is glimpsed in the notice of the death of Hugh Hornby, a son of Sir Edward Hornby of Sussex, who died at Le Mars aged twenty-three years. It was a world outlook which most of these people brought to the wind-swept prairies of northwestern Iowa.

The home ties, indeed, in the end recalled many of the members of the colony to England. Others moved to Minnesota, when headquarters were opened at Pipestone, following the cheap lands and the extending line of settlements upon which they depended for the success of their real estate business. Those who remained here became so identified with the communities in which they lived that the English colony as a separate social unit has ceased to exist, and only here and there in these northwestern counties does one of the old company houses recall the events of forty years ago. Similarity in race, speech, ideals, and religion has easily obliterated the distinction between English and Americans.

RUTH A. GALLAHER

Comment by the Editor

COSMOPOLITAN ORIGINS

Iowa is often mentioned as a region of homogeneity, and the characteristics of its landscape are said to find their counterpart in the "dead level" of its inhabitants. It is true that there are few very poor people and few very rich people in Iowa. There are no very large cities and no deserted wilds. And in living together in peace and prosperity its people have become somewhat alike. But to show the cosmopolitan origin of the people of the State we only need to remind the reader of the groups of people that came from Canada, from New England, and from the Old South, as well as from all parts of Europe, and became component parts of the population.

The present number of THE PALIMPSEST tells of the knickerbockered Englishmen who brought English capital and English sports to the prairies of northwest Iowa. At a somewhat earlier date there trailed up the Des Moines Valley wagon trains driven by men with velvet jackets and wooden shoes, while perched high up on astonishing assortments of boxes, chests, and trunks were women with caps instead of bonnets on their heads. They founded the Dutch town of Pella in Marion County. Villages with long streets, for all the world like German

towns, grew up in Iowa County where the Amana people lived their old world lives. Count Ladislaus Ujházy, friend of Kossuth, led his Hungarian exiles, shipwrecked by their revolution against Austria in 1848, to Iowa and began a settlement known as New Buda in Decatur County. And in Adams County the French Icarians built their log cabins about a common dining hall and tried to live out their communistic ideas.

The long-robed Trappist monks established their monastery and are still practicing their vow of silence at New Melleray near Dubuque. The Amish Mennonites with hooks and eyes on their garments and whiskers under their chins drive their autos into Iowa City for their Saturday shopping. Denmark and the other Scandinavian countries, and Ireland and Switzerland and Bohemia have sent their contributions. Some elements have been transitory but most of them have been assimilated. They have become a part of the homogeneity — a population prairied by general prosperity as the land was prairied by the ancient glaciers.

J. C. P.

THE PALIMPSEST

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VOL. II | ISSUED IN APRIL 1921 | NO. 4

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Icaria and the Icarians

On the morning of the fifteenth of March, 1849, the steamboat American Eagle, on its way up the Mississippi River, arrived at Nauvoo, Illinois, with some 260 representatives of a French socialist party of which Etienne Cabet was the founder and leader. As the little group of emigrants disembarked from the crowded boat they saw before them the almost deserted city from which the Mormons had departed three years before on their long trail to Salt Lake. Empty houses, dismantled shops, and the blackened walls of the temple were all that remained of the former glory of the Mormon center which in 1844 with a population estimated at 14,000 had been the largest city in Illinois.

If the French had been of a religious turn of mind they would no doubt have believed that this empty city on the bank of the Mississippi was the work of divine providence. It was, indeed, a welcome refuge, for they were weary, sick, and discouraged. They

had left France the year before in several detachments to found in northeastern Texas an ideal community which, long before an actual site had been selected, had been named Icaria — a title derived from a romance, *Voyage en Icarie,* published by Cabet. The site of this Utopia, however, had been badly chosen. The long journey west from the Red River exhausted even the hardy advance guard. Breaking the sod and building houses under the scorching July sun were hardships enough to discourage the strongest men; and to these difficulties was soon added the scourge of malaria.

A few months before as the ship left the harbor at Havre these men had sung of the Icarian fatherland they hoped to found. Now, realizing the impossibility of providing for the larger delegation soon to arrive, they sadly and painfully made the long march back to New Orleans. Here their leader joined them in January of 1849 with more Icarians.

The hardships narrated by the advance guard and the revolution in France led many to return, but the loyal followers of Cabet, 280 in number, determined to go to Nauvoo where homes, at least, were ready to shelter them. Again misfortune dogged their footsteps: cholera claimed twenty of their number on the trip up the river; and it was with sad hearts that the exiles disembarked at Nauvoo, where, for the present, they hoped to establish Icaria, which they fondly hoped and fervently believed was to become the new world order.

Let us visit Nauvoo again six years later and ob-

serve the work of the communists. In the vicinity of the temple ruins some 500 of the Icarians are living and working, discussing their principles and their daily tasks in the French tongue. On the square surrounding the ruins of the temple, even the walls of which have now been blown down, are the community buildings of the Icarians. A large two story building provides a combined dining hall and assembly room, the upper floor being used as apartments. A school building in which the boys and girls are taught separately has been constructed from the stones of the temple, and a workshop, remodeled from the old Mormon arsenal, is also in use. Two infirmaries, a pharmacy, a community kitchen, a bakery, a laundry, and a library provide for the welfare of the community. Several hundred acres of land on the outskirts of Nauvoo are farmed by the communists, while the men who are not occupied in farming work in the flour mill, distillery, and saw mill, or are busy in the workshops at tailoring, shoemaking, or other trades, each group choosing its own overseer. The women, with a few exceptions, work in the kitchen, laundry, or sewing rooms.

Each family has its own apartment, for marriage and the family relation are recognized and fostered. Suppose we observe the life of a family for a day. There is no kitchen in these homes, and the mother does not get the breakfast for the family: instead all go to the community dining room where the meal for all has been prepared by the women assigned to this work. After breakfast the father goes to the

farm, to the mill, or to the workshop. The mother perhaps washes the dishes or prepares the vegetables for dinner. The boys and girls are sent to school where they are taught the usual branches and, in addition, the principles of Icaria — all, of course, in French. At noon they again assemble in the dining hall where a dinner of meat, vegetables, and fruit is served; then after a rest they return to the farm or the shop until the signal calls them to supper. In the evening there may be a meeting to discuss and decide the policies of the community, or the young people may dance. Possibly they may visit together until they are ready to return to their separate homes. On Sundays all unnecessary work is suspended, but there are no religious services.

If you are of a legal turn of mind and wish to know the political and legal status of these French settlers, you find that the society has a constitution — largely the plan of Cabet — which regulates their domestic affairs. The decisions within the community are settled in the general assembly in which all are expected to be present although only men over twenty years of age may vote. The relation of the community to the State of Illinois is determined by the act of February 1, 1851, incorporating the "Icarian Community". Among the names of the incorporators you may observe one well known in Iowa and Illinois, A. Piquenard, the architect of the capitol buildings at Des Moines and Springfield. Although jealously maintaining their French language and customs, the men of the community are

for the most part naturalized citizens of the United States and their relations with their American neighbors are usually friendly.

To the visitor who understands French and listens to the discussions among the men in the workshops and the women in the kitchen, it is evident that somehow the serpent of dissension has entered this garden of communism. One faction represented by some fifty-four voters supports Cabet in his attempt to revise the constitution and resume his former position of dictator; the other, with eighty-one votes in the assembly, but without much power among the administrative staff, opposes this revision as illegal. This party is known as the "reds". Supporters of Cabet are "whites", "cabétistes", or "furets".

Friction is increased by the social groups which have developed among the women and by the class feeling which has appeared among the various groups of workers. The men who work at a distance complain that those who work near the dining hall are served first and receive the best food. All these currents of discontent swell the tide which seems about to engulf the community. Families are divided and men and women on opposite sides no longer speak except when work demands it. In the dining room are tables of the "reds" and tables of "cabétistes". On one occasion five of the party opposed to Cabet enter the dining hall chanting in an undertone from the Marseillaise:

> Contre nous de la tyrannie
> L'étendard sanglant est levé.

Cabet, now an old man of 68, who had left his family in France to found this community on the soil of a strange land, is indignant at this charge of tyranny and at what he considers the ingratitude of his followers.

Finally the majority party obtain control of the "gerance" or governing board as well as of the assembly. Thereupon the "cabétistes" quit work. Their opponents, taking as their authority the words of Saint Paul — which appeared in French, by Cabet's orders, on the walls of the dining hall — "If any will not work, neither let him eat", notify the insurgents that unless they return to work, food, clothing, and lodgings will be refused them. Then, says a French writer, began Homeric battles around the tables as the "cabétistes" attempted to force their way into the dining hall, to the great damage of the Icarian table ware. Cabet, watching from his room on the second floor, encourages his adherents; but they are finally ousted. A fist fight occurs when the new officials attempt to secure the records and keys from the old administration, while Cabet looks on with a smile, a situation which reminds an Icarian woman — in the opposition of course — of Charles IX at Saint Bartholomew. The climax of absurdity is reached when the new authorities attempt to remove two women "cabétistes" who teach in the school for girls. One of the teachers resists and is dragged out "by the hair" crying for help, while the terrified little girls scream and weep and some

neutral American neighbors watch the scene from the vantage point of the temple ruins.

Again and again the sheriff is summoned to restore order. The mayor of Nauvoo urges a complete separation; and the followers of Cabet withdraw to lodgings outside Icarian jurisdiction and soon after depart for St. Louis, leaving the "reds" in possession of Icaria.

Cabet, disillusioned and broken hearted, died on November 8, 1856, a few days after his arrival at St. Louis. His followers began a new Icaria at Cheltenham, near the city, where they maintained the struggle for eight years. Then with a membership reduced from nearly two hundred to less than thirty, oppressed by debt and sickness, the community turned over the keys of the buildings to the mortgagee and the last of this group of Icarians returned to the world of individualism and competition.

What of the group left behind at Nauvoo? Suppose we visit them some twenty years later. To do this we must travel to a spot some four miles east of Corning, Iowa. Here is Icaria, a little hamlet built on a hill sloping down to the Nodaway River. In the center of a square is the dining hall which serves also as the assembly room. On the sides of this square are rows of small white cottages and the shops, laundry, bakery, and similar establishments. Beyond are some log cabins, still used by those for

whom frame cottages have not yet been provided. On the outskirts are the barns, gardens, and orchards, while a magnificent wood forms an effective background for the whole. One feature of the usual Iowa village, however, is lacking: no church spire breaks the sky line above Icaria.

Perhaps you ask of the years following the departure of Cabet from Nauvoo. What have been the fortunes of the group left behind in the dying city? At first confusion reigned: industry was disorganized and the titles to the property held in Cabet's name could be transferred only by action of the courts. Crops were poor. The panic of 1857 was already in the air. The feud had alienated their supporters in France who were friends of Cabet, so no assistance could be expected from the mother land.

The community had for several years owned about 3000 acres of land in Adams County, Iowa, where they hoped at some future time to establish the permanent Icaria. To this remote and unsettled property the Icarians decided to migrate. The sale of their property at Nauvoo and other legal tangles, however, delayed the final exodus until 1860.

At Nauvoo the French had found plenty of houses, cultivated fields, and neighbors who were friendly as soon as the suspicion resulting from the struggle with the Mormons was allayed. In Iowa log houses, some without floors or windows, were their only shelter against the biting cold of winter. Most of

their land was unfenced and unbroken prairie, and there was not a settler along the trail for forty miles before they reached Icaria. Supplies had to be hauled some hundred miles by team.

At first they endured real hardships. Only the sick had white bread, sugar, and coffee. Milk, butter, corn bread, and bacon formed the menu of the others. Little by little conditions improved. With the outbreak of the Civil War, the price of wool soared. The Icarians had a large number of sheep and wool was easy to transport to a distant market. Troops passing from the Missouri to the Des Moines River and emigrants westward bound paid generously for supplies. The war, however, was not entirely an advantage, for it is said that every Icarian man qualified to enlist was enrolled in the Union army.

For most of the time, however, the members of the community were engaged in a constant struggle against debt and the wilderness. So many became discouraged and left the community that at one time they numbered only thirty-five persons. Despairing of paying for the entire tract or working it with their depleted forces, they had sold some 2000 acres of land, reserving about 1100 acres for themselves. Thus the years passed. A birth or a death, more rarely a wedding, now and then broke the monotony of their existence; and occasionally an old Icarian family returned to the fold.

By 1876 neighbors have moved in around Icaria

and the railroad has brought the community to the doors of the eastern markets; but their manner of living has changed very little. Each morning they assemble in the common dining room for breakfast of porridge, bread and butter, and coffee. For dinner and supper, meat, vegetables, marmalade, cheese, and fruit may be served. The tables are without cloths and the members drink from tin cups. Wine is produced only in sufficient quantities for solemn occasions. Water is the usual drink; and even this indispensable commodity has to be hauled from a distance. Many of the men smoke, but tobacco is not furnished by the community — each smoker must raise and cure his own supply in his leisure hours.

If you knock at one of the family apartments you will be received with the courtesy which a French man or woman seldom loses no matter how rough the surroundings. Below are two rooms — a living room and a bedroom. Upstairs close under the roof are two small rooms for the children.

In the evening when the community assembles in the dining hall for discussion or to enjoy music, a program, or a play, some idea of the personnel at this time may be obtained. Gathered in this rather bare room are some sixty-seven persons, twenty-four of whom are voters. Their dress is plain, but neither peculiar nor standardized. They converse in French, for almost all are French. Some of the newcomers are relating stories of the barricades in Paris during the Commune, or discussing ways and means of en-

larging the communistic society. The men and women who have faced the hardships of establishing their homes in the wilderness look at their hands, calloused and work-roughened, and debate the advisability of admitting others to share in the fruits of their toil. Again Icaria is split into factions. On one side are the conservatives, chiefly older people who prefer things as they are and have little enthusiasm for converting the world; on the other side are the radicals, many of them young people. In this party are some restless agitators, born revolutionists, who demand many changes. They want a program of industrial expansion, the establishment of workshops in nearby towns, and greater freedom in the admission of new members. They demand also that women be permitted to vote in the assembly, partly perhaps because this will increase the vote of their party.

In these discussions there is constant reference to "the little gardens" which are violently condemned by the radical party and, in fact, find few supporters. Earlier in the life of the community each family had been permitted to cultivate a little garden around its log house, where flowers might be raised. Some had planted vines and even fruit trees, and now that these were bearing fruit the radical members could not tolerate this violation of their rules against private property. The possessors of the gardens, however, clung to their little plots of ground. It was not much but it was theirs, they would have said with

Touchstone. The authorities tried to settle the quarrel by a compromise. As each family moved from their log house to a new frame house, the little garden was to be given up. At last only three households maintained their gardens in which the vines hung loaded with grapes. A member of the young Icarian party proposed that these grapes be sold by the community, but his motion was defeated.

This was the signal for open hostilities. The radicals claimed that the community had violated its constitution and announced their intention of withdrawing. Over the division of the community property, however, amounting to some $60,000, a deadlock developed. The young Icarians had a majority of the total membership but they were outvoted by the conservatives nineteen to thirteen. They could not secure what they considered their share of the property but neither could the old Icarians expel the malcontents since this required a two-thirds vote.

At last the insurgents, some of them participants in the Paris Commune and all advocating more aggressive communism, appealed to the Circuit Court to revoke the charter granted to the community in 1860 on the ground that Icaria was really a communistic establishment instead of an agricultural society as the articles of incorporation provided. The American jury, convinced that the two factions could not live together in harmony and perhaps suspicious of the communistic idea, decided that the charter had been violated; and in accordance with

this verdict the Icarian community was dissolved by a court decree on August 17, 1878.

The property having been divided on the basis of the number of members and the contribution of each in goods and work, the two factions prepared to set up housekeeping anew. The radicals, more aggressive than their opponents, took out a charter under the title, "La Communauté Icarienne", taking care to secure all the rights which had been held illegal under the old charter, such as establishing schools and manufacturing establishments. They offered the older group a bonus of $1500 for possession of the Icarian village and this was accepted. Thereupon they adopted a program which might have been expressed by the modern slogan, "Watch us grow", framed a new constitution, increased their agricultural and industrial activities, gave women a vote in the assembly, and provided for the admission of new members. Apparently they were not very discriminating for one member wrote in disgust that they had freelovers, Shakers, nihilists, anarchists, socialists, and cranks of all kinds — the word "crank" being one of the American words adopted by the French Icarians.

The result was membership indigestion, and it soon became evident that the community was losing members faster than it gained them. Why was this? the leaders asked in dismay. Some said the withdrawals were due to an instinct similar to that which makes rats leave a sinking ship. This diagnosis was

not far wrong. The community was receiving many improvised Icarians who expected to live at ease far from the degrading "wage slavery" of the cities; and they were both unable and unwilling to cut down trees, build houses, or plough the soil which was exasperatingly full of rocks. Moreover, their families also had to be supported; and the arrival of two skilled mechanics added to the ration list nine additional persons who, a French writer says, had lost none of their Alsatian appetites in the severe climate of Iowa.

Face to face with failure in Iowa, where work was hard, the new Icarians dreamed of a center in Florida, Kentucky, Texas, or California where the trees would produce fruit while the communists planned the further extension of their ideals. It happened that some ex-Icarians were already in California which they reported as a second Eden. The temptation proved too great for the young Icarians. They decided to join their brethren at the community called Espérance in Sonoma County, California, the land of leisure, flowers, and fruit. The united community was christened Icaria-Speranza. Another constitution was adopted which was a compromise between communism and individualism. Before their migration, however, dissensions among the Iowa Icarians brought them once more into the courts, and in 1886 their society was dissolved.

In the meantime on the bank of the Nodaway the

old Icarians, who had lost both the Icarian name and the village of Icaria, after some hesitation, had incorporated as "La Nouvelle Communauté Icarienne". Thus the old Icarians became the new Icarians. They selected a spot about a mile southeast of their old home and created a second Icaria. Here they lived in peace for another twenty years. Debt was the constant spectre which haunted the community. The monotony of the life and a desire for more individual freedom drove many of the younger people out into the world where the struggle seemed no harder and the possible rewards greater.

About ten years after the schism six of the nine men in the "Nouvelle Communauté Icarienne" were over sixty-one years of age. One of these, A. A. Marchand, had been with the first advance guard in 1848. Another was Jules Maillon who, after thirty years in the community, had returned to France hoping to die in his native land. But everything had changed in France and his relatives looked coldly upon the old man who had returned with empty hands. Disillusioned he had returned to spend his last days at the peaceful hamlet on the Iowa prairie.

As the years passed, the maintenance of the community grew more and more difficult for these old people, and it became evident to even its most devoted adherents that its days were numbered. The final act of the Icarian community as a whole was

the vote on the dissolution of the society in February, 1895. The hearts of those who had toiled and suffered in Texas, at Nauvoo, and on the prairies of Iowa must have been heavy, but the vote was unanimous. The execution of the sentence devolved upon the court which appointed E. F. Bettannier, one of the members, receiver. The assets were distributed among the members according to their years of service in the community reckoning from the age of twenty-one in the case of men and eighteen for the women. Each orphan minor was given $850. Three years later, on the 22nd of October, Judge H. M. Towner accepted the report of the receiver and declared "La Nouvelle Communauté Icarienne" legally at an end. Some of the members remained as honored citizens in the vicinity but the last branch of the Icarian tree, which was to have flourished and scattered its seeds into the world of individualism, was dead.

RUTH A. GALLAHER

The Ripple

In June, 1841, the roofless stone walls of the new Territorial capitol rose bare and open to the sun on the crest of a hill overlooking the Iowa River. Facing the unfinished building was a mushroom growth of houses, stores, and inns which had sprung up within two years' time, ready for the coming of legislators and office holders and the attendant population that was expected in the newly created seat of government.

Iowa City was resonant with building activities in those days; but on the twentieth of June there was probably no tapping of hammers or rasping of saws, for it was Sunday. Down at the foot of the hill back of the new capitol was a ferry landing where a boat served the needs of travellers on the Old Military Road; and here was staged on this June Sunday an incident that is best left to the descriptive powers of the editor of *The Iowa City Standard,* in a news item entitled "Arrival Extraordinary!!!".

"We this week announce an event which in our judgment, is of more importance than any that has happened since our city has had an existence.

"On the 20th instant our citizens were surprised by hearing the puffing of an approaching Steamer. We need not speak of the astonishment caused, by such unusual sounds; — sounds which were for the

first time heard on our peaceful river — nor of the many conjectures which were started as to the course from whence they proceeded. Our doubts were soon dispelled by the glorious reality, as the STEAMER RIPPLE for the first time came dashing up the Iowa and landed at the ferry, which henceforth is only to be known by the more appropriate name of *the Steam Boat Landing.*

"The hearty cheers which hailed the arrival, and the warm welcome which the Captain, crew and passengers received from our citizens, showed that they appreciated the enterprise and determination which had originated and successfully carried out such an undertaking. Among the passengers on board we noticed Messrs. Wesley Jones, Moses Cramer, Jas. W. Neally, D. W. C. Barron, Jno. Taylor, of Burlington, Maj. Jno. B. Newhall, the talented author of 'The Sketches of Iowa,' and our fellow townsman James Herron.

"The Ripple arrived at the conjunction of the Iowa and Cedar river on Friday evening. On Saturday morning she started and ran up within four miles of this city before she stopped for the night. There were no impediments found to an easy and safe navigation of the river, if we may except a few snags and projecting trees, a few miles below the city, which will be removed by our citizens during the present week. The experiment on the whole was a most satisfactory one. The present comparatively low stage of water will effectually silence any

sneers that may be thrown out concerning high water navigation, &c., and we now have the fact proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the Iowa river is navigable beyond this place for seven months at least during every year.

"This arrival has effectually changed the relation in which we formerly stood to the other towns in this Territory. We are now no longer dependent on the towns on the Mississippi for our imports — nor are we subjected to the labor and expense of drawing across the country all articles brought from abroad. We have now a situation in many respects superior to any in the Territory.

"The advantage of being the furthest point in the interior, which has a safe and easy communication by water with all the great commercial cities in the west, is too manifest to need remark. Indeed some of our neighboring towns on the Mississippi have laid claims to being places of great importance, on this ground alone. We trust we have settled all disputes on this point and that they will now at once yield the palm to us, and surrender all claims that they may have on this score. But when we add to these advantages our acknowledged superiority in beauty of location and fertility of soil and call to mind our almost total exemption from those diseases, which are and have ever been the scourges of the west, we can confidently demand the attention of emigrants and others to a situation which combines every advantage that can attract the merchant and

the farmer, 'the man of business or the man of pleasure.' "

It was a day and an occasion worth celebrating. The citizens calmed themselves sufficiently to retire for the night, but on Monday morning they held a mass meeting at the City Hotel and among other things appointed a committee to invite the captain of the *Ripple* and the crew and passengers to a public dinner in their honor to be given by the people of Iowa City. Another committee was named to interview the innkeepers of the town with this celebration in view. And it was resolved "that a suitable person be selected to accompany the STEAM BOAT RIPPLE down the Iowa River so far as may be necessary to ascertain the principal obstructions, and the best mode and the probable expense of removing said obstructions." Captain Frederick M. Irish, a prominent settler in the town, who had run away to sea in his youth, shipped on a three years' whaling voyage to the northern Pacific and elsewhere, and later became a New York harbor pilot, was deemed a suitable person and was so deputized.

By two o'clock in the afternoon arrangements had been made, the invitation delivered and accepted, and the citizens and their visiting friends sat down to a sumptuous dinner at the National Hotel. *The Iowa City Standard* prints at length the speeches and toasts that enlivened the occasion.

The most notable of the passengers who came up

with the *Ripple* was John B. Newhall, a Burlington resident, who bore the title Major, and acted as Iowa's first real press agent. In the early months of 1841 he had already published a volume entitled *Sketches of Iowa, or the Emigrant's Guide.* Two years later he was lecturing in England on the resources and possibilities of "Western America"; and in 1844 he published in London an *Emigrant's Handbook* for these western States, and followed it by *A Glimpse of Iowa in 1846.*

His was the principal address at the dinner in honor of the *Ripple* and we give it here in part:

"GENTLEMEN: — It is with feelings of heartfelt gratification that we return our thanks for the cordial reception with which we have been honored by our friends of Iowa City. This, is indeed, a triumph; an achievement well deserving all the encomiums so justly bestowed upon my worthy friend Capt. Jones.

"What are the circumstances under which we are assembled? Gentlemen, we are here this day to commemorate the fact that on the 20th of June, 1841, the *first* Steam Boat moored alongside the bluff of your City?

"From this day forward the practicability of navigating the Iowa river remains no longer the subject of conjecture.— From this day henceforth, a new era will commence in the destinies of your City. The most skeptical must now believe; for here is the evidence before you — yes, gentlemen, ere another

month shall elapse the performance of the gallant little 'Ripple' shall be emblazoned to the world in letters of living light.

"I know the farmers of Johnson county will hail this as an auspicious omen. Well do I know too, that every settler upon the verdant banks of the Iowa looks upon it as an era pregnant with the happiest results of the future. Would you know how the people of every village and cabin from the mouth of the Iowa, hailed our arrival with the spirit of gladness? Ask the passengers of the 'Ripple.' They will tell you of the cheering voice of welcome, not only the loud huzzas, but in the sharp crack of the 'rifle' which the sturdy pioneer loaded in the morning for the fleetest deer — little dreaming that ere the sun should sink behind the western prairie — his charge was to salute the FIRST steamer that had ever dared penetrate the serpentine windings of the 'Iowa Fork'. . . .

"A few short years ago 'Fulton and Rumsey' were thought to be *insane* for agitating the subject of propelling vessels by *steam* across the ocean. This too — in the intelligent circles of enlightened Paris. Now gentlemen 28 days will bring you from the Grey Towers of Windsor Castle to the rude Wigwam of my friend Poweshiek.

"Thirty months ago and what was the condition of your country? The shrill 'puff' of the steamer might have startled the wolf from his lair; or perchance the Indian hunter returning to his Wigwam.

The impress of civilization had not even marked its outline. But a change has come over the face of the wilderness. But yesterday morning — and 250 intelligent and accomplished citizens of both sexes, were embarking on a pleasure excursion from your landing, *up* the Iowa by 'steam.' Johnson County — from nothing two years and half ago, now contains a population of about 2300 freemen! — And who compose this population on the frontier of the 'far west.' — Is it that renown class of *outlaws* ycleped the 'Squatters?' Let us analyze, for a moment the character of our population,— gentlemen they never asked me 'down east' if you were actually cannibals. But some of the *knowing ones* thought you were 'mighty' near it. I only wish those respectable personages, who view the world from 'Vauxhall Garden' to the 'Battery' could suddenly be transported to your firesides. Could 'drop' into your rude court houses; they forget that the unshackled and mighty mind of man, soars beyond brick walls and pavements. That the conceptions of the pioneer are tinged with sublimity. Look at him as he grapples with the surrounding elements; look at his self reliance. His sole trust in his own energies that subdues the forest and makes the wilderness blossom like the rose. The man who lives and dies within the confines of his native country east of the Alleghanies, knows not the character of the western man. But to these traits of heroism, of unshrinking energies, do I attribute the mighty power that *we* are destined to wield.

"Such, gentlemen, are the wonders of the 19th century; such the onward march of the freemen of Iowa. The page of our history will be resplendent with brightness, so long as intelligence and virtue are the basis of our actions.

"In conclusion allow me to propose the following sentiment to which I believe your response will be amen.

"The gallant little 'Ripple' first to decide the practicability of navigating the Iowa. May her enterprising commander be *first* in the esteem of our citizens, and *first* to reap the rewards of his triumphant achievement."

Captain D. Jones, whom Newhall so warmly toasted, was a Mormon and a resident of Nauvoo, according to Captain F. M. Irish. He went out with the great migration to Utah some years later and died in the West. For information on his earlier life the reader is referred to this modest response to the toast of Major Newhall:

"GENTLEMEN: — I am neither an orator, nor the son of an orator; but merely a son of Neptune, a son of the Five Oceans.

"From such a one you will not expect a fluent speech, lest you be disappointed. Permit me, however, to make one or two plain and unvarnished remarks on the present occasion. Exploring has been my study and delight from a boy. To accomplish this object, I have sacrificed the comforts of the social hearth. To this end I have endured the rage of

the five elements. I have endured the smiles and frowns of heathen Monarchs. I have grappled with the Lion and Tiger. I have contended with the cannibals, warclub and tomahawk, when my comrades were cut down by my side. I have also been an almost only survivor in shipwrecks. But gentlemen, I have the gratification to say that the reverse has been my fortune in exploring the Iowa river. Providence smiled on this enterprise.

"Instead of the red man's war club; I have been saluted by the hunters rifle, echoing from bluff to glen. Instead of the roaring Lion, the loud hurrahs of my well wishers welcoming me up your river.

"Encouraged by the generous and spirited feelings of my passengers and officers, with confidence in the suitableness of my boat,— I have surmounted every obstacle, and have come here to prove beyond contradiction, that the Iowa river is navigable.

"It's true gentlemen; that I have been somewhat presumptious in thus risking my all to the accomplishing of this object without a guarantee that I could clear my expenses, or that I should be able to return with my boat out of your river. But gentlemen, I am here and congratulate you on this occasion, in this beautiful little queen of Iowa, hoping that the rising generation, who so beckoned me up your river, may enjoy the benefits of this enterprise, and make it a bright page in the annals of the history of Iowa City. And now, gentlemen; your river is navigable. The boat is ready; your obedient servant, is at your service, whenever the public spirit,

and generous enthusiasm of your growing City is ready. Permit me to acknowledge the honor you have done me, and with gratitude, believe me to be ever your obedient servant."

Following this effort, various citizens toasted the *Ripple* and its Captain; and wishing them both many happy returns, the company broke up.

On Thursday morning of the same week, citizens of a small town over on the Cedar River were thrilled by the cry "She comes, she comes!". The *Ripple* had reached Rochester in Cedar County. And straightway, the enthusiastic citizens, headed by Dr. S. B. Grubbs, welcomed and toasted Captain Jones at a public dinner, and indulged in visions of a great future for the town.

But alas for human hopes. Neither Iowa City nor Rochester owes much to steamboat commerce. Occasionally in later years a boat nosed its way up to Iowa City and in the sixties a steamer was built and launched there. But the river commerce failed to develop.

As for the *Ripple,* it never returned. No one seems to know what became of the little craft that first roused the community hope. And though hope was rekindled at each later arrival of a steamer, it is doubtful if the people of Iowa City were ever again stirred as deeply as when Captain D. Jones, the lion hunter, moored the *Ripple* at the ferry landing back of the rising capitol.

JOHN C. PARISH

A Reminiscence

The *Blizzard* and the *Early Cabins,* in the PALIMPSEST of January, convey to the reader of this generation a vivid impression of the courage, initiative, and self-dependence of the Iowa pioneers.

My father built 82 years ago the log house in which one of my brothers, my sister, and I were born and reared. It was a two story structure, the bed rooms above were reached by a common rung ladder. The roof was of clapboards, kept in place by poles secured at the ends by wooden pins. This roof shed the summer rains but the winter snow was sifted in by the keen winds, and many a morning I stepped out of bed into several inches of snow on the floor. Later on my father had the cabin weatherboarded and lathed and plastered inside. But the original logs are there yet, sound as ivory. Mr. Boarts, the present owner, a few years ago had occasion to cut an opening through the side and gave the pieces of the logs to my brother. They were white oak and hickory, and he sent me canes made of each kind. The cooking was done by the fireplace by my mother until finally a stove was found in Muscatine, and when it was put in operation the neighbors came to see it as a curiosity and a reminder of their old Eastern homes.

In those frontier days all were of equal fortune, all worked and saved. The clothing fabrics were

substantial. My father wore a suit of Indian tanned buckskin, and later on we had the homemade blue jeans made into garments by my mother. I would like a suit of it now.

There was a story told of one of those pioneer women and her granddaughter, who asked, "Grandma, you were here in the early days?" "Yes, I was a pioneer." "Well, were you poor?" "Yes, we were all poor." "Couldn't you have what you wanted?" "No, I could not." "Did you have no meat?" "No, nothing but venison, wild turkeys, prairie chickens and quails." "Did you have no sugar?" "Nothing but maple sugar." "What did you want that you couldn't get?" "It was New Orleans molasses and salt mackerel."

The blizzard of 1856 swept over Johnson County and one settler in Pleasant Valley froze to death and one in Liberty township had both hands frozen off. Those were years of adventure, stress, strain, and trial, yet the pioneers were happy and I do not recall a single expression of discontent, envy, or repining.

It is a pity that the frontiers are all gone.

JOHN P. IRISH

Comment by the Editor

AN IOWAN IN CALIFORNIA

The fragment of reminiscence which we have printed in the foregoing pages came to us in a recent letter from Mr. John P. Irish, now living in Oakland, California. Other items from his letter will be of interest. "I built on my ranch in the mountains here a log cabin", he writes, "and dedicated it to the memory of the Iowa pioneers, and it was the summer home of my family for 20 years". He speaks of "the time when we slaughtered our pork in December, took it on bob-sleds and sold it at Ogilvie's packing house in Muscatine for $1.00 per hundred and brought back the money to pay taxes and letter postage, which was then 25 cents". And he adds: "I am in my 79th year and hope to visit my birthplace again before I go to join the hardy souls of the frontier".

We join him in the hope. For many years John P. Irish was a prominent figure in the political history of Iowa. He was a son of Captain Frederick M. Irish who is mentioned in the article in this number on the steamboat *Ripple*. In 1864, when he was but twenty-one years of age, he became editor of the *State Press* at Iowa City (the successor of the *Iowa Capitol-Reporter*), and for nearly twenty years his paper was a power in Iowa politics. From 1869 to

1875 he was a member of the General Assembly of Iowa; he was largely influential in the establishment of the College of Law and the College of Medicine at the State University of Iowa, and next to John A. Kasson was probably the greatest influence in the movement to construct the present State House at Des Moines — a project which was fought bitterly in the General Assembly and throughout the State by men who drew pathetic word-pictures of the "barefooted women and children" who would be still further crushed to earth if the extravagant new capitol were built. He was nominated for Congress in 1868 and for Governor of the State in 1877, but the Democratic party was unsuccessful in both campaigns.

In 1882 he removed to California where he has edited several newspapers, held civil office, farmed, and been nominated for Congress. He has acted as counsel before several arbitration courts in cases involving international law, and has maintained an unusual interest and influence in political affairs. At the present time he is engaged in an active controversy in opposition to the anti-Japanese attitude of United States Senator Phelan and other prominent Californians.

BUILDERS OF THE FAR WEST

Iowa began early to contribute men to the upbuilding of the West. In 1849 Serranus C. Hastings — who had served a number of years in the Iowa

Territorial legislature, had been one of Iowa's first Congressmen and had held the position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State — went out with the gold hunters to California. He served as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, was elected Attorney-General of the State, and for many years carried on a very successful law practice.

William W. Chapman, the first Delegate to Congress from the Territory of Iowa, and delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1844, travelled across the plains by ox team in 1847 to Oregon. In 1848 he worked in the gold mines in California, but returned to Oregon where he was elected to the legislature, edited the first newspaper in the State, and served as Surveyor-General.

IOWA IN THE EAST

Nor has the East lacked inspiration from Iowa. Witness those two remarkable jurists, John F. Dillon and Samuel Freeman Miller. Both of them studied and practiced medicine — Miller for ten years — before they began the study of law. Dillon, after serving as Judge of the Supreme Court of Iowa and Judge of the United States Circuit Court, removed to New York City to become a member of the faculty of the Columbia University Law School and general counsel for the Union Pacific Railroad. For a third of a century he was one of the leading members of the New York bar, and one of the most eminent of American law authors. Samuel Freeman

Miller after ten years of medical practice in Kentucky and twelve years of law practice in Iowa spent the rest of his life — twenty-eight years — on the Supreme Bench of the United States.

IOWANS AND IOWA COLONIES

Iowans have gone east, west, north, and south. Herbert Hoover, born in Iowa, goes to California and from there becomes an international figure. George E. Roberts becomes an influence in financial affairs in Chicago, Washington, and New York. Frank O. Lowden reaches high position in Illinois. Horace Boies, the only Democratic Governor of Iowa in two generations, is living, at the age of ninety-three, in California.

There are Iowa colonies everywhere — from Seattle to Florida, in London, in China, and in the Philippines. Thousands of Iowans gather in a picnic celebration at Los Angeles each year to talk of the land between the rivers, and at the other end of the continent the Iowa Club of New York City has frequent dinners. We send greetings to the members of all colonies for they are Iowans still; and whenever they can come home for a visit to the prairies of their youth, the State will welcome them.

J. C. P.

THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN C. PARISH

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VOL. II ISSUED IN MAY 1921 NO. 5

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Underground Railroad in Iowa

The ever-increasing number of fugitive slaves who sought to cross Iowa on their way to freedom brought the Underground Railroad into existence. Needless to say, it was not a subterranean railroad with high-speed, well-equipped, electric trains. The term "underground" was applied to the railroad because of the secrecy of its operations and the mystery with which the whole system was shrouded. Its roadbed was the ordinary highway of traffic. Its rolling stock consisted of the buggies, oxcarts, wagons, and other vehicles at the command of early Iowa settlers. Occasionally it was possible to use the steam railroad as a means of conveyance, but more often passengers travelled from station to station on foot.

There were no well lighted and comfortably furnished depots at frequent intervals along the line, nor was there a corps of persons who gained their livelihood by promoting the road or by serving as

conductors and engineers on the trains. No fare was charged and the conductors, in many instances the most influential citizens, rendered their services whenever the occasion demanded, without thought of compensation. They also supplied the depots, which varied from a room in the conductor's home to a cave in his back yard.

The Underground Railroad in Iowa was only a part of a complete system with trunk lines and branches which extended through practically all of the northern States. The main line entered the State in its southwest corner near Tabor, passed through the towns of Lewis, Des Moines, Grinnell, Iowa City, West Liberty, Tipton, DeWitt, and Low Moor, and crossed the Mississippi River at Clinton to connect with a route in Illinois.

Most of the fugitives who came from Nebraska and Missouri and entered Iowa in the southwestern part of the State first boarded the Underground Railroad at or near the town of Civil Bend (now Percival), about five miles east of the Missouri River and twenty-five miles north of the northern boundary of Missouri. From this point fugitives were conveyed to Tabor. This was a very important station because here the entire population was in sympathy with escaping slaves and practically every family was ready to do anything to help the fugitives. Sometimes the slaves were escorted to the next station on foot, sometimes they were driven in buggies or oxcarts or wagons.

In the western part of the State the problem was a comparatively simple one. The population was still quite sparse and the chances of detection correspondingly small. But it must be remembered that every person aiding a slave to escape was a violator of the fugitive slave law and as such rendered himself liable to fine and imprisonment. So even here the promoters were compelled to exercise continual vigilance lest they and their passengers be apprehended. It was necessary to have agents promptly at their posts so that no time would be lost in forwarding the passengers. Notices must be sent ahead telling of coming passengers, warnings of approaching danger must be given, and necessary funds had to be provided. The responsibility for carrying out these matters devolved upon the conductors of the road.

All along the route of the Underground Railroad were families willing to make their home a station for the refuge and forwarding of runaway slaves. It was not always possible to dispatch the passengers to the next station immediately and in such cases they were concealed in the homes of promoters, in their garrets or cellars, sometimes in caves on or near the premises, and quite frequently in outbuildings until a favorable opportunity for a "flitting" presented itself. Most of the trains were dispatched at night and indeed the darkest and stormiest nights were preferred for the operations. Sometimes passengers remained at a station for days at a time

until an opportunity for sending them on should present itself or be created by the conductor.

In this manner fugitives passed through the various towns — from Percival to Tabor, through Lewis and Des Moines to Grinnell. Here it was almost certain that the well known J. B. Grinnell would take care of the fugitives. He had a room in his home which was very appropriately called the "liberty room" and was devoted to the harboring of passengers on the Underground Railroad. No doubt this made a very comfortable station. When John Brown came to Grinnell with his band of fugitives from Missouri on that cold night in the winter of 1858–1859, it was in this room that the fugitives were cheered and given an opportunity to rest. Thus with rests at frequent intervals the fugitives continued their journey from town to town. After Grinnell came Iowa City, then West Liberty, Tipton, Low Moor, and finally Clinton.

In the eastern part of the State, Underground Railroading required great care and precaution in order to avoid detection, but the promoters were equal to the occasion and resorted to various means for forwarding the passengers. On one occasion John Brown was able to secure railroad passage for his band of fugitives. Through the good offices of William Penn Clarke, of Iowa City, and J. B. Grinnell, a box car was obtained and held in readiness at West Liberty. The fugitives were then dispatched to this place from Springdale and, after spending

the night in Keith's Mill (an old grist mill near the station), were loaded into the empty freight car. The car was then attached to a train bound for Chicago on the Rock Island Railroad. At Chicago the famous detective, Allen Pinkerton, took the party in charge and dispatched it to Detroit.

All passengers, however, were not as fortunate as this band. Most of them had to go from station to station by the slower methods of horse-drawn conveyance or on foot. At Iowa City William Penn Clarke and Dr. Jesse Bowen were always ready to aid the cause. It was in the latter's home, situated on Iowa Avenue between Governor and Summit streets, that John Brown was concealed during his last night in Iowa City when he was hard pressed by a band of men bent on capturing him because of his "nigger stealing".

After a "stop-over" in Iowa City passengers might be ticketed to one of several stations. Perhaps they could be taken to Springdale to partake of the hospitality of the Quakers, and from there to West Liberty. Perhaps conditions were favorable for making a longer run and the train might go directly to West Liberty. At this place the old grist mill which harbored John Brown's band of fugitives would probably serve as a waiting room.

The next stop was generally Tipton. For reasons known to the operators the railroad did not run into the town. As is sometimes the case with the steam railroads of to-day the depot was on the outskirts of

the village. The Humphrey home situated about two and one-half miles south of Tipton was an important station on the Underground Railroad. A member of the family has related that it was not unusual for whole families of colored folk to remain at their home over night. The next day it was Grandfather's task to carry them farther on their way. Daylight did not prevent the operations of this conductor. He would load the human freight into his wagon and cover them with blankets, thus disguising them as bags of grain.

Once more the train was in motion. On the long lonely stretches of the road between the Humphrey home and Posten's Grove — a distance of about fifteen miles — curly heads and black faces often popped out from among the "grain sacks" to survey the country through which the train was passing. When strangers appeared the command was to "duck". Needless to say the order was promptly obeyed and the passengers became part of the load of bags of grain which, to all appearances, Grandfather was hauling to the grist mill. When Posten's Grove was reached this venerable old conductor had completed his "run". He transferred his passengers to the care of other conductors who in turn relayed them to DeWitt, next to Low Moor and finally to Clinton — the last Iowa station on the Underground Railroad.

The final stages of the trip through Iowa were the most difficult and perhaps therefore the most inter-

esting. In the eastern part of the State population was more dense and hence a greater number of persons were opposed to the Underground Railroad. This necessitated greater vigilance and more detailed and complete organization. The number of persons engaged in the work was also greater in proportion to the work to be done. Some of the prominent agents in DeWitt were Captain Burdette, Judge Graham, and Mrs. J. D. Stillman. These people could be trusted to take care of the fugitives and to send them on to Low Moor when they thought conditions favorable. In this latter town were G. W. Weston, Abel B. Gleason, B. R. Palmer, J. B. Jones, Lawrence Mix, Nelson Olin, and others who were anxious to tender their services.

The guiding spirit and chief promoter of the Underground Railroad at this place seems to have been G. W. Weston. It devolved upon him especially to see that agents and stations were in readiness, to provide the necessary funds, to give warnings of approaching danger, and to advise the master of the next station about coming passengers. On one occasion G. W. Weston sent the following letter to C. B. Campbell at Clinton:

Low Moor, May 6, 1859.

Mr. C. B. C.:

DEAR SIR — By tomorrow evening's mail, you will receive two volumes of the "Irrepressible Conflict" bound in *black*. After perusal, please forward, and oblige .

Yours truly, G. W. W.

This is typical of the correspondence carried on between stations. Such were the train dispatches. They served the purpose of telling the agent at the next station of the coming of fugitives, together with a pretty accurate idea of the number; and the peculiar wording in which the information was couched often told of the age, complexion, and sex of the comers.

When the fugitives arrived in Clinton it was usually C. B. Campbell who sought a place for them to stay. Quite frequently he would secrete them in the attic of his home, a small frame building near the corner of Sixth Avenue and Second Street. On other occasions fugitives were kept in a cave, used as a cellar, in a garden belonging to J. R. and A. Bather, or in the garret of their home until the next train was ready to start. It happened at one time that two fugitive slaves — a man and his wife — were being concealed in this garret when a message was received from DeWitt that slave catchers were in hot pursuit. This place of concealment was thought to be too much suspected and it was deemed best to have a "flitting" as soon as possible.

Andrew Bather undertook to convey the fugitives out of the town. He procured for the occasion a covered family carriage which belonged to H. P. Stanley. In this he transported them to Lyons to which place C. B. Campbell had gone to hire a skiff to convey them across the river. The river was full of ice and it was only after paying a high price that

the owner of the skiff agreed to make the crossing. During this trip the woman, whose complexion was so fair as to give her the appearance of a white woman, represented herself as the owner of her husband.

Not all of the fugitives passed through the stations which we have mentioned. Many never reached any of them. There were at least three parallel lines of the Underground Railroad branching from Tabor and running eastward to the Mississippi. Besides these main lines there were innumerable branch lines and "spurs" which connected with the main lines. The presence of so many routes was due to the fact that not all of the escaping negroes entered Iowa in its southwest corner. They came into the State at various points along the southern border wherever the opportunity existed. In fact the great majority of the slaves effected their escape alone, and completed the first and in many respects the most difficult part of their journey towards freedom unaided.

Negroes talked among themselves of the land of freedom off to the north and told each other of the Underground Railroad. They knew there were hosts of friends who would help them on to ultimate freedom if they could only be reached. With this knowledge many slaves took their lives in their hands and escaped from their masters, hiding in the woods or caves by day and progressing slowly and cautiously at night trusting that somewhere they

would reach this Underground Railroad of which they had heard.

Along the southern border of Iowa were many negroes—some of them slaves and some of them free—who made it their business to aid their escaping brethren. Very often they did little more than ferry them across a stream or direct them to the home of some abolitionist friend. A negro could render such services with comparatively little risk to himself. Having once obtained the exact location of the first Underground Railroad station the traveller need only exercise precaution against being seen by his enemies. He need not fear a lack of welcome, regardless of the hour at which he might present himself to the station master. The timid and uncertain knocking at the door would invariably be recognized by the family as the signal of the arrival of a new passenger.

In the southwestern part of the State there were several short routes with initial stations at Croton, Bloomfield, Lancaster, and Cincinnati, all of which no doubt connected with some main line and had their Iowa terminals along the Mississippi. Farther east was the Quaker village of Salem, conveniently surrounded by numerous woods and streams, which made hiding in this vicinity quite easy for the negroes. At night they could proceed to almost any of the Quaker homes, for practically without exception the Quaker families were known to be friends of the escaping slaves. Through the village of Denmark,

about seventeen miles from Burlington, connection with the Underground Railroad's trunk line could also be conveniently made. Here was the home of Dr. George Shedd, a rather bold and independent operator. Practicing medicine was his chosen profession but on the side he talked abolition quite openly and privately worked slaves northward to Canada.

Not all the slaves who set out to seek their freedom attained their object. Negroes represented a considerable sum of wealth and naturally southern slave-owners were very reluctant to see their property disappear. It is small wonder then that those who suffered loss of slaves should term the Underground Railroad directors "nigger-stealers" and exert every effort to recover their property. In doing so they very often resorted to methods which put them in unpleasant positions. The story is told of Mr. Nuckolls of Nebraska City, Nebraska, who lost two girl slaves in December of the year 1858. He correctly guessed that they had escaped into Iowa and promptly began the hunt for them at Tabor.

First, he took precautions to guard the crossings on Silver Creek and Nishnabotna River over which his slaves would be required to pass on their way east. Then he began his search, but a train had promptly been fitted out and the passengers dispatched before Mr. Nuckolls arrived at Tabor so his quest availed him nothing. Knowing Tabor to be an

abolitionist center he decided to make a more thorough search believing that his slaves were hidden in one of the many stations in the town. With perhaps twenty men to aid him he began a systematic investigation of the Tabor homes — often gaining entrance only by force and violence. At one home he met with more than ordinary rebuff so he struck the remonstrating person over the head, inflicting permanent injury. The result of the search was that Mr. Nuckolls did not recover the girls, and he had several thousands of dollars worth of damages to pay besides.

The monotony of the life in the Quaker village of Salem was at one time somewhat relieved by the attempted recovery of nine escaped slaves belonging to Ruel Daggs from Clark County, Missouri. In the beginning of June of the year 1848 this band of slaves was successful in evading the patrols which Missourians maintained on the roads to the Quaker village, until they were about a mile from the town. At this point, while hiding in the bushes, they were discovered by Messrs. Slaughter and McClure, two slave catchers. Without losing any time these two men proceeded to lead their "catch" back to Missouri. They had scarcely started on their way when they met Elihu Frazier, Thomas Clarkson Frazier, and William Johnson, three stalwart Quakers from Salem. One of this party demanded that the slaves be taken back to Salem where the captors would be given the opportunity to press their claims before

the Justice of the Peace. Naturally this did not meet with the approval of Slaughter and McClure but the Quakers persisted. One of them stood his ground to the extent of putting aside his proverbial Quaker passiveness, and declared that he would "wade in Missouri blood before the negroes should be taken." Before such determination the Missourians agreed to stake the outcome on "due process of law", and the party repaired to the village.

No small excitement was created by their approach. Every citizen joined in the procession towards Justice Gibbs's office in the home of Henderson Lewelling. The room proving too small, the court adjourned to the meeting-house. After a hearing the case was dismissed because the plaintiffs were unable to show warrants for the arrest of their captives. For a moment every one seemed at a loss to know what to do next. Suddenly Paul Way called out: "If anybody wants to foller me, let him foller." Two of the negroes evidently did want "to foller" and seized the opportunity. In a few moments they were on horseback and on their way to freedom. The remaining negroes in the party were taken in charge by friends. Slaughter and McClure left the village in great anger promising to return to wreak vengeance.

A few days later a large number of well-armed Missourians paid Salem a visit. They veritably besieged the town and sent searching parties to every "nigger-stealing house". Thomas Frazier's home

was the first to be singled out for detailed investigation. As a matter of fact there were slaves hidden here, but in strict accordance with Underground Railroading methods, he was warned of the coming visit. Before the party came he "side tracked" his passengers to some nearby timber. The station master and his family were quietly eating dinner when the Missourians arrived and with curses and threats announced their purpose of searching his home. In true Quaker fashion they were quietly told to do so. The search was fruitless. Other homes were visited with as little regard to the rights and feelings of the owners and with similar results.

It is possible to tell only a part of the story of the Underground Railroad in Iowa. All the methods used in the transportation of fugitive slaves have not been described, nor have all the stations and their agents been named. To do so would be an impossible task. It must be remembered that this was an Underground Railroad. Its operations were secret. The stories that have come down to us constitute but a fragmentary record. Generally the train masters kept no dispatch books or records of train schedules or of passengers, for should such records fall into the hands of those who tried to enforce the fugitive slave law they would constitute most incriminating evidence. Enough of its story is known, however, to show that as an institution the Underground Railroad has played its part in the history of the State. Not only did it bridge the gap

between slavery and freedom for thousands of fugitives, but the hazards and adventures of the traffic served to lend fascination to the frontier life; and the story of the operation of the system gives a picture of the ideals, the character, the resourcefulness and the fearlessness of the early settlers of the State.

JACOB VAN EK

Big Game Hunting in Iowa

[The following account of a hunting trip in 1835 in northeastern Iowa was written by the Englishman, Charles Augustus Murray, who wandered widely in America in 1834–1836 and described his adventures in a two-volume work entitled *Travels in North America.* The extract here printed is from pages 110–129 of the second volume.—THE EDITOR.]

I found that two or three of the officers were planning a hunting expedition towards the head waters of Turkey River (which runs from north-west to south-east and falls into the Mississippi some miles below Prairie du Chien), where we were told that pheasants, deer, elk, and other game were in the greatest abundance. I requested permission to join the party, as my object was to see the country; and I could get no steam-boat, or other opportunity of visiting St. Peter's and the Falls of St. Anthony.

We accordingly set out in a large boat, containing about twenty men, a light cart, a pony, plenty of provisions, and a due supply of ammunition. Being obliged to ascend the Mississippi about ten miles, our progress was extremely slow; for the stream was strong, the head wind blowing pretty fresh (accompanied by an icy chilling sleet); and the boat could only be propelled by being pushed up with long poles along the shores of the various islands, where the current was the least formidable. However, as it was a "party of pleasure," the men were in the highest spirits, forgot the wet and the cold, and the boat

echoed with jokes and laughter. A cap was blown overboard, and a fellow plunged head over heels into the stream after it; he went some feet under water, rose, swam in pursuit, recovered the cap, bore it in triumph to land, and running up along the bank, was taken again on board. . . . .

In spite of wind and sleet, we were soon obliged to resume our slow ascent of the river, and in due course of time arrived at Painted Rock, the place of our debarkation. We pitched our tent in a low marshy hollow, which would be an admirable situation for a temple to the goddess of fever and ague. On the following morning we commenced our march into the interior: the whole party (consisting of three officers, four soldiers, myself, and servant) was on foot, and a stout pony drew our baggage in a sort of springless vehicle, resembling a small English tax-cart. After a tedious march over a high, barren, and uninteresting prairie, for three days, at the rate of twenty or twenty-five miles a day, we arrived at the point on Turkey River at which our grand hunt was to commence.

On the third day, in the forenoon, an Indian came gallopping down with a loose rein towards us. On a nearer approach he proved to be a Winnebago, who had left his band (which was distant two or three miles) to reconnoitre our party. We soon came up with their main body, which was encamped by the side of a wooded hill, and presented a wild and picturesque appearance. They had just struck their

lodges, and were loading the horses to recommence their march, when we came up with them. Two or three of the chiefs, and the principal men, were sitting, as usual, and smoking, while the women gathered the bundles and packs, and the boys ran or galloped about, catching the more wild and refractory beasts of burthen. The officer of our party knew the chief, who had been down frequently to Fort Crawfurd, and we accordingly sat down and smoked the pipe of peace and recognition.

The conversation between white men and Winnebagoes is almost always carried on in Saukie, Menomenee, or some other dialect of the Chippeway, as their own language can scarcely be acquired or pronounced by any but their own tribe: it is dreadfully harsh and guttural; the lips, tongue, and palate, seem to have resigned their office to the uvula in the throat, or to some yet more remote ministers of sound. In all the Upper Mississippi I only heard of one white man who could speak and understand it tolerably; but their best interpreter is a half-breed named Pokette, who is equally popular with his white and red brethren; the latter of whom have granted him several fine tracts of land in the Wisconsin territory, where he resides. I am told that he keeps thirty or forty horses, and has made a fortune of above one hundred thousand dollars.

I fell in with him at Galena, and had half an hour's conversation with him, only for the pleasure of looking at him and scanning his magnificent and Hercu-

lean frame. I think he is the finest (though by no means the largest) mould of a man that ever I saw: he is about six feet four inches in height, and as perfectly proportioned as painter or statuary could desire. Perhaps his arms and legs are too muscular for perfect beauty of form; still, that is a defect easily pardoned. His countenance is open, manly, and intelligent; and his ruddy brown complexion, attesting the mingled blood of two distinct races, seems to bid defiance to cold, heat, or disease. He is proverbially good-natured, and is universally considered the strongest man in the Upper Mississippi.

He is said never to have struck any person in anger except one fellow, a very powerful and well-known boxer, from one of the towns on the river, who had heard of Pokette's strength, and went to see him with the determination of thrashing (or, in American phrase, whipping) him. Accordingly he took an opportunity of giving a wanton and cruel blow to a favourite dog belonging to Pokette; and, on the latter remonstrating with him on his conduct, he attempted to treat the master as he had treated the dog. On offering this insolent outrage, he received a blow from the hand of Pokette which broke the bridge of his nose, closed up both his eyes, and broke or bruised some of the bones of the forehead so severely as to leave his recovery doubtful for several weeks.

To return to the Winnebago encampment. As the Indians were also upon a hunting expedition on

Turkey River, we all started together, and went a few miles in the same direction; but we soon divided, and they proceeded to the south-west, while our party kept a north-west course; consequently, on reaching the river, they were camped about six or eight miles below us. I little thought that these rascals would so pertinaciously and successfully endeavour to spoil our sport; but I suppose they considered us intruders, and determined to punish us accordingly. We had, in the mean time, killed nothing but a few pheasants and grouse; but our object in coming to Turkey River was to find deer, elks, and bears, all of which we had been taught to expect in abundance. We pitched our camp in a well-wooded valley (called here "a bottom") formed by the river; our wigwam was constructed, after the Menomenee fashion, of mats made from a kind of reed, and bound firmly in a semicircular form to a frame-work of willow, or other elastic wood, fastened by strings formed from the bark of the elm. The soldiers cut an abundance of firewood, and we were well provided with flour, biscuit, coffee, and pork; so that we had little to fear from cold or hunger.

The day after our arrival we all set off in different directions in search of game. Some of the party contented themselves with shooting ducks and pheasants; I and two or three others went in pursuit of the quadruped game. I confess I expected to kill one or two elk, perhaps a bear, and common deer *ad libitum;* however, after a walk of six or eight hours,

during which I forded the river twice, and went over many miles of ground, I returned without having seen a single deer. This surprised me the more, as I saw numberless beds and paths made by them, but no track of either elk or bear. My brother sportsmen were equally unfortunate, and no venison graced our board. I had, however, heard a great many shots, some of which were fired before daylight, and we soon perceived that our Indian neighbours had laid a plan to drive all the deer from the vicinity of our encampment.

We continued to while away some hours very agreeably in bee-hunting, at which sport two or three of the soldiers were very expert. Of the bee-trees which we cut down, one was very rich in honey; the flavour was delicious, and I ate it in quantities which would have nauseated me had it been made from garden plants, instead of being collected from the sweet wild flowers of the prairie. Our life was most luxurious in respect of bed and board, for we had plenty of provisions, besides the pheasants, grouse, &c. that we shot; and at night the soldiers made such a bonfire of heavy logs as to defy the annoyances of wet and cold.

The second day's sport was as fruitless as the first; but the same firing continued all around us, for which we vented many maledictions on our Indian tormentors. On the third day I contented myself with sauntering along the banks of the river and shooting a few pheasants: evening was closing in,

the weather was oppressively warm, and I lay down at the foot of a great tree to rest and cool myself by the breath of a gentle breeze, which crept with a low whisper through its leaves, when I distinctly heard a plashing noise in the water at the distance of a hundred yards. I rolled myself, silently and stealthily as a snake, towards the spot — the plashing still continued, and I thought it must be an Indian, either performing his ablutions, or walking up the bed of the stream, in order to conceal his footprints. At length I reached the unwieldy stump of a fallen tree, from which I could command a view of the water; and raising my head cautiously, saw a magnificent stag bathing and refreshing himself, unconscious of the glittering tube which was pointed straight at his heart.

I never saw a more noble or graceful animal; he tossed his great antlers in the air, then dipped his nose in the water and snorted aloud; then he stamped with his feet, and splashed till the spray fell over his sleek and dappled sides. Here a sportsman would interrupt me, saying, "A truce to your description,— did you shoot him through the brain or through the heart?" And a fair querist might ask, "Had you the heart to shoot so beautiful a creature?" Alas! alas! my answer would satisfy neither! I had left my rifle at home, and had only my fowling-piece, loaded with partridge shot; I was sixty yards from the stag, and could not possibly creep, undiscovered, a step nearer, and I had not the

heart to wound the poor animal, when there was little or no chance of killing him. I therefore saw him conclude his bath; and then clearing, at one bound, the willow bushes which fringed the opposite bank, he disappeared in a thicket. I marked well the place; and resolving to take an early opportunity of renewing my visit under more favourable circumstances, returned home.

On the following day, I sallied forth with my trusty double-rifle, carefully loaded, each barrel carrying a ball weighing an ounce. I chose the middle of the day; because the deer, after feeding all the morning, generally go down to the streams to drink previously to their lying down during the warm hours of noon-tide. I crept noiselessly to my stump, gathered a few scattered branches to complete the shelter of my hiding-place, and lay down with that mingled feeling (so well known to every hunter) which unites the impatience of a lover with the patience of a Job! I suppose I had been there nearly two hours, when I thought I heard a rustling on the opposite side; it was only a squirrel hopping from bough to bough. Again I was startled by a saucy pheasant, who seemed conscious of the security which he now gained from his insignificance, and strutted, and scraped, and crowed within a few paces of the muzzle of my rifle. At length, I distinctly heard a noise among the willows, on which my anxious look was rivetted; it grew louder and louder, and then I heard a step in the water, but could not

yet see my victim, as the bank made a small bend, and he was concealed by the projecting bushes.

I held my breath, examined the copper caps; and as I saw the willows waving in the very same place in which he had crossed the day before, I cocked and pointed my rifle at the spot where he must emerge: the willows on the very edge of the bank move,— my finger is on the trigger, when, NOT my noble stag, but an Indian carrying on his shoulder a hind-quarter of venison, jumps down upon the smooth sand of the beach! I was so mad with anger and disappointment, that I could scarcely take the sight of the rifle from the fellow's breast! I remained motionless, but watching all his movements. He put down his rifle and his venison; and shading his eyes with his hands, made a long and deliberate examination of the bank on which I was concealed; but my faithful stump was too much even for his practised eyes, and I remained unobserved. He then examined, carefully, every deer track and foot-print on the sand whereon he stood; after which, resuming his rifle and meat, he tried the river at several places in order to find the shallowest ford.

As it happened, he chose the point exactly opposite to me; so that when he came up the bank, he was within a few feet of me. He passed close by my stump without noticing me, and I then gave a sudden and loud Pawnee yell. He certainly did jump at this unexpected apparition of a man armed with a rifle; but I hastened to dispel any feelings of uneasiness

by friendly signs, because I do not conceive such a trial to be any fair test of a man's courage, and I have no doubt that if he had given me a similar surprise, I should have been more startled than he was. He smiled when I showed him my hiding-place, and explained to him my object in selecting it. I took him home to our wigwam; and as my companions had met with no success, we bought his meat for some bread and a drink of whisky.

On the following day I determined to get a deer, and accordingly started with two soldiers to a large grove or bottom, where they had seen several the evening before. The weather was dry; and as our footsteps on the dead leaves were thus audible at a great distance, the difficulty of approaching so watchful an enemy was much increased. As the Indians had driven off the greater part of the game from our immediate neighbourhood, we walked ten or eleven miles up the river before we began to hunt; we then followed its winding descent, and saw three or four does, but could not get near enough to shoot; at length one started near me, and galloped off through the thick brushwood. I fired and wounded it very severely; it staggered, and turned round two or three times; still it got off through the thicket before I could get another sight of it. At the same time, I heard another shot fired by a soldier, a quarter of a mile on our right. I looked in vain for blood, by which to track my wounded deer, and gave it up in despair when, just as I was making towards

the river, to rejoin my companion, I came upon some fresh blood-tracks: after following them a hundred yards, I found a doe quite dead, but still warm; I thought it was the one which I had just shot, and hallooed to the soldier, who returned to assist me in skinning and hanging it up out of reach of the wolves. On examining the wound, the doe proved to be the one which he had shot, as the ball had entered on the right side, and I had fired from the left; he thought he had missed her.

We found no more game this day, and returned to the camp. The other sportsmen had met with no success. The Indians now set fire to the prairies and woods all around us, and the chance of good sport daily diminished. These malicious neighbours were determined to drive us from the district; they evidently watched our every motion; and whenever we entered a wood or grove to hunt, they were sure to set the dry grass on fire. Half a mile to the windward they pursued this plan so effectually, as not only to spoil our hunting, but on two occasions to oblige me to provide hastily for my personal safety: on the first of these, they set fire to a wood where I was passing, and compelled me to cross a creek for fear of being overtaken by the flames; on the second, having watched me as I crossed a large dry prairie, beyond which was some timber that I wished to try for deer, they set fire to the grass in two or three places to the windward; and as it was blowing fresh at the time, I saw that I should not have time to

escape by flight; so I resorted to the simple expedient, in which lies the only chance of safety on such occasions: I set the prairie on fire where I myself was walking, and then placed myself in the middle of the black barren space which I thus created, and which covered many acres before the advancing flames reached its border; when they did so they naturally expired for want of fuel, but they continued their leaping, smoking, and crackling way on each side of me to the right and to the left. It was altogether a disagreeable sensation, and I was half choked with hot dust and smoke.

On the following afternoon, I went out again in a direction that we had not tried, where the prairie was not yet burnt. I could find no deer, and the shades of night began to close round me, when, on the opposite hills to those on which I stood, I observed two or three slender pillars of curling smoke arising out of the wood, which was evidently now fired on purpose by the Indians. I sat down to watch the effect; for, although I had seen many prairie fires, I had never enjoyed so good an opportunity as the present; for the ground rose in a kind of amphitheatre, of which I had a full and commanding view. Now the flames crept slowly along the ground, then, as the wind rose, they burst forth with increasing might, fed by the dry and decayed elders of the forest, which crackled, tottered, and fell beneath their burning power; they now rose aloft in a thousand fantastic and picturesque forms, lighting up the whole landscape to a

lurid hue; while the dense clouds of smoke which rolled gloomily over the hills, mixed with the crash of the falling timber, gave a dreadful splendour to the scene. I sat for some time enjoying it; and when I rose to pursue my course towards home, I had much difficulty in finding it. The night relapsed into its natural darkness; the prairie at my feet was black, burnt, and trackless, and I could see neither stream nor outline of hill by which to direct my steps.

I sat down again for a few minutes to rest myself, and to recollect, as well as I might be able, any or all the circumstances which should guide me in the direction which I ought to take. While I remained in this position a band of prairie wolves, on an opposite hill, began their wild and shrill concert; and I was somewhat startled at hearing it answered by the long loud howl of a single wolf, of the large black species, that stood and grinned at me, only a few yards from the spot where I was seated. I did not approve of so close a neighbourhood to this animal, and I called to him to be off, thinking that the sound of my voice would scare him away; but as he still remained I thought it better to prepare my rifle, in case he should come still nearer, but determined not to fire until the muzzle touched his body, as it was too dark to make a sure shot at any distance beyond a few feet. However, he soon slunk away, and left me alone.

Fortunately I remembered the relative bearings of our camp, and of the point whence the wind came,

and after scrambling through a few thickets, and breaking my shins over more than one log of fallen wood, I reached home without accident or adventure. The whole country around us was now so completely burnt up and devastated, that nothing remained for us but to resume our march towards the fort.

Comment by the Editor

OLD AGE

There are many kinds of old people. There are those who sit on quiet porches or potter about gardens in the early morning. Occasionally with feeble steps they venture upon the street. They are beings apart — lingerers from yesterday's throng. Perhaps they see but dimly now the landmarks they have known so long, and there is a deepening hush for them in the street which yesterday rang with tumult. Those who pass them by see only the ashes of burnt-out years — forgetting that there must be the embers of fires kindled in the far-off days of youth. They are waiting now for the time when the glow of the spirit shall fade utterly and they shall slip away from a company that is strange to them and join their own generation.

There are others whose spirit and flesh seem to disregard the years. They say goodbye to the friends of their own time and yet they make themselves a part of the newer order. They go down the years, wide awake but serene; full of the dignity of experience, and enjoying to the utmost "the last of life for which the first was made".

The minds of the old are deep pools of memory — sometimes opaque, sometimes murky, often clear as crystal. And the tales that old people tell vary

accordingly. Sometimes they are mere water, poured out endlessly; often they have a rich flavor of old times and strange ways, but are turbid and confused; sometimes they transport us, clear-visioned and unprejudiced, into the heart of yesterday.

In spite of weakness of flesh and memory, these men and women heavy with years are the living ties that bind us to the past. It is a foolish generation that neglects the lingering visitors from another day, or refuses to listen to the tales they have to tell.

MRS. JANE CLARK KIRKWOOD

An oil painting hangs upon the wall at a point which I pass a dozen times a day. It is the picture of an old woman with white hair surmounted by a lace cap. She is sitting by a window reading a book and smiling, and outside the window are hollyhocks in bloom. A few days ago — in her hundredth year — she quietly closed her book and left the hollyhock window to join her own generation.

She was not a native Iowan. When she was born, in 1821, there were no white residents in Iowa. She grew up in Richland County, Ohio, and was doubtless — at nineteen — somewhat interested in the stirring campaign of 1840 when the favorite son of her State, William Henry Harrison, was elected President. She hardly expected then to live to see his grandson, nearly half a century later, chosen to the same position, and to live on until that same grandson had become a part of a bygone generation.

She married, in 1843, a young lawyer — Samuel J. Kirkwood — and came out with him to Iowa a decade later. She faced with him the difficulties of the war governorship; she lived at Washington, D. C., while he was in the United States Senate and while he was Secretary of the Interior under President Hayes. In 1883 they took a trip to California and the Northwest; then they settled down quietly in the house they had built in 1864 on the edge of Iowa City. Governor Kirkwood died in 1894, but Mrs. Kirkwood continued to occupy the old home for more than a quarter of a century more.

Ninety-nine years is a long time to live; it is an unusually long time for one to keep an interest in living. Mrs. Kirkwood was a mature woman when the Mexican War was fought. It is not too much to say that she took part in the Civil War. She observed with interest the Spanish-American War, and when the World War was in progress she knit dozens of articles for the soldiers. She heard the fanfare and tumult of the log cabin and hard cider presidential campaign of 1840. Eighty years later, in November, 1920, she went proudly to the polls herself and cast her vote for President.

The years were kind to her and spared her faculties, and she looked with sympathetic and intelligent eyes upon the world. Such are the characters that dignify old age, that make life seem worth while, and that give to history a sequence and a meaning.

J. C. P.

THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN C. PARISH

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

VOL. II ISSUED IN JUNE 1921 NO. 6

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Michel Aco—Squaw-Man

The history of white men in the Upper Mississippi Valley runs back approximately two hundred and fifty years; and even in the first distant quarter century of that long period there are figures which stand out clear and distinct against the background of prairie and stream and forest. High lights rest upon the black gown of Marquette and upon the energetic explorer Jolliet, upon the restless La Salle, full of visions, and upon Henri de Tonty with his iron hand. The Jesuit Allouez passes from village to village, and the mendacious Friar Hennepin moves about in the foreground.

The background of the picture is indistinct. One gets glimpses, among the dusky Indian camps, of bearded Frenchmen bartering for the peltry of the region. One sees them again packing canoes over portages or joining the Indians in the hunt or occasionally on the war path. One even sees, now and

then, among the more southern tribes, a man naked and tattooed who once was a Frenchman but has reverted to the life of the wilds.

They are the lesser breed who follow their leaders into the West, or make their way apart. Some are faithful and fine representatives of the land of the lilies, and some are only knaves, but though as individuals their ways may be checkered and their paths almost lost in the Valley, nevertheless they deserve more than obscurity for they are France itself on the far edge of the New World.

The record of those early times, a hundred years before the Revolutionary War, is voluminous. The wandering priests made long reports to their superiors; the explorers wrote many and detailed letters to their patrons and friends, and beguiled numerous hours telling of the lands and peoples they visited, the hardships they endured, and the adventures of themselves and their comrades. So out of these thousands of pages of records one can often piece together into a somewhat connected whole the story of an obscure but persistent priest, or the adventures of a French fur trader — little known to fame — who trailed the woods and prairies and paddled along the streams of the Upper Mississippi Valley back in the time when Peter Stuyvesant with his wooden leg was still stumping about the streets of the little village of New York.

Michel Aco — writers variously spell his name Accault, Accau, and Ako, but Aco he himself signed

it — came into the Valley in the employ of La Salle. A vigorous and adventurous fur trader and explorer, he appears again and again for nearly a quarter of a century. And his experiences in the Valley and his associations with its people were so vital and intimate that they reflect vividly the life of both white and red inhabitants.

When La Salle and Tonty made their memorable trip into the Illinois country in the winter of 1679–1680 they brought with them a motley group of men. There were priests and artisans, courageous woodsmen and arrant cowards. Early in January, the party landed at the village of the Peoria Indians. La Salle was on his way to the sea, but he must make haste slowly. He commenced the building of a fort below the Peoria village and beside it on the shore of the Illinois River his men began the construction of a ship with a forty-two foot keel and a twelve foot beam. With this he hoped ultimately to reach the ocean at the mouth of the Mississippi River.

In the meantime there were preliminary trips to be made. La Salle determined to reconnoitre the upper Mississippi, and on the last day of February, under his directions, three men embarked in a canoe loaded with provisions and trading goods and started down the Illinois River. He had chosen Aco as leader of the expedition and with him were Antoine Auguel, called by his comrades "the Picard" because of his home in Picardy, and Friar Louis Hennepin, grey-robed brother of the Recollect order.

Hennepin was a man of big frame and high pretensions, and time was to show that his boastfulness ran easily into mendacity. His account is almost the only source of information about the important voyage upon which he was embarking and as he chose to represent himself as the leader of the expedition and to refer to his companions as "my two men", the real position of Aco has been much misunderstood.

But La Salle has been sufficiently explicit in his writings as to Aco's leadership and the reasons for his selection. He chose Aco to ascend the Mississippi, he said, because he was versed in the languages and customs of the tribes which lay in that direction. He knew not only the tongues of the Iroquois and the Illinois tribes but he could talk with the Iowa, the Oto, the Chippewa, and the Kickapoo. He had visited these Indians on La Salle's orders and had been successful in his mission and well received by the villagers. "Furthermore", said La Salle, "he is prudent, courageous and cool."

In another letter La Salle remarked that Aco had spent two winters and a summer among these tribes. On the basis of these comments it is not hard to identify Aco's experience. In the fall of 1678 La Salle had sent out from Fort Frontenac — his post at the east end of Lake Ontario — an advance party of fifteen men with supplies and orders to proceed to the Illinois country, trade for furs, and collect provisions. A year later when La Salle him-

self arrived at Mackinac in the Griffon — the first ship on the upper lakes — he found that his advance party had been sadly demoralized. Some of the men were at Mackinac; some had deserted and he sent Tonty to round them up at Sault Ste. Marie; and some he found at the entrance to Green Bay. These last had been doing some real trading and had collected a quantity of furs which La Salle loaded upon the Griffon and despatched on an unlucky voyage to Quebec. The ship and its crew were never again heard from.

With his force increased by the reassembled advance party La Salle had come down into the Illinois country. It seems exceedingly probable that the years of experience with Indian tribes which La Salle credits to Aco came to him as one of the more faithful members of the advance party of 1678. Even in Hennepin's biased account there may be found indications of a sturdiness and independence in Aco's character, but in what the friar says of the Picard there is no evidence of such qualities. One only gets the impression that the Picard was a timorous soul.

Such then were the three men who embarked in the spring of 1680 on an expedition into a largely unexplored country. They found adventures almost at once. As they neared the mouth of the Illinois River they spoke with a band of Tamaroas who shortly afterward sought to ambush them from a jutting point of land. But the smoke of the Indian

camp fire gave them away and the French were able to elude them.

Soon they were pushing their canoe with difficulty up the current of the Mississippi River. They were the first white travellers who are known to have ascended the Mississippi River above the mouth of the Illinois — for Marquette and Jolliet seven years before had turned aside into the Illinois River on their return trip; and above the mouth of the Wisconsin they passed shores which no French voyageur before them had seen and described.

As they paddled northward they feasted on the fat of the land. There were wild turkeys to be had in abundance and they varied their diet with fish and with the meat of buffalo and deer and even with the flesh of a bear which they killed while it was swimming across the river. It is impossible to tell just what spots they visited on the Iowa and Illinois shores, but they must have made many camps — by night to sleep and by day to hunt and cook their food — for they were weeks upon the way.

One afternoon the three men were on shore, somewhere between the mouth of the Wisconsin and Lake Pepin. Aco and the Picard were cooking a wild turkey over a camp fire. Beside the water's edge Hennepin was busy repairing the canoe, when he looked up to see a fleet of thirty-three canoes full of Indians coming rapidly down the stream. The Indians began to let fly their arrows while they were some distance off, but soon they caught sight of the

upraised calumet in the hands of Hennepin. Surrounding the Frenchmen, however, they took them captives and after some parleying turned back up the river with them toward their own country.

They were Sioux, and Aco could not speak their language. La Salle had counted on there being always an intermediary through whom Aco could talk if he came upon an unfamiliar tongue, for the prevalence among all Indian tribes of slaves or adopted members of other tribes made it seem likely that Aco could find one whose tongue he knew. But these warriors were all Sioux. The sign language must serve, therefore, for the present, but it was not long before Aco had added another Indian language to his repertoire.

Up the Mississippi for nearly three weeks the Indians and their captives paddled with few rests. For many days the French constantly expected death at the hands of the Sioux, and the stores of cloth and nails and pocket knives with which they had hoped to buy furs were doled out in increasing quantities to save their own skins. Not far from the Falls of St. Anthony they left the river and struck out across country to the Sioux villages in the Mille Lac region. They travelled rapidly, too rapidly for the friar in spite of his big frame, and he relates that to keep him going they set fire to the grass behind him and then taking him by the hands hurried him along in front of the flames. He was forced to wade and swim the streams and break the

thin ice sometimes with his priestly shins, while Aco and the Picard being smaller and unable to swim were carried over on the backs of the Indians. One day they painted the face and hair of the frightened Picard and forced him to sing and rattle a gourd full of pebbles to keep time to his music.

As they neared the villages, the bands prepared to separate; and the three captives were parcelled out each to a different village. The Picard came to Hennepin for a last confession before they parted, but Aco would have none of the friar's religious offices. He apparently had not fared badly at the hands of the Sioux and probably preferred their company to that of the boastful friar.

The adventures of Aco while apart from the friar have not been related. It was not many weeks before the various bands came together again and Hennepin found the Picard somewhat friendly but Aco still surly and aloof. The friar secured permission to go down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Wisconsin to look for messengers whom he said La Salle had promised to send him at that point. The Picard accompanied him, but Aco stayed with his new Indian friends who were then just starting out upon a buffalo hunt.

No word came from La Salle, but in the meantime another Frenchman — the famous coureur de bois Du Lhut — who with four companions had come into the Sioux country from the region of Lake Superior, had heard with astonishment reports from the In-

dians as to the friar and his two companions. He came to investigate and late in the summer of 1680 he found the three Frenchmen returning with their captors to the Sioux villages.

Du Lhut was a man of much influence with the Sioux and made vigorous and wrathful protest when he learned how the three men had been held during the summer. In fact he seems to have ransomed them from their captivity; and together the eight Frenchmen set out down the river bound for Canada. They ascended the Wisconsin, crossed the portage into the Fox, and made their way to the Mission of St. Ignace at Mackinac where they spent the winter. In the spring, Aco and the Picard, together with the friar, passed on eastward through the lakes. At Fort Frontenac Hennepin was able to refute the story that the Indians had hanged him with his own priestly cord. When they approached Montreal, Aco and the Picard, having valuable furs with them, took leave of the friar who entered the town alone to recount his many adventures to Frontenac, the Governor of New France.

It was now the summer of 1681. For several years there appears no trace of Aco. He was not a member of the party which with La Salle in 1682 paddled down the Mississippi to the sea; nor was he with La Salle's unfortunate expedition by sea from France to the Gulf of Mexico. But the lure of the West brought him back to the Valley of the Upper Mississippi, and he joined Tonty's forces in the

Illinois region. By the year 1694 he had evidently been for some time in the Valley for he signed in that year a statement drawn up by Tonty and the Illinois Indians to the effect that since 1687 the Illinois had killed or made slaves of 334 men and boys and 111 women and girls of the Iroquois tribes.

But it was the preceding year which was perhaps the most important in Aco's life. By 1693 he had become more than a mere trader. He had apparently become a business associate of Tonty and La Forest. After the death of La Salle, his two faithful lieutenants, Tonty and La Forest, were granted by the King of France a trading monopoly in the Illinois region on the same conditions which had applied to their leader. Thereupon Tonty, who had been commanding Fort St. Louis on what was known later as Starved Rock, moved down the Illinois River and built a new fort near the outlet of Lake Peoria.

This fort — called also Fort St. Louis or Fort Pimitoui — was the center of a busy fur trade, and connected with this traffic was Michel Aco. That he was successful is apparent, for there is still in existence an ancient deed signed by La Forest and "M. Aco" by which the former ceded to Aco one-half of his part of the trade monopoly held by himself and Tonty. Aco was to pay for this concession the sum of "six thousand livres in current beaver".[1]

[1] This manuscript is in the possession of the Chicago Historical Society.

The new Fort St. Louis was not only the center of fur trading interests. Like most of the frontier French posts it was also closely associated with Indian missionary enterprises, and this fact became one of great significance to Aco. In the same month of April that La Forest and Aco signed their deed of sale, Father Jacques Gravier, a Jesuit priest who had been long associated with Tonty, dedicated near the new fort a chapel and beside it a cross which rose nearly thirty-five feet in the air. The French garrison at the fort fired four volleys with their guns in honor of the occasion, and the Indian looked on with interest as the black-robed priest performed the ceremonies of sanctification.

The Indian village, near which the fort and chapel had been placed, was inhabited for the most part by the Peorias, but there were also a good many Kaskaskias under the chief Rouensa. The efforts of Gravier soon bore fruit. Rouensa was disinclined to accept the teachings of the Jesuit, but the chief had a daughter seventeen years old, who became a devout convert to the faith of the French. She took for herself the name of Mary, after the mother of the white men's Christ and in the work of Father Gravier she became an enthusiastic helper.

And it so happened that as she went about from chapel to village Michel Aco saw her and fell in love with her. He went to the Kaskaskia chief, Rouensa, and asked for the hand of his young daughter. Rouensa was delighted. What a fine son-in-law this

man would make. Here was no common Frenchman but a woodsman of great renown, for fifteen years a wilderness rover and a man after an Indian's own heart. Furthermore was he not now a great white chief associated with Tonty and La Forest in the control of the fur trade?

That Aco had led more or less of a wild and reckless life meant little to Rouensa. There was much of this recklessness among the French who spent their years so far from the refinements of civilization and Gravier at his chapel beside the Illinois found this a handicap to the success of his mission. He had not found encouraging response from the Indians in the village. Particularly did the medicine men fear and hate him and oppose his teachings. Every convert meant less power and influence for them. If this priest's teachings spread, there soon would be no call for them to suck from the body of the sick the tooth of the evil spirit that plagued him. Soon their incantations would be no more to the people of the tribe than so much whistling of the wind among the lodges.

And so they had questioned their people. "Why are not our traditions good enough for you," they asked. "Leave these myths to the people who come from afar." And to the women they said: "Do you not see how the white man's faith brings death to the Indian? Have not your children died after this black-robed priest has baptized them? Has this man better medicine than we, that we should adopt

his ways? His fables are good only for his own country. We have our own and they do not make us die."

Many there were who listened. Their children fell ill. Gravier came to their cabins and sprinkled water upon them. Their children died. Was it not his doing? They began to fear his approach. One old woman whose grandchild was sick drove the priest violently from her lodge lest he be the cause of its death.

Slowly, however, Gravier made converts, and the medicine men increased their warnings. Did not the people know that the black-robed priest kept toads from which he compounded poison for the sick? He even poisoned them with the smell of toads whenever he approached. One of the old men went through the village calling out "All ye who have hitherto hearkened to what the black gown has said to you, come into my cabin. I shall likewise teach you what I learned from my grandfather and what we should believe." So Gravier had much opposition and many discouragements.

One day Father Gravier received a visit from the chief Rouensa and his wife, who brought with them their daughter and Aco who had sued for her hand in marriage. The mission of the chief was soon told but the interview did not end as he wished for Mary had risen in revolt. She did not wish to marry. Her heart, she said, was so full of love for the God

of the white men, whose mother's name she bore that there was no room for love of anybody else.

Entreaties proved useless, threats only increased her determination. Rouensa appealed to the priest. Gravier replied that God did not command her not to marry, but that she could not be forced to do so. She alone must decide. Full of wrath the chief departed, convinced that Gravier had prevented Mary from agreeing to the marriage. And Aco, bitter in his disappointment, blamed the priest with no less vigor because he was a white man.

As was his custom Gravier walked over to the village later in the day and passed among the lodges calling the Indians to prayer at the chapel. As he passed the lodge of Rouensa the enraged chief came out and stopped him. "Inasmuch as you have prevented my daughter from obeying me", he said, "I will prevent her from going to chapel", and he continued to scold him and bar the way to those who followed the priest.

Gravier returned to the chapel and held his services. And there with the others, responding to all the prayers and chants, was Mary. At the close of the meeting she came to Gravier and said that her father had driven her in wrath from his lodge. That night Rouensa the Kaskaskia chief called together all the other chiefs and told them that the black gown prevented marriages between the French and the Indians; and he urged them to keep their women

and children from going to the chapel. Most of them were ready enough to agree.

In spite of their efforts there were fifty who gathered in the chapel the next day and Mary was among them. The chiefs redoubled their efforts and at the next service there were only about thirty who gathered with Mary at Gravier's altar. Hardly had the priest begun to chant the mass when a man entered armed with a club. Seizing one of the worshippers by the arm he said to the gathering:

"Have you not heard the chief's orders? Obey them and go out at once."

The girl he seized stood fast. Gravier walked up to him.

"Go out, thyself", he said, "and respect the house of God."

"The chief forbids them to pray", spoke the man with the club.

"And God commands them to do so", replied the priest.

Finding his efforts in vain, the man finally withdrew and the chants and prayer continued. For two days Rouensa alternately wheedled and threatened his daughter, and Aco joined in maligning the priest.

"I hate him", said Mary of her suitor, "because he always speaks ill of my father the black gown."

But at the end of two days she came to Gravier. "I have an idea", she said, "I think that if I consent to the marriage, my father will listen to your words and will induce others to do so." And Gravier

agreed to her suggestion though he cautioned her to make it clear to her parents that it was not their threats which had brought about her consent.

She told her parents of her new determination. And they and Aco came to the chapel to find out from the priest if it were true. And so the arrangements were made; and sometime apparently in the late summer or early fall of 1693, the Indian maiden and the French fur trader were married by Father Gravier according to the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic church.

It might be easy to draw the curtain here and assume that they lived happily ever after. But Gravier's account in the *Jesuit Relations* is so full of details that one is able to add much to the account. The priest relates with great joy that Michel Aco, moved by the gentleness, the innocence, and the devotion of his wife, and ashamed that a young and almost uninstructed child of the woods could teach him so much that was good, gave up his evil ways. He hardly recognized himself, he told the priest.

And the chief Rouensa and his wife, persuaded by Mary and her husband, came asking to be baptized. It is true that not long afterwards Mary found her mother, armed and revengeful, setting out like an Amazon, in company with her husband, to take death vengeance upon her brother who in a spirit of anger had killed one of her slaves. "I shall go to the church", she said, "if I am revenged". But even in the face of this plain and evident call to the

duty of vengeance, the mother finally gave up to her daughter's entreaties, let her brother go in peace and came to the black gown to confess.

The chief gave a great feast and announced his allegiance to the priest and his teachings, and scores of his followers came to be baptized at the wilderness chapel beside the fort and the river. Mary helped the priest in teaching the children and the mission flourished.

A register of baptisms in the Kaskaskia mission completes the story of Aco and Mary. In the year 1695 there was born in the village a half-French papoose whom Father Gravier baptized on March 20, 1695, and to whom the proud parents gave the name Pierre Aco. The records show numerous entries in which Aco and Mary acted as godfather and godmother at the baptism of children, and in 1702 the records note the baptism of another child of Aco and Mary, a son born on the 22nd of February and given the name Michel after his father. With these records (which are themselves beginnings) comes to an end the known history of Michel Aco, Frenchman, and Mary Aramipinchicoue, Kaskaskia maiden.

John C. Parish

A Colored Convention

In February, 1868, a series of amendments eliminating the word "white" from five sections of the Iowa Constitution was under consideration in the legislature, having already been adopted by the Eleventh General Assmbly in 1866. Naturally the colored residents of Iowa — the beneficiaries of the proposed amendments — were interested in the success of the resolution, and a call was sent out for what was probably the first convention of colored people held in Iowa. This invitation was signed by twenty-two representatives of that race, led by Reverend J. W. Malone of Keokuk and the Reverend S. T. Wells of Des Moines. It read as follows:

FELLOW CITIZENS: In the exercise of a liberty which we hope you will not deem unwarrantable, and which is given us by virtue of our connection and identity with you, as an oppressed and disfranchised people, the undersigned do hereby, most earnestly and affectionately, invite you, *en masse,* or by your chosen representatives, to assemble in Convention, in the City of Des Moines, on the 12th day of February, 1868, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of considering the question of our enfranchisement, which is now before the Legislature and will soon be submitted to the voters of Iowa for their votes. All in favor of equal rights, come! Strike for freedom whilst it is day!

The date set for the convention was the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, patron saint of the freedmen; and on that day over thirty delegates appeared at Burn's Chapel in Des Moines where the meeting was

to be held. Each delegate was taxed one dollar to defray expenses. While a few failed to make this contribution, it appears that five delegates not only paid their own share but added two dollars as the amount credited to the towns from which they came.

The convention organized in due form with J. W. Malone of Keokuk as president. Two vice presidents, a secretary, and two assistant secretaries were likewise chosen. A resolution in honor of Abraham Lincoln and a code of rules for the government of the convention were adopted; and a committee of three was appointed to prepare an address to be presented to the people of Iowa.

This address, it appears, was delivered before the assembly by Alex. Clark, the chairman of the committee. It was a plea for the enfranchisement of colored men by the striking of the word "white" from the Constitution of the State. "Having established our claim to the proud title of American soldiers", reads part of the address, "and shared in the glories won by the deeds of the true men of our own color, will you not heed and hear our appeal? . . . . We ask, in the honored name of 200,000 colored troops, five hundred of whom were from our own Iowa, who, with the first opportunity, enlisted under the flag of our country and the banner of our State . . . . while the franchised rebels and their cowardly friends, the now bitter enemies of our right to suffrage, remained in quiet

at home, safe, and fattened on the fruits of our sacrifice, toil and blood."

At the evening session on the first day of the convention Alex. Clark — apparently considered the Demosthenes of the assembly — addressed the delegates "by special request". Mr. Henry O'Connor, the Attorney General of the State, also made a speech which was described as "clear, strong, pointed and eloquent". Among the resolutions adopted, the first two read as follows:

RESOLVED, That we still have confidence in the Republican Congress of the United States and the Republican party of Iowa, and rest in the hope that they will do all that can be done to secure us our full rights and protect our friends in the South from wrong and oppression.

RESOLVED, That the tendency toward enlarged freedom which distinguishes our age, which in England bears the name of Reform, in Ireland the title of Fenianism, in Europe the name of Progress, and in this government the name of Radicalism, impresses us with the firm conviction that our claims to universal suffrage and impartial justice at home and abroad will soon be secured to all.

The convention also expressed its gratitude to Attorney General O'Connor "for his independent and manly opinion, as given to the Legislature, upon the legality of submitting the question of suffrage by the present Legislature to the people at the next general election." Likewise the activities of one of their own number in behalf of the colored people was recognized by the following resolution:

RESOLVED, That, having watched with much diligence and deep interest the course pursued on all questions affecting the well being of the colored people of Iowa by our friend and fellow citizen, A. Clark, that he has, as he must ever have, our full confidence and grateful thanks, but more especially in this last great and noble act in defending the rights of our children to be admitted into the public schools of the State, as the Constitution warrants.

This convention may be commended for economy. The finance committee reported a total of $38.44 in cash collections; the expenses were $11.73; and the balance was appropriated for printing the proceedings of the convention.

A number of ten minute speeches marked the closing session on the evening of February 13th, although an exception was made in favor of J. W. Malone, the president, who was allowed thirty minutes. At the close of the meeting the members marched around the room shaking hands and singing "Blow ye the trumpet, blow!"

In due time the amendments were adopted by the Twelfth General Assembly, ratified by a popular vote of 105,384 to 81,119 on November 3, 1868, and proclaimed a part of the Constitution on December 8, 1868. Thus the colored men of Iowa secured the coveted political equality two years before the adoption of the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

RUTH A. GALLAHER

The Pacific City Fight

In his article on "The Rise of Sports" Professor Paxson has pointed out that prize fighting in the United States suffered a decline after the famous Sayers-Heenan fight in 1860, when the London spectators broke into the ring to prevent the American from knocking out the English champion. Boxing did not regain its popularity until the early eighties, when John L. Sullivan fought his way to notoriety with his bare fists. In the two decades that intervened pugilists seldom knocked each other out to the complete satisfaction of the sporting public. But there were champions in those days, and challengers who coveted the title, and it was during this period that an Iowa village became the scene of a championship "mill", under circumstances that help to explain the obstacles to be overcome before the sport could flourish.

The contrast between the fight in Iowa in an improvised ring on the turf before a few hundred fugitive "roughs", and its present day descendent, with its elaborate preparations, its wide publicity, and its enormous stadium, shows a growth almost as great as the transition from the prairie schooner to the transcontinental Pullman train. The change in public sentiment toward affairs of this kind is equally noticeable. In 1873 the contestants met only after an arduous series of journeys to elude the vigilance of the constituted authorities. For the serious minded people of the Missouri Valley demanded

that every effort be made to prevent the desecration of the soil of their States by such a scene of brutality The day when society ladies were to patronize the "pugs" was far distant.

In November, 1873, a steamboat with an unusual assortment of passengers headed upstream from St. Joe, Missouri. On board were Allen, who held the belt for the heavy-weight title, and Hogan, the challenger, with their trainers and backers, the newspaper reporters, and the fans who were anxious to see the fight and bet their money. After the challenge had been issued and accepted, the legal inconveniences attendant upon an affair of this kind in the Eastern States had led to the conclusion that it should be held in the West. Promoters in St. Joe had promised "a fair field and no favor" and immunity from interference by the officers of the law. But the special train from the East brought the followers of the manly art to a scene of disappointment. The lid was on in Missouri, and the governor was sitting upon it. An attempt to stage the "mill" across the river in Kansas ended in failure.

Nothing daunted by these untoward circumstances, the crowd chartered a steamboat, and these strange argonauts started up the river in search of a convenient spot upon which to determine the championship of the world. Nebraska proved inhospitable. The governor of that State borrowed some United States troops to maintain order while the fighters sojourned in Omaha, and their stay was

brief. Thus it transpired that the pugilists sought the soil of Iowa as a last resort.

On the morning of Monday, November 18, 1873, Governor Cyrus C. Carpenter received a telegram signed by a number of the prominent citizens of Council Bluffs: "The Allen-Hogan prize fight is to take place Tuesday in Iowa, and the men are here. We are powerless to prevent it." Fifteen hundred roughs were reported to be in Omaha, where the local authorities were unable to cope with the situation. Governor Carpenter was requested to send military companies from Des Moines to prevent the impending disgrace to the city of Council Bluffs and the State of Iowa. He immediately notified the prominent citizens that if the sheriff would inform him officially of his inability to enforce the law without military assistance, the troops would be sent. He received the prompt response:

> I am advised that the prize fighters will come into the State at this point tomorrow. From their number I know that I am not able to arrest them. If the fight is to be prevented it must be done by stopping them here. I ask the aid of the State in doing so. There is no armed military company here.
>
> George Dougherty
> Sheriff of Pottawattamie County

Within three hours after the receipt of this telegram the available contingents of the Olmstead Zouaves, commanded by Colonel F. Olmstead, and of the Crocker Veteran Guards under the command of Captain W. L. Davis, were ordered out for imme-

diate duty, served with ammunition, and entrained for Council Bluffs. They arrived late that night, and were placed in rather uncomfortable quarters, "but", their commander reported, "as most of the men were old soldiers, there was no complaint."

Before the arrival of the visiting sportsmen on Tuesday morning, preparations had been made to receive them. Colonel Olmstead's report to the Adjutant General describes the situation. "We were ready for duty", he said, "at about half-past ten A. M., on the 18th of November, subject to the order of the Sheriff of Pottawattamie County, when the train arrived, loaded in my opinion with 'roughs' and men who wished to see the Allen-Hogan fight. The sheriff should have taken possession of that train and all the paraphernalia of the fight, but he did nothing. He could have arrested, in my opinion, participators in the fight at any rate, and there were evidences enough for him to do that, but he was not backed by the moral influence or the good advice of a single man who induced the Governor to order you to send forward my command. He was therefore weak and wavering. He would do nothing . . . ." The sheriff and the troops were unable to find either Allen or Hogan on the train. The stakes, the ropes, the sledges for constructing the ring were thrown into one of the cars in full view of the officers, but the sheriff still hesitated. Colonel Olmstead, whose orders placed him under the command of the sheriff, sent a telegram to the Adjutant General asking for instructions. Various explanations were offered for

the sheriff's dilatory tactics. "The roughs on the train," said a newspaper report, "were respectful and good-natured, and made no secret of saying that the sheriff had 'been sweetened'." Whether that officer acted on account of financial considerations, or (as the governor charitably told the legislature) because of his "confusion as to the law and the 'overt act', owing to the difference of opinion which he had heard among the lawyers," may be a matter for dispute. At any rate the train pulled out unimpeded. The conductor refused to take the sheriff and the troops along unless they had tickets, which no one had provided. The sheriff showed no enthusiasm for Colonel Olmstead's suggestion that a special train be chartered to go in pursuit. Before the Colonel could obtain telegraphic orders from Des Moines to act independently it was too late.

The occupants of the train had shown signs of gleeful amusement when informed that the two pugilists were the only men wanted, for they knew that the principals were not in the vicinity. Early in the morning Allen and Hogan, with their trainers, had left Omaha in hacks, had crossed the ferry, had been driven through the principal streets of Council Bluffs, and had disappeared. No attempt had been made to follow them. Six miles south of the city the train stopped, the fighters boarded it, and the party steamed ten miles further down the line.

The quiet little village of Pacific City, just across the Missouri River from the mouth of the Platte, had been one of those frontier enterprises whose

promoters had expected it to become a western metropolis. A few years of boom had followed its foundation in 1857, but its prosperity had declined: the history of Mills County published in 1881 noted that its formerly numerous churches and Sunday schools had been reduced to a single Baptist congregation of eighteen members, and that its brick school house had a capacity more than ample to meet all demands likely to be made upon it.

The peaceful inhabitants were no doubt both surprised and interested when a train of five coaches pulled in and stopped on the siding, and three hundred sports debouched upon the right of way. A suitable place was selected, the ring was staked out, and the spectators hastened to obtain ringside seats. A diversion was created when the sheriff of Mills County attempted to arrest the wrong men, but he and his small posse were roughly handled by the crowd, and told to go about their business.

The champion tossed his hat into the ring at 11 o'clock. The challenger was not ready to "shy his castor" over the ropes until 1:15. The first round opened with "lively, beautiful sparring by both men." Hogan was the first to reach his opponent effectively. At the end of this round he scored a clean knock-down. In the second round the men clinched, and Hogan got Allen's head under his arm — this was not a foul in those days — which enabled the challenger to belabor the champion's physiognomy at his leisure. Allen was much embarrassed. Unable to extricate himself by fair

means, he suddenly struck Hogan a violent blow below the belt, which doubled him up like a jackknife.

Roars of "Foul! Foul!" came from the excited crowd. The referee ordered the fight to go on. Another blow knocked Hogan down, but he did not take the count, and was able to keep his feet until time was called.

At the beginning of the third round Hogan was evidently groggy from the effects of the punishment he had received, but he fought gamely until the final catastrophe. Allen struck him again below the belt. This was too much for the challenger's overwrought friends. Rushing in with a free display of knives, pistols, and profanity, they broke down the ring, and the fight ended in a free for all struggle. Many of the spectators were knocked down and trampled, but the weapons appear to have been used with discretion, for there were no casualties.

By nightfall all the participants were back in Omaha, and the fight had degenerated into a series of desultory verbal skirmishes between the now numerous supporters of Hogan, who considered him unfairly treated, and Allen's adherents. The referee declared that the fight was a draw and that all bets were off. The stake holder said that the men must fight again for the money in his possession and he was arrested for trying to embezzle the stakes. The financial backer of the fight wanted to pay the money to Allen, but a compromise was reached by which each of the pugilists received $1000.

The determination of the responsibility for the

failure to suppress the bout involved difficulties. The commander of the troops blamed the Sheriff of Pottawattamie County. The sheriff's friends explained his indecision on the ground of inexperience rather than venality. There were editors who thought that the military authorities might have acted more vigorously, and that the affair was a "double disgrace", involving both State and local authorities. The governor, when he told the legislature, in his message, how it happened, absolved the officers and troops of all blame. He informed the lawmakers that the ultimate cause of the fiasco lay in the absence of any law prohibiting prize fighting in Iowa. He urged the passage of a statute that would be preventive as well as punitive. If so salutary a measure should result from this unfortunate occurrence, he said, the State would be well repaid for the otherwise useless expenditure.

Allen afterwards succumbed to "Paddy" Ryan, who held the championship until he was knocked out by the redoubtable John L. Sullivan. Hogan in after years became an evangelist, in which capacity he doubtless fought Satan as gamely as he had fought Allen. And the quiet village of Pacific City, after a brief period of publicity almost as great as the promoters of the would-be metropolis could have anticipated, relapsed into obscurity and pursued the even tenor of its way in a manner more befitting its name.

DONALD L. MCMURRY

Comment by the Editor

THE PAST

Those who look back can see the farthest ahead. This has a paradoxical sound but it is none the less true. Only by viewing the past can we tell what is ahead of us and the man of clearest vision is the one who knows well what has already happened. The present — if it can be said to exist at all — is but a knife edge between the uncertain and onrushing future and the irrevocable past. We stand upon that narrow divide and look both ways, and by what we see in the past we determine how we shall meet the future. Our fears and our hopes people the road ahead of us; then in a twinkling they have slipped by and are the regrets and the satisfied memories of an unchangeable yesterday.

It is unchangeable, but how illuminating! Into it slip all facts and all experiences in ordered array. Every color and movement and form that our eyes have noted, every sound that has stirred us as it went whistling or rumbling or singing by into the irrevocable, every smell that has delighted or somnified mankind is a part of the past. Every act or sequence of acts that we and our forebears have been guilty of or proud of, every manner and type of success and failure, and all the multifarious backgrounds of human experience lie ready for our enlightenment — a panorama of life, sordid and sub-

lime, with its interplay of motives and actions, of loves and hates, and envies and sacrifices.

THE HISTORIAN

We reach back for these experiences with faltering memory, sometimes with distorted vision, often with indifference. Here enters the historian. It is his function to refresh our memory, to clarify our vision, to prick us into a keener sense of the tremendous reality of the ages. We are too content to say: let the dead past bury its dead. It is not dead; it is alive and poignant and its personages are real. Why then should any historian, like a black-frocked undertaker, lay away in funereal winding sheets, the immortal figures of the past? Why should dust of the ages obscure the wilderness trails and habitations, and reduce the vivid colors of historic life to a drab monotone?

It is not easy to ascertain and state in orderly fashion the bare facts concerning past events; but it is much more difficult and requires infinitely more research to find the human details that clothe these facts with reality. It is somewhat of a task to unearth and list the articles hidden in an ancient ruin; but it requires long study to investigate those articles with the purpose of learning just how the ancients lived. A natural history museum years ago contained long rows of glass cases of individual animals, each standing beside his printed label and gazing across at another unrelated specimen. To-

day the animals are surrounded with the background they are accustomed to, and the visitor sees natural history in its reality. The recorder of the past may well take note, for the era of vital background in history is at hand, and though research must be more extended the result will be a live history.

J. C. P.

THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN C. PARISH

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VOL. II ISSUED IN JULY 1921 NO. 7

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Amana

WHAT IS AMANA

In one of the garden spots of Iowa there is a charming little valley through which the historic Iowa River flows peacefully to the eastward. A closer view reveals seven old-fashioned villages nestling among the trees or sleeping on the hillsides. About these seven villages stretch twenty-six thousand goodly acres clothed with fields of corn, pastures, meadows, gardens, orchards, and vineyards, and seas of waving grain. Beyond and above, surrounding the little valley, are richly timbered hills forming as though by design a frame for this quaint picture of Amana — the home of the Community of True Inspiration.

And what is Amana? To the traveller, viewing the fleeting landscape from the observation car of the Rocky Mountain Limited, it is a singular cluster of unpainted houses and barns amid battalions of vine-covered bean poles and blossoming onion tops,

surrounded by well tilled fields. To the speeding motorist on the River to River Road, bent on making the distance between Davenport and Des Moines in a day, it furnishes a curiously delightful stopping place for rest and refreshment and a fresh supply of gasoline. To the historian it is a bit of Europe in America, a voice out of the past on the world's western frontier; while to the political and social philosopher it is the nearest approach in our day to the Utopian's dream of a community of men and women living together in peace, plenty, and happiness, away from the "world" and its many distractions.

To the villagers themselves, with their aversion to mixing "philosophy and human science with divine wisdom", Amana with its villages and gardens, its orchards and vineyards, its mills and factories, its rich harvest fields and wooded hills, and its abiding peace and cheerfulness is the visible expression of the Lord's will: to them the establishment of villages, the growth and development of industries, and the success of communism are all incidental to the life and thought of the Community whose chief concern is spiritual. Born of religious enthusiasm and disciplined by persecution, it has ever remained primarily a Church. And so the *real* Amana is Amana the Church — Amana the Community of True Inspiration.

In language, in manners, in dress, in traditions, as well as in religious and economic institutions, the

Community of True Inspiration is foreign to its surroundings — so much so that the visitor is at once impressed with the fact that here is something *different* from the surrounding world. In the eighteenth century the Inspirationists paid the penalty in the Old World for their non-conformity to established customs by imprisonment and exile: in the twentieth century they are objects of curiosity to their neighbors and the subject of no little speculation. The Inspirationist is by nature and by discipline given to attending quietly to his own business; and much impertinent inquiry on the part of visitors has intensified his reticence. But Amana has no secrets to hide from the world. To be granted full liberty to worship in their own way and to work out their own salvation is all that the men and women of this Community have ever asked.

There is much in the life of the people of Amana that seems plain and monotonous to the outside world. And yet we are compelled to acknowledge that in many respects theirs is a more rational and ideal life than that which is found in the average country village. It is more genuine and uniform. There is less extravagance; no living beyond one's means; no keeping up of "appearances"; and fewer attempts to pass for more than one is worth.

But of more fundamental concern than plain living is the fact that the Community of True Inspiration has throughout its history been dominated by a spiritual ideal and a determined purpose to realize

that ideal. To this end the Inspirationists persevered, suffered, and sacrificed for more than two hundred years. And finally, that their ideal of a simple religious life might prevail, they substituted a system of brotherly coöperation for one of individual competition.

It is apparent, however, that that isolation from the "world" for which the Community of True Inspiration has so earnestly striven and which it has so jealously guarded for six generations becomes less and less easy to preserve. The railroad and airplane, the telephone and telegraph, the newspaper and magazine, the endless procession of automobiles, and the great World War have at last brought the Community and the "world" so close together that marked changes are taking place in the customs of the people and in their attitude toward life. Indeed, it is the intelligent adjustment of the life of the Community to the new order that explains the "blessed continuation" of Amana in this day and generation.

WHENCE CAME THESE PEOPLE

To the German Mystics and Pietists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Community of True Inspiration traces its origin — developing into a distinct religious sect about the year 1714. Protesting against the dogmatism of the Lutheran Church and refusing to conform to its ritual, the Inspirationists were persecuted and prosecuted.

They were fined, pilloried, flogged, imprisoned, legislated against, exiled, and stripped of their possessions.

It was a simple faith — a belief in guidance through divine revelation — that held together the early congregations of Inspirationists despite humiliation and torture. "Does not the same God live to-day?", they said, "and is it not reasonable to believe that He will inspire His followers now as then? There is no reason to believe that God has in any way changed His methods of communication, and as He revealed hidden things through visions, dreams, and by revelations in olden times He will lead His people to-day by the words of His Inspiration if they but listen to His voice." And so from time to time spiritual leaders arose and "prophesied like the prophets of old", and all their sayings were faithfully recorded by scribes and published as sacred "testimonies". It was this simple faith that sustained the Community through years of persecution and trial in the Old World and through years of suffering and sacrifice in the New World.

Although the Community has enjoyed the spiritual leadership of a very considerable number of great personalities — such as Eberhard Ludwig Gruber, Johann Friederich Rock, Michael Krausert, and Barbara Heinemann — it is to the religious zeal and practical genius of Christian Metz, a young carpenter of Ronneburg, that the Community owes its greatest debt. Even to this day the spell of the

influence of this remarkable leader is felt throughout Amana.

It was Christian Metz who first conceived the idea of leasing estates in common as a refuge for the faithful; and while the original intention had been to live together simply as a congregation or church, Christian Metz foresaw that a system of communism would be the natural outcome of the mode of life which these people had been forced to adopt. And he foresaw that exorbitant rents and unfriendly governments in the Old World would one day make it necessary for the Inspirationists to find a home in the New World "where they and their children could live in peace and liberty".

Never shall I forget the day, some years ago, when from the ruined tower of Ronneburg Castle I looked out over those German estates which had been the Old World home of the Community of True Inspiration. The friendly keeper eagerly called my attention to eleven villages in the distance, and apologized for a gathering rain which obscured "oh so many more". Then he pointed with pride into a mass of clouds where on a clear day and with a field glass one could see Frankfurt. But through the mists I seemed only to see the beautiful Iowa Amana with its villages and vineyards, its gardens and orchards, its fields and pastures and meadows "where all that believed were together and had all things in common". I seemed only to hear in the

rising wind the hum of Amana's varied industries "where each was given an opportunity to earn his living according to his calling or inclination". My thoughts were of Christian Metz, the carpenter prophet, "who kept these things in his heart and pondered them over". And I thought too of the splendid young men of Amana of my own day, six generations removed from the worshiping congregation on the hill of Ronneburg, still making the ancient sacrifice for a spiritual ideal in this turbulent quarter of the twentieth century when brotherly love and idealism have grown timid in the company of selfishness and materialism.

It was in 1842 that a committee of four led by Christian Metz set out to find a new home in America, and it was their sincere and devout belief that the journey had been "ordained and directed by divine revelation". For three months these conscientious Inspirationists, ever mindful of the responsibilities that rested with them, suffered the winter wind and cold of the region of the Great Lakes while they examined tracts of land, dealt with unscrupulous land companies, and weighed the advantages of various situations. In the end they purchased the Seneca Indian Reservation — a tract of five thousand acres near Buffalo, Erie County, N. Y.

Within four months of the purchase of the Reservation the first village of the Community was laid out and peopled. Five others were soon established,

and more than eight hundred members crossed the water to join the group of pioneers at "Eben-ezer" — so named in a song by Christian Metz recorded before the final purchase was made:

> Ebenezer you shall call it
> Hitherto our Lord has helped us
> He was with us on our journey
> And from many perils saved us
> His path and way are wonderful
> And the end makes clear the start.

Each village had its store, its school, and its church; soon there arose the cheerful hum of sawmills, woolen mills, and flour mills. A temporary constitution providing for "common possession" was adopted, and the Community was formally organized under the name of "Ebenezer Society". For twelve years they toiled in the mills and factories and tilled the newly broken fields when it became apparent that more land than was available so near the growing city of Buffalo would be necessary to accommodate the increasing membership. And once more a committee of four, with Christian Metz as its leader, was "ordained and directed" to go forth to "find a new home in the far West". To Kansas they went, but returned discouraged and disheartened. Then out to the new State of Iowa they journeyed to inspect the large tracts of United States government lands that were still available. Lands in Iowa County were described in such glowing terms that a purchase of nearly eighteen thou-

sand acres was made by them without further delay.

A better location or more valuable tract of land than the new site in Iowa could hardly be imagined. Through it ran the beautiful Iowa River bordered with the wonderful black soil of its wide valley. On one side were the bluffs and the uplands covered with a luxuriant growth of timber — promising an almost limitless supply of fuel and building material. There were a few quarries of sandstone and limestone along the river; while the clay in the hills was unexcelled for the manufacture of brick. On the other side of the river stretched the rolling prairie land. To the Inspirationists, who had been obliged to cut heavy timber and remove stones and boulders from the Ebenezer land before it could be tilled, the long green stretches of virgin prairie "ready for the plow" seemed the most wonderful feature of the splendid new domain on which all the hopes of the future were centered.

But it takes more than a beautiful location and natural resources to make a successful community: it takes moral earnestness and untiring industry. These the Inspirationists brought with them to their new home. Then, too, the Ebenezer experiment had added twelve years of experience in pioneering. Unlike Etienne Cabet's French tailors and shoemakers of the Icarian Community, the Inspirationists knew how to turn the matted sod of the prairie. Bountiful harvests rewarded their industry and skill.

With a will they set to work to cut the timber and quarry the stone and build anew houses, shops, mills, factories, churches, and schoolhouses. They planted orchards and vineyards, and purchased flocks and herds. They revived the old industries and started new ones. There was some sickness incident to pioneering, but withal they felt that in this new home to which "the Lord had directed them" the fulfillment of all the early prophecies was at hand. Bodily ills are more easily healed than spiritual ones; and so, in spite of the malaria and the ague the Inspirationists flourished and were content in their new home.

There was no rush to the country so gloriously described by the Iowa fore-guards — though no one can doubt the eagerness with which every member looked forward to the upbuilding of the new home. The removal from Ebenezer extended over a period of ten years and was carried through with that prudence, judgment, and common sense which has always characterized these people in the conduct of their business affairs.

While one detail of members prepared the new home in Iowa, the other looked to the profitable selling of the old estate in New York. As they found purchasers for the latter, they sent families to the former. To their business credit it is recorded that they were able to dispose of the whole of the eight thousand acre tract in the State of New York with all the improvements without the loss of a single

dollar, notwithstanding such a sale presented great difficulties — for the six communistic villages and their peculiar arrangement of buildings, with mills, factories, and workshops had peculiarities which detracted from their value for individual uses. Much of the Ebenezer land had been surveyed and laid out in lots; and when disposed of it was sold piece by piece, a task which required much time and patience.

The first village on the Iowa purchase was laid out during the summer of 1855 on a sloping hillside north of the Iowa River, and it was called "Amana" by Christian Metz — the word signifying "remain true" or "believe faithfully" and was suggested, it is said, by the resemblance between the bluff overlooking the site of the new village and "the top of Amana" described in the Song of Solomon. Five more villages were laid out within a radius of six miles from Amana and were named in accordance with their locations, West Amana, South Amana, High Amana, East Amana, and Middle Amana.

Modelled after the country villages of middle Europe, the houses of the "Amana Colonies", as they are commonly called, were clustered together on one long straggling street with several irregular offshoots, with the barns and sheds at one end, the factories and workshops at the other, and on either side the orchards, the vineyards, and the gardens.

Up to 1861 the nearest railroad station had been Iowa City, which was twenty miles distant; but in that year the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad

was completed as far as Homestead, a small town south of the Community's territory. All goods from the East would now be unloaded there, and it would also form the shipping point for the neighboring farming population. The Community saw the necessity of owning this railroad station, and so the entire village of Homestead was purchased.

In the system of village life, which has been the great conservator of the Community's purity and simplicity, the Inspirationists have shown their farsightedness. The villages are near enough to one another to facilitate superintendence and to preserve a feeling of unity. At the same time they are far enough apart to maintain a simplicity of living, which would probably be impossible with the same number of people congregated in one place. By this means the Community, while taking advantage of every progressive step in the methods of agriculture and the processes of manufacture, has been able to sustain in its social, political, and religious life an insular position.

By the time the sale of the Ebenezer land had been completed, the Community's territory in Iowa consisted of twenty-six thousand acres — which is approximately the amount owned at the present time. With the exception of some seventeen hundred acres in the adjoining county of Johnson, all of the land lies within the boundaries of Iowa County.

Two steps of great importance were taken by the Community soon after its removal to Iowa. One

was its incorporation under the laws of the State as the "Amana Society"; and the other was the adoption of a new constitution.

Unlike some of its contemporaries, the fundamental law of the Amana Society is neither a "Declaration of Mental Independence" nor the outlines of a scheme of a "World-wide Socialistic Brotherhood". On the contrary, it provides simply and briefly a civil organization for a religious society. It is worthy of comment that, unlike Owen's New Harmony Society which adopted seven constitutions in two years, the Amana Society still lives under the provisions of the instrument which went into effect on the first day of January, 1860, and which has received the signature of every member of the Society since its adoption in December, 1859.

Materially all of the fondest hopes of the little band of Inspirationists in the Old World struggling to pay the rent of their first estate have been realized in the Iowa home. The membership, numbering eight hundred when the Community migrated to New York and twelve hundred when the removal to Iowa took place, has increased to fifteen hundred at the present day. Bountiful harvests have rewarded their untiring industry; the products of their mills and factories have found a market from Maine to California; and in the books of the Auditors of Iowa and Johnson counties, their real and personal property was listed in 1920 at $2,102,984.

Communistic societies are like individuals: many

have been able to stand adversity, but only the steadiest minded are able to stand prosperity. The Amana Society belongs to the extremely small class of the latter. In spite of the continued material success of the last half century, the "solidarity" of the Community is still intact. To the force, patience, sagacity, broad-mindedness and withal the faithful service of competent leaders the Community of True Inspiration owes in a large measure its success and continuity. And the difficulties of administration of so human an institution are apparent. Six generations of precept and practice in self-denial and brotherly love have not of course completely annihilated the dissatisfied and troublesome. Nor was there ever a congregation of fifteen hundred souls without its hampering Brothers — those upon whom the responsibility of protecting the highly cherished good name of the organization rests but lightly, those who enjoy its material blessings and benefits but are reluctant to share the burdens and cares and the necessary sacrifice.

Under the terms of the constitution of the Amana Society such presumptuous members can be expelled as from any other church organization. But such an expulsion, however, presents baffling complications since it involves the actual turning out of house and home of the disturbing elements. It is in the successful solution of such problems quite as much as in the business foresight of its administrative officers that one discovers the explanation of

the Community's long life. The predominating spirit is still the spirit of the forefathers. Were it not so the Community could not be held together, for the Amana Society is after all simply a voluntary association depending for its perpetuity upon the general good will and good faith of its members.

TEMPORAL AND SPIRITUAL RULE

Extreme democracy in government and administration has never been the political ideal of the Inspirationists, but rather a strong central authority wisely administered and implicitly obeyed. The entire conduct of the affairs of the Amana Society rests with a Board of Trustees consisting of thirteen members who are elected annually by popular vote out of the whole number of Elders in the Community. Moreover, the members of the Board of Trustees are the spiritual as well as temporal leaders of the Community, and as such are known as the "Great Council of the Brethren". Thus there has been effected in the Community an harmonious blending of temporal rule and spiritual authority, which is regarded as the fulfillment of the will of the Lord as revealed through Inspiration.

The Trustees elect annually on the second Tuesday of the month of December out of their own number a President, a Vice President, and a Secretary. The incumbents are usually reëlected; for rotation in office has never been a part of the Amana theory of government.

There has always been a strong religious sentiment against allowing personal ambition to play much if any part in the government of the Community. To disregard any of the duties entrusted to a member is to "break the sacred covenant which the Brethren have made with the Lord and with one another." The officeholder is expected to accept office not for its honors or its perquisites, but as a sacred responsibility.

In the month of June in each year the Trustees exhibit to the voting members of the Society (who comprise, according to the by-laws, all male members who have signed the constitution, all widows, and such female members as are thirty years of age and are not represented through some male member) a full statement of "the real and personal estate of the Society". In matters of great importance special meetings of the whole Society may be called. But in general the Society has avoided the mistake (common enough in many contemporary communities) of too many mass meetings. It took five upheavals of the Icarian Community to teach the lesson of leaving routine administration to committees instead of discussing every detail in frequent meetings of the assembly.

The Amana Society aims to keep its members informed on the general condition of affairs; but there is a decided tendency to reduce unnecessary discussion to the minimum by "leaving such things to those that best understand them." The Board of

Trustees is the high court of appeal in cases of disagreements, dissension, and complaints within the Society. Owing to the nature of the Community there are no lawyers in Amana. However, in suits with outside parties the Society does not hesitate to employ counsel.

Each village is governed by a group of elders varying in number — not necessarily old men, but men who are deemed to be of deep piety and spirituality. At the same time the Community profoundly believes that "Days should speak and multitude of years should teach wisdom." By that nice adjustment of functions that necessarily grows up in such a community, the highest authority in the village in matters spiritual is the Head Elder; in matters temporal, the resident Trustee. And although the Trustee is a member of the Great Council itself, which is the spiritual head of the Community, in the village church the Head Elder outranks the Trustee.

Each village keeps its own books and manages its own affairs in accordance with the resolutions of the Great Council; but all accounts are finally sent to the headquarters at Amana where they are inspected and the balance of profit or loss is discovered. It is presumed that the labor of each village produces a profit; but whether it does or not makes no difference in the supplies allotted to the village or to members thereof. The system of government is thus a sort of federation wherein each village

maintains a certain sphere of independence in local administration, but is under the general control and supervision of a governing central authority — the Board of Trustees or Great Council of the Brethren.

THE INSPIRATIONIST

Generations of right thinking and right living seem to have produced a distinct type in the Community of True Inspiration. The older men and women are plain and direct of speech, self-possessed and sedate. They have strong faces and honest eyes — faces refined by much thought upon spiritual things and purified by sacrifice and high aims. There is a gentleness in their demeanor that reminds one of the Quakers, and a firmness and a seriousness in their manner that bespeak their Pietist ancestry. They live quiet and peaceful lives and do not like to admit strangers to their privacy. They have a reputation for honesty and fair dealing among their neighbors and wherever their products are bought and sold. "If you have made a promise so keep it, and beware of untruthfulness and lies", is one of the fundamental precepts in the training of the Inspirationist.

It is doubtful whether there are many places in the world outside of Amana where more tender care and respectful attention are given to the aged and infirm. Unproductive members of the Community enjoy all the privileges and comforts that the Community has to give. When the dissolution of the corporation was suggested in a recent lawsuit, it

was the problem of the old people that caused the greatest concern in the Community. "It would be wrong to dissolve our brotherhood", said the Elders, "for if this should happen, what would become of our old people?"

There is no prettier picture anywhere than an Amana grandmother with her knitting (and what wonderful things she can do with those needles without seeming to look at them!) unless it is, perhaps, the homage she is paid by the younger members of the household. And what a wealth of stories the dear grandmother has to tell the eager little folks of "our forefathers in the old country", of the early days at Ebenezer and the trouble with the Seneca Indians, and of the long, long journey across the country to the Iowa prairie! And grandfather, his forefinger marking the place in the old Bible he is reading, looks up to add his word of testimony to the fulfillment of the "gracious promise of the early prophecies". Who can estimate the influence on the younger generation of the memory of these "old defenders of the faith" who embody in their personalities fourscore years and more of the most romantic history of the Community?

While the Community of True Inspiration aims at the widest possible community of goods there is in the homes of its members a fine blending of individualism and communism which would hardly be possible in a community established with communism alone as its ideal. The Teutonic instinct of indi-

vidual freedom, coupled with an intense love of home, led its members to preserve a wholesome sphere of domestic independence. Each family lives in a house which is the property of the Society. But the Amana "home" is nevertheless the sanctuary of its occupants. And to each member of the Community there is allowed, out of the common fund, enough personal property to assure personal comfort and to satisfy that desire of every human heart to have something of its very own. Indeed, the separatism of the Amana home, though not in accord with the principles of complete communism, has been an important factor in the perpetuity and prosperity of the Community of True Inspiration.

The cheerless cloisters of the Ephrata Community (notwithstanding the religious fervor of the early Brothers and Sisters) are empty to-day. One by one the "Family Houses" of the True Believers of the Shaker Communities have been closed. Even the great five-storied home of the Centre Family of Lebanon has been deserted; and the United Society of Believers is represented by only a small group of the old guard. The Oneida Community with its Mansion House "as a peculiar form of Society", to quote one of its own members, "is practically no more." In truth the whole host of brotherhoods that have set sail on the communistic sea with the "Unitary Dwelling" and "Great House" ideal (despite the undeniable saving of labor and expense of such a plan) have miserably failed. The devoted

men to whom the management of the Community of True Inspiration has been entrusted for the past century may not have been students of social science; but that they have been profound students of human nature is evidenced on every hand.

The Amana houses are substantially built, and quite unpretentious. It has been the purpose of the Community to construct the houses as nearly alike as possible. There is no hard and fast rule, but the aim is to make one as desirable as the other. There is in the private homes no kitchen, no dining-room, no parlor — just a series of sitting-rooms and bedrooms, which are, almost without exception, roomy and homelike. In addition to the general family sitting-room, each member of a household has as a rule his own individual sitting-room as well as his own individual bedroom. Here he is at liberty to indulge his own taste in decoration — provided that he does not go beyond his allowance or violate the rules of the Community. Here he may ride his hobbies or store his keepsakes without being disturbed — which accounts in part for the general content of the young people.

General housekeeping in Amana is a comparatively simple matter. At more or less regular intervals in each village there is a "kitchen-house" — a little larger than the ordinary dwelling — where the meals for the families in the immediate neighborhood are prepared and served. From sixteen to fifty persons eat at one kitchen, the number depend-

ing largely upon the location. The places are assigned by the resident Trustee or local Council, the chief consideration being the convenience of those concerned.

The kitchen-house system of Amana may lack the economy of the communistic ideal — the unitary dining-room — but there is much to be said in its favor. To the Great Council of the Brethren the purity and simplicity of the Community have ever been more important considerations than minimum expenditure. And they have felt that these could best be preserved by avoiding, what has proved to be the cause of the downfall of so many communities, frequent congregations of large numbers of individuals. Moreover, the mass meeting is in no way a part of the working scheme of the Amana Society. Even in the church there are separate apartments or meeting-rooms for the young men, the young women, and the older members. Indeed, if Amana has made any distinctive contribution to practical, working communism it is in the combination, or rather the nice adjustment, between separatism and communism whereby mutual interest is maintained without inviting the pitfalls of "too much getting together".

The Amana kitchen is large and airy, often extending through the full depth of the house. Each kitchen has its supply of hot and cold water and its sink and drain. Every pan and kettle has its shelf or hook; and there are more conveniences for paring

and slicing, chopping and grinding, than the average housewife of the world ever dreamed of. But the really distinctive feature of the Amana kitchen is the long low brick stove with its iron plate top. This is built along one side of the room; and back of it there is a sheet of tin several feet high which shines like a mirror. From its upper edge hangs a most surprising variety of strainers, spoons, dippers, and ladles. On top of the brick stove are the huge copper boilers and kettles which a community kitchen necessitates. In recent years there has been added to each kitchen a modern cook-stove, which is used during the winter for heating as well as for cooking purposes.

In the kitchen everything from the floor to ceiling is as clean and bright as can be made by soap and water, brooms and mops. The Amana woman knows none of the vexations of the village housewife of the world, in whose home as a rule proper conveniences for the kitchen are the last to be provided. Woodsheds and store-houses are built in the most convenient places; there are covered passage-ways from the house to the "bake-oven" and outbuildings; and there is commonly a hired man at the kitchen-house for the carrying of water and hewing of wood. There is absolute system in every detail of the housework. Everything is thoroughly and effectively done; and the women do not appear to be overworked.

Each kitchen is superintended by a woman ap-

pointed by the Elders, who is assisted by three of the younger women, each taking her turn in attending to the dining-room, preparing vegetables, cooking, and washing dishes. As a general rule one week of "part time" follows two weeks of service in the kitchen — which, it must be admitted, is a great improvement over the ceaseless routine of the life of the average housewife of the world. The older women do not work in the kitchen as a rule; hence it is sometimes necessary to hire help from the outside. It is the aim of the Community to have hired help in the hotel kitchens in order to shield its own young women from too close contact with the world. The fact that the average summer visitor too often leaves his manners in the city when he chances to take an outing makes the wisdom of such a rule evident.

Wagons from the village bakery, butcher shop, and dairy make the daily rounds of the kitchens. Cheese and unsalted butter for table use are made in each kitchen, along with its own special cooking and baking. Large dryers at the woolen mills, where steam heat can be utilized are now used for the drying of vegetables for winter use. Ptomaine poisoning and adulterated foods have little chance to do their deadly work in Amana.

It is the aim of the Community to produce as far as practicable all the food consumed by the members. At the same time the Amana people do not deny themselves any comforts which are compatible with simplicity of life. The tables are bountifully

laden with wholesome food; but the menu is practically the same from day to day, except as varied by the presence of fresh fruits and vegetables in their season. The Inspirationists are not faddists in their diet; they have no theories regarding the effect of a vegetable and fruit diet on "the health of the body, and the purity of the mind, and the happiness of society." They have no decided opinions regarding the relative merits of lard and tallow, and no rule against the "eating of dead creatures." Tea and coffee are commonly used. In short the food throughout the Community is well cooked and substantial, but unmodified by any modern "dietetic philosophy".

Breakfast is served in the Amana kitchens at six o'clock in the summer-time and half an hour later in the winter-time. The dinner hour is 11:30 the year round. With the supper bell, which rings at half past six in the winter-time and at seven o'clock in the summer-time, the day's work closes. In addition to these three meals the Inspirationist takes a lunch in the middle of each half day. Those who work at considerable distance from the kitchen carry their lunches with them. When the supper things are cleared the members gather in small groups at different places in the villages for the evening prayer-meeting.

There was a time in the pioneer days of the Community (when all energies were bent to the building of a new home in the wilderness) when the women,

in the manner of our Puritan grandmothers, shared almost equally the physical labors of the men. But as the Community prospered the lot of the women became easier; and to-day the woman of Amana knows nothing of the cares of the average housemother who is expected to perform the combined duties of housemaid and nurse, hostess and church worker.

In every department of service in which woman participates the work is carefully apportioned to her strength. The woman with children under the age of two is not required to take part in the general village work, and her meals are brought to her home in a basket from the nearest kitchen-house. There is a nursery or kindergarten in each village well supplied with sand piles and the variety of playthings deemed necessary to keep children interested. Here the little folks between three years and school age are cared for when necessary to enable their mothers to take part in the village work.

In connection with every kitchen-house is a vegetable garden of from two to three acres. The heaviest of the garden work is always done by the hired man, but the superintendence and general care of the garden are entrusted to the women. This work is lighter than the kitchen work and the hours are shorter; and so the garden work is allotted to the middle-aged and older women.

Whoever has fared on the produce of the kitchen-house garden can understand the feeling of the

Amana prodigal who returned to the Community because there was "nothing fit to eat in the world." There is fresh lettuce from March to December, grown in hotbeds at one end of the season and kept in sand in the cellar at the other. There is evergreen spinach that is delicious the whole summer long; and the garden superintendent knows how to lengthen the green pea and wax bean season to the most surprising extent. There are great white cauliflowers averaging ten inches across; there are kale and salsify, red cabbage and yellow tomatoes, and much more that the visitor from the world does not even know by name. At one end of the summer the kitchen garden brings forth huge strawberries and raspberries, to which even the gorgeously illustrated seed catalogues can not do justice; and at the other end a marvelous variety of apples, and pears, and plums, and grapes.

In their dress (like the Shakers, the Mennonites, and in truth all of the communities whose religion prohibits "a life of vanity") the members of the Amana Community are "plain". And like the Shakers, too, they do not profess to adhere to a uniform, but claim to have adopted and retained what they find to be a convenient style of dress. This is particularly true of the dress of the women.

There is nothing distinctive in the dress of the men of Amana to-day. While there is still a great aversion among the pious to "looking proud", there is an equal dislike on the part of the younger members

of being conspicuous on account of their clothes. And so the men, particularly those who come in contact with the world, dress in much the same fashion as do men of the world — a little more given to "plain goods", perhaps, and a little less responsive to the latest edicts of fashion.

Formerly the village tailor made all of the clothing for the men, but it was found to be cheaper to buy "ready-made" clothes for ordinary wear. The "best clothes" are still quite generally made by the Community tailor; for the young man gets his goods at cost from the woolen mills and, as the time of the tailor belongs to the Society, he is thus enabled to dress well on less than one-fourth of what it costs his brother in the world. The older Brothers are a little more orthodox and still wear "Colony" trousers and a Sunday coat without lapels; but unlike the Amishman, with whom he is often confused, he does not regard the button as an "emblem of vanity", nor cut his hair in "pumpkin-shell" fashion. He does, however, resemble both the Amishman and the Shaker in the cut of his beard and in the absence of a moustache, which latter is regarded as a badge of worldliness.

The costume of the women might almost be called a uniform two hundred years old, the dress of to-day among the more orthodox being practically the same as at the founding of the Community. "Do not adorn yourself in dress for luxury's sake", reads one of the precepts of the Community, "as a feast

for the eyes or to please yourself or others, but only for necessity's sake. What you seek and use beyond necessity is sin." For mother and grandmother this is still the law and the gospel; but granddaughter, in the manner of the "growing-up-youth" of all ages, is less inclined to follow rules and regulations and ofttimes discards the "shoulder-shawl" and black cap, originally designed to suppress pride, changes perhaps the cut of her Quaker-like gown, and wears a bit of jewelry or a pretty slipper. Until recently the summer clothing of the women was made largely of the calico printed by the Community and known from Maine to California as "Amana Calico". The printing works, however, were closed during the World War owing to the impossibility of obtaining reliable dyes — particularly the indigo for the Society's best known "Colony Blue"— and up to the present time the industry has not been resumed. The only head dress in the summer time is a sun bonnet with a long cape; a hood takes its place in cold weather.

How it came to pass that the planting of flowers escaped condemnation as "a pleasure to the eye" is more than the "worldly minded" can explain. We only know that it is so and are thankful. For all the pent up love for the beautiful in the Community of True Inspiration for six generations seems to find expression in the cultivation of flowers, which are found in great profusion everywhere — around each dwelling, in front of the church, and even in the hotel

and school yards. Indeed, the Amana village from June to October is one huge garden all aglow with quaint old-fashioned flowers. There are great rows of four-o'clocks and lady-slippers, borders of candy-tuft and six-weeks-stock; gorgeous masses of zinnias, marigolds, and geraniums; great pansy beds and rose gardens — all laid out with precision and cared for with such devotion and such genuine pleasure that the visitor too rejoices.

The picturesqueness of the Amana estate is enhanced by a mill-race — a canal seven miles long which furnishes the water power for the mills and factories. This mill-race is now old enough to be fringed with pickerel weed and dwarf willows bent by the weight of wild grape-vines. Here and there the race is spanned by quaint wooden bridges. Halfway between two of the villages the mill-race expands into a lake which covers about two hundred acres and is now almost filled with the American lotus or yellow nelumbo. In July when the lotus lifts hundreds of great buff blossoms above the water, the quiet Sunday of the peace loving Inspirationist and his family is sadly disturbed by the endless procession of automobile visitors and their attendant noise and dust.

THE REAL AMANA

"To be a church always" is the essential aim of the Community of True Inspiration; and it is in the personal service and the practical devotion of six

generations to a spiritual ideal that we find the real explanation of the Amana of to-day. The dreams of men live on triumphantly through the ages when the visible structure of their civilization has crumbled away. The old feudal castle of Ronneburg is an empty echoing shell, but the spirit of "the old defenders of the faith" who there strove for religious liberty in the early years of the eighteenth century still lives in the little valley of the Iowa River which has been the dwelling place of their descendants for more than three score years.

Sincerely and most devoutly do these people believe that from the beginning of the "New Spiritual Economy" they have received in all spiritual matters, and in those temporal affairs which concerned their spiritual welfare, divine guidance through specially endowed individuals. They believe that the beautiful Amana of to-day is simply the expression of the Lord's will as revealed directly to them from time to time through their prophets. They believe they were commanded by "a decisive word of the Lord" to dwell together in the Fatherland; to come to America where they might "live in peace and religious liberty"; to adopt communism in the "new home in the wilderness"; to leave Ebenezer and move to Iowa; and there to buy land and establish factories in order that the brotherhood might be maintained in "the faith which has love and the bond of peace for its essence."

Since the death of Barbara Heinemann, who re-

ceived her gift of inspiration at about the same time as Christian Metz and who outlived him by sixteen years, there have been no "Instruments" and no new revelations; but "still living witnesses" and "well founded Brethren" carry on the work as of old, and much inspired literature remains for the assurance and guidance of the congregations of to-day. Of testimonies alone there are forty-two printed volumes, besides many collections of poetry and songs.

The stranger in the Amana villages would have some difficulty in finding the church buildings, unless perhaps his attention were challenged by their inordinate length; for the Amana church is no "steeple house", but simply a series of rooms made necessary by the fact that in the larger villages the men and women of certain spiritual orders meet separately on Sunday morning, when four services are conducted simultaneously. The general meetings on Saturday morning and Sunday afternoon are held in a large assembly room of the church.

The interior of the Amana meeting-house is marked by its plainness. The whitewashed walls, the bare floors, and the long unpainted benches worn smooth with much use and frequent scrubbings, all bespeak the character of the service which is simple, sincere, and deeply impressive. There is no pulpit, but instead a plain table where the presiding Elder sits. On either side of him, facing the congregation, is seated a row of Elders who possess the necessary

"measure of enlightenment and discrimination" to "fulfill the calling of the shepherd of souls."

In the general meeting the men sit on one side of the church and the women on the other, both groups according to age and spiritual rank — the youngsters on the front benches under the watchful eye of the Elders, the older members behind. Each member of the congregation from little Wilhelm and Johanna to the presiding Elder comes armed with a Bible and a copy of the ponderous Psalter-Spiel in a pasteboard case.

The religious services of the Community of True Inspiration are numerous but extremely simple. There is no attempt at rhetorical effect or eloquence on the part of the Elders, the hymns are chanted without instrumental accompaniment and ofttimes the prayer is "unhindered by words". The service is dignified and breathes throughout a reverent and devout spirit, and ever there remains the sincere effort of the forefathers to eliminate all that is formal and bound to the letter. At the close of the service the congregation quietly files out of the church. If it chances to be a general meeting the women all leave the church by one exit and the men by another. This no doubt is calculated to prevent "silly conversation and trifling conduct". There are no greetings, no good-byes, no visiting on the steps of the church — nothing in fact that would tend to lessen the solemnity of the occasion.

The religious service which is held upon the death

of a member is conducted in the church. The body, however, remains in the home. The service is the regular church service with the lesson drawn from the life and death of the departed Brother or Sister. After the service the entire congregation, including the children, are permitted to go to the home to view the remains. Then the plain casket is placed in a light open wagon and the little procession proceeds on foot down the flower-bordered street to the cemetery. At the side of the wagon or behind it are the pall-bearers, the family of the deceased, and the relatives, who are followed by the Elders, the school children accompanied by their teacher, and the members of the Community. There is no service at the grave save a hymn and a silent prayer offered by the entire congregation with bowed heads as the body is lowered into the earth.

There is no outward mourning for the dead. Indeed, the faith of the Community teaches that death is but "the blessed release of the spirit" from the pain and suffering, the sorrow and trouble which is the lot of man during his "pilgrimage on earth." The unencumbered spirit passes beyond into "a blissful eternity" where other souls will join it as they in turn are "freed of their burdens."

BROTHERS ALL

Amana's simple doctrine of "Brothers all as God's children" is maintained even in death. In the cemetery there are no family lots, no monuments.

The departed members of each village are buried side by side in the order of their death in rows of military precision, regardless of birth, family, or spiritual rank. The graves are marked by a low stone or white painted head-board with only the name and date of death on the side facing the grave.

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for Brethren to dwell together in unity", quoted Gruber to his little congregation two centuries ago. Eloquently the simple, silent, clover-scented Amana cemetery with its incense-breathing hedge of cedar speaks of the many sacrifices of personal ambition, of material prosperity, and of individual pleasures dear to the human heart made and suffered by those who have endeavored to "remain true", to "believe faithfully", and to live together in unity. In the center of that quiet solemn place the men whose wealth made possible the establishment of the new home in the West sleep beside their Brothers who had naught to give to the Community save the labor of their hands. And beyond, resting beside the least among them, lies the great-hearted Christian Metz, whose head-stone reads simply: Christian Metz 24 Juli 1867. The rest — the loving tribute of his followers — is graven upon the heart of every member of the Community.

Two generations have passed since that gifted Brother was "recalled from the field of his endeavor". One by one the "still living witnesses" have joined the silent Brotherhood in the cedar-bordered

lot, and a newer generation with less of the austere spirit and more of the ways of the world have quietly accepted the call to service. The casual visitor notes the changes and asks: "What of Amana in the future?" Were Amana simply an experiment in communism one might venture an opinion as to its permanency. But the *real* Amana, in spite of modifications in the distinctive life which characterized the Community in an earlier day, is still Amana the Church — Amana the Community of True Inspiration.

The Community to-day is a living history of all of the work and character and ideals that have been associated with it in the past; and when we look into the faces of the splendid young men and women to whom it has been handed on as a precious inheritance, when we hear the chant of the "primer class" as it floats out of the vine-covered school window, we know that in spite of external modifications and adjustments, in spite of the occasional "emblem of vanity" and "worldly amusement", in spite of the inevitable "black sheep" in the fold, much of the beautiful spirit of "the old defenders of the faith" still pervades the Community. The history of mankind teaches that "religion often makes practicable that which were else impossible, and divine love triumphs when human science is baffled."

Bertha M. H. Shambaugh

Comment by the Editor

As this number of THE PALIMPSEST goes out to its readers the lotus is lifting its great yellow blossoms above the placid waters of the lake of the Amanas. They are now wide open to the sky, and their long stems reach deep down into the rich soil at the bottom of the lake. But when torn from their roots they close up into the conventional lotus of ancient Egyptian architecture.

Dwelling in contentment in the vine-covered houses of the Amana villages are a people of unusual ways, deeprooted in historical traditions, in religious beliefs, and in love of home and surroundings. The glimpses which Mrs. Shambaugh gives of these people and their home constitute an explanation of the Community of True Inspiration: here there is no attempt to describe the more obvious aspects of this interesting group of Iowa villages and villagers.

These glimpses are taken largely from the author's book on *Amana: The Community of True Inspiration* published by The State Historical Society of Iowa in 1908. For many years Mrs. Shambaugh has been interested in and has written about the Community and its history. It is a noteworthy fact that her first contribution to the literature on

Amana appeared in 1896 in *The Midland Monthly* — the article having been awarded a prize by Mr. Johnson Brigham who was then the editor and publisher of the magazine.

After a brief but noteworthy career *The Midland Monthly* was discontinued, but the stimulating encouragement given by Mr. Brigham to many young writers led in the case of Mrs. Shambaugh not only to her book on Amana but also to a long list of articles on the same subject — the last one of which, entitled *Amana the Church and Christian Metz the Prophet,* appeared in *The Midland* edited and published by Mr. John T. Frederick.

All of which associates these two literary idealists of different generations in a way which seems to us worthy of comment. When the literature of the Middle West comes into its own it is probable that no influence in the history of its development will stand out more clearly than the devoted work of these two Iowa editors — Johnson Brigham of *The Midland Monthly* and John T. Frederick of *The Midland.*

J. C. P.

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THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN C. PARISH

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

VOL. II ISSUED IN AUGUST 1921 NO. 8

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Perils of a Pioneer Editor

The Old Stone Capitol at Iowa City seems to have been, in the forties, a dangerous place for Democratic newspaper men to frequent. For within its halls three successive editors of the *Iowa Capitol Reporter* became involved in physical encounters with irate legislators.

The editor in 1841 was Ver Planck Van Antwerp. Because of a West Point training he was dubbed "General", and among his enemies he received the titles of "Old Growler" and "My Lord Pomposity". He was a man of high dignity and pretentious dress, an aristocrat in tastes, but a Democrat in politics.

Van Antwerp was an early comer to the West and had held several political positions. In 1838 while Receiver of the Land Office in Burlington he experienced a bit of real frontier life. He and Stephen Whicher were walking arm in arm down the street one day when pistol shots startled them and a bullet whizzed past apparently between their heads. Van

Antwerp's account of the affair is not to be had, but Whicher in a letter written at the time said that the General "ran like an affrighted deer about ten rods, when he stopped, turned, and called to me to follow him".

Whicher stood his ground, however, and there came running up to him a man "without a hat, with a broken head, and an empty pistol". The man was a prominent lawyer of Burlington who had just shot and fatally wounded Cyrus S. Jacobs, a member-elect of the Territorial legislature, following an attempt of the latter to cane him.

Van Antwerp lost his office in 1841 and moved to Iowa City, the new capital of the Territory, where he began, in partnership with Thomas Hughes, the publication of a Democratic journal known as the *Iowa Capitol Reporter.*

In the session of 1841–1842 a considerable discussion arose at Iowa City over the bestowal of the legislative printing — a matter in which the *Reporter* was vitally interested. The Democrats in the Council were not unanimous in favoring the *Iowa Capitol Reporter,* and one of them — Mr. Bainbridge — evoked much wrath and condemnation from Van Antwerp, who denounced him in his paper as a "hybrid politician". Whereupon Bainbridge is reported to have remarked that "if Van had any friends they had better advise him to be cautious in taking liberties with his name, or he would get his face slapped."

Further difference of opinion arose over the Miners' Bank of Dubuque, at that time the only bank in Iowa. The *Iowa Capitol Reporter* and the Democrats generally were trying to force an immediate resumption of specie payments by the bank, which was — in the minds of its friends — equivalent to bankrupting the concern. Bainbridge, representing Dubuque County, endeavored to save the institution. Van Antwerp again attacked him in the columns of his paper with language that completed the dissolution of Bainbridge's patience.

With the stage thus set, Van Antwerp repaired one morning in early February to the Council Chamber in the Old Stone Capitol. When he left the room Bainbridge followed him into the hall and there occurred the incident upon which witnesses and near witnesses have failed to agree.

A writer in the *Iowa City Standard* reports that Bainbridge, looking Van sternly in the face said "the 'hybrid politician' . . . . conceives you to be a d——d scoundrel and a puppy" and added that if he ever misrepresented him again he would traverse the Territory from one end to the other to kick him. After some parleying Van Antwerp, to use his own expression, "retorted his offensive language, and the scuffle between us ensued".

According to the *Standard,* Bainbridge struck Van Antwerp over the hat and head with his cane, seized a pistol which Van Antwerp tried to draw, and smote him upon his be-spectacled face with his fist so vigorously as to draw blood.

"It is false that we were struck at all", said Van Antwerp. "Our assailant . . . . raised a stick which he held in his hand, as if intending to strike us — but we threw up our arm and seized it, endeavoring at the same time to draw a pistol with which to defend ourself in case he did strike. . . . the weapon which we carried was wrested from us. . . . . *An exchange of weapons* thus took place between us in the affray; and when other persons came forward to interfere between us, we held the stick of our assailant in our left hand, with our right grappled upon the collar of his coat." About this time Mr. Stull, the Secretary of the Territory, appeared in the doorway, and seeing the pistol in the possession of Bainbridge, is said to have roared out "to the victors belong the spoils".

During the same year Van Antwerp dropped out of the firm of publishers and was succeeded by Jesse Williams. The Territorial legislature met and again took up the question of the Miners' Bank of Dubuque. Charges were made by the *Iowa Capitol Reporter* that members had been influenced by the offer of bribes to support the bank. An investigating committee was appointed with George H. Walworth as its chairman. The committee reported that although improper advances had actually been made, no legislator had been influenced in his vote, and the report closed with a recommendation that the editors of the *Reporter* justly deserved the censure of the House.

The report was laid upon the table, but Editor Williams was not satisfied to let the matter drop, and wielded an acid pen in criticism of Walworth, the chairman of the committee. One day Walworth came upon Jesse Williams in the library of the capitol and took the opportunity to vent his wrath upon the editor in a personal assault. Being a powerful man Walworth soon had his opponent upon the floor where he proceeded to give him so thorough a beating that blood flowed freely and began to form a pool on the carpet. It seems that the carpet was one which the Secretary of the Territory had but recently purchased. The fight was on in full swing when the ubiquitous Stull burst into the room and fell upon the combatants.

"You d——d scoundrels!" he cried. "What are you spoiling my carpet for?" And he threw them both out of the room.

Bout number three occurred at the first session of the legislature of the new State of Iowa. Jesse Williams had been succeeded on the editorial staff of the *Reporter* by a man named Palmer. Another case of attempted bribery came before the legislature, this time in connection with the choice of Iowa's first United States Senators. The close division between Democrats and Whigs and the uncertainty as to how several of the members would vote made an exciting situation when one of the doubtful men, Mr. Nelson King from Keokuk County, rose and stated that he had been approached by several

persons and offered money and other rewards if he would cast his vote for the Democratic candidates.

A committee was appointed to investigate the case. Mr. King gave testimony: "Finally, about that time," he said, "me and him was in that path between the House of Representatives and the brick tavern . . . . he offered me a hundred dollars, and gave me to understand if I would vote for Dodge I should have it."

But Mr. King in turn found his character questioned by the legal counsel of his reputed briber. Allusions were made to charges of assault with intent to kill and of stealing bacon. These charges were taken up by the press, and the *Iowa Capitol Reporter,* among other remarks, made the facetious observation that, whereas King was supposed to be deficient in literature, he was "evidently familiar with *Lock* and *Bacon*".

King was disposed to ignore these personal remarks of Palmer, but was led by his wife — so said this modern Adam — to believe that he should chastise his maligner. So he encountered Palmer one day in the Capitol and with true backwoods spirit undertook to thrash the editor. Palmer was small and unequal to the struggle but presented a plucky resistance. The affair assumed serious aspects when King drew a loaded pistol. Mr. Stull was not this time upon the scene of conflict but there were others who intervened and prevented a possible tragedy.

These three episodes, wherein the editors found their pens mightier than their swords, are characteristic of the times. Freedom of speech and of the press was limited not by the libel court but by the more summary physical vengeance of the libeled. Formal duelling was rare but informal encounters upon the streets and in public buildings were not uncommon. Canings often led to the use of the pistol and not always was the outcome so free from tragedy as in the attacks upon the editors of the *Iowa Capitol Reporter*.

JOHN C. PARISH

The Coming of the Railroad

I can well remember Iowa City as it was in the days long before the Civil War, when Gower and Holt and the Powell Brothers were among the principal business men and when Crummy's Tavern set out good cheer for the stranger. Those were the days when the only public conveyance between towns was the slow stage coach that also carried the mail. The drivers during the bitter cold weather were often so numbed when they reached their stopping place that they had to be lifted from their seats and carried into the station where a large fireplace was always heaped with glowing logs to welcome all who chose to enter.

The meeting of the legislature was the main event of importance until the excitement caused by the prospect of a railroad coming into the city. This brought a great boom to Iowa City and sent the price of property soaring. In those days everything the railroads asked for was willingly given to induce them to come into the State. Grants and privileges of all kinds were freely offered.

In the last days of December, 1855, I came up from Louisa County to Iowa City, a distance of fifty miles, with C. H. Berryhill, one of the most influential citizens of the town. We came by horse and buggy through deep snow and it took us two days.

As we neared the city, we saw off to our right huge bonfires burning to afford light for the men on the railroad construction to continue their work. The business men and others were out there helping to complete the road according to contract, and by twelve o'clock New Year's morning, 1856, the last rail was laid and the last spike driven. On the 3rd of January followed the great event of celebrating the completion of the railroad to Iowa City. It was a bitterly cold afternoon when the whistle blew announcing the entry of the first passenger train bringing the invited guests from Chicago, Rock Island, Davenport, and Muscatine. The cannon roared out their welcome, and the rattle of omnibuses was heard over the hard frozen street, as they bore the invited guests to the homes the committee had arranged for them.

The committee on arrangements consisted of thirty-five ladies and as many gentlemen. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Berryhill were of this number and I, a schoolgirl, being one of the family at that time, had the opportunity in a small way of seeing and helping spread the four tables set the length of the Representatives' Hall. For instance, I had the privilege and pleasure of helping frost with *real loaf* sugar (a thing of luxury in those days) the thirty-two pounds of pound cake which Mrs. Berryhill had ordered from her baker for the occasion. We were told that only the white meat of the turkeys she had ordered would be used and must be sliced very thin. But the

supreme time to me was when on the last day of preparation, I went with Mrs. Berryhill to the Capitol and saw the tables and hall in all their glory. Over the speaker's stand was an arch that the ladies of the committee had covered with branches of evergreen in the midst of which were balls of cotton to imitate snow balls. In one corner of the hall was an old fashioned cook stove where the committee prepared and served hot coffee and hot fresh oysters, as the coming of the railroad made fresh oysters for the first time possible in Iowa. As the tables were bountifully spread with cold food, the committee served hot coffee and oysters all night "till broad day light in the morning".

As this was before the age of the European way of serving, everything was on the tables in abundance and every one helped himself. Besides the loaves of cake supplied, each table had three pyramids of cake from three to four feet in height and at the head of one table was one of popcorn four feet in height. I remember two of the pyramids of cake in particular from the way they were decorated. In the center of one was a peach tree, of wax of course, bearing perfect fruit with a blackberry vine with green leaves and black fruit starting from the base and winding round and round over the white surface to the top. The other one bore a tree of leaves and red apples with a vine of red raspberries. One of the trees was presented to the president of the road and the other, I believe, to the Governor.

Almost everything connected with this event was very primitive compared with to-day. The lighting for the halls was accomplished by means of two rows of chandeliers hung from the ceiling. They were made of rows of common laths, the first row of four laths full length, then the next row of shorter length succeeded by row after row until the apex was reached near the ceiling. Each row of laths had nails driven in about three inches apart on which were placed common lighted candles.

For outside illumination, there was a candle at each pane of glass from the basement of the Capitol building to the cupola, and all the business houses near the Capitol grounds were illuminated in some way; but not an alarm of fire was heard all night. Well, there were not so many insurance companies in those days.

LeGrand Byington, that silver tongued orator, was President of the Day and introduced the speakers. In complimenting the ladies of the committee on the dinner or supper as I guess it was called at that time, he said, "it was too good for kings, princes and potentates, but just good enough for the contractors and builders of our western railroads."

SARAH ELLEN GRAVES

A River Trip in 1833

[The following glimpses of travel on the Upper Mississippi are reprinted from *The Rambler in North America*, Vol. II, pp. 266–314, written by the Englishman, Charles Joseph Latrobe, who travelled extensively in America in 1832 and 1833, and who here describes a trip from Fort Crawford to Fort Snelling and back in the fall of the latter year.— THE EDITOR]

Two hours before sun-set, you may imagine us fairly packed and afloat; our lading consisting of eight men, one woman and child, to whom we gave passage for some distance, and our three selves — in all twelve adults, besides blankets, buffalo-skins, arms, and provisions for twelve days. At the village, whence we made our final start, a scene of hugging and kissing took place between divers of our paddlers and their cousins and friends of both sexes; and *Bon voyage! Bon voyage!* was echoed from the shore, as pushing into the stream, the eight paddles were plunged simultaneously into the water, and we began to stem the current. At the same instant, according to custom, the leader commenced screaming with a singularly tremulous voice, one of the innumerable boat-songs with which the Canadian *voyageurs* of the Upper Lakes and rivers, beguile their long and monotonous labours. The burden was taken up and repeated by his comrades.

. . . .

Our purpose this evening was merely to get fairly afloat; and accordingly, after having paddled a few miles, we encamped upon an island in the river, a little below the Painted Rocks, with a dry starlight night as a good omen over our heads; lulled by the howling of the Indians encamped in the vicinity, the barking of dogs, and other sounds which betokened that we had not yet passed out of the bounds of the farms on the Prairie. It was computed that unless prevented by unforeseen accidents, we ought to reach the Falls in six days. The whole of this time was however taken up in advancing as far as Lake Pepin, one hundred and seventy miles above the Prairie, and nearly four more were necessary for the attainment of our object. To give you the outline of our excursion at once, I will mention, that we paddled forward by day, and nightly sought some snug corner of the forest, either on the main or in the islands,— pitched our tent, raised our fire, cooked supper, sang, conversed, and looked at the stars till we were sleepy, and then betook ourselves to our buffalo-robe couch till dawn.

The whole distance to Lake Pepin, the mighty river flows through a deep valley of perhaps two miles average breadth, among innumerable islands, and under steep bluffs which rise frequently on both sides, with precipitous fronts to the height of five hundred feet. Their lower slopes near the river are mostly clothed in oak forest, and many of the summits terminated by a picturesque pile of highly-

coloured rock, of eighty feet or upwards perpendicular. Above and beyond this great channel hollowed out in the country for the passage of the "Father of Waters," the country on both sides seems to be rolling prairie.

The beauty of the scenery,— though only the last colouring of autumn lingered on the forests and prairies,— quite took us by surprise; and nothing can be more opposite than the impressions suggested by the scenery of the Mississippi above and the Mississippi below its junction with the Missouri — here a scene of beauty and romance, there a terribly monotonous turbid and swollen stream. . . .

Our progress for the first few days was far from being what we had expected. The canoe, liable to injury at all times from its extremely fragile nature, being merely a light framework, covered with birch bark, and held together by cross splints, and to be broken and snagged by running foul of objects in the shallows, or to be strained by the great weight which it carried, and still more by any accident in its daily conveyance to and from the shore on the backs of the men,— stood in need of constant repair.

Besides, we soon found that most, if not all our *Crapauds,* as these French Canadians are jocularly called, were in league with the boat to keep us as long on the road as possible. First, because they were rogues all. They had been born without consciences and never had had the chance of acquiring

them since. Secondly, because they were paid by the day, and we were bound to feed them as long as they were in our service. Thirdly, because they saw that we were honest gentlemen, travelling for amusement and instruction — novices in the arts of the *voyageurs,* and of very different habits from the hard-grinding traders whom they usually served, who portioned out their food to them by the square inch — keeping their wages back, if they did not do their duty. You will own that here was a little too much temptation thrown in the way of men who professed no further morality than would be of very easy carriage among the savages by whom they were surrounded, and no religion beyond Indian religion.

Demaret acted as pilot, and plied the stern-paddle, as the boat was his. He had made it with his own hands, and all his life had been a *voyageur.* His qualifications and the natural turn he had for this kind of life were so marked, that we found his very companions used to twit him with having "been born with a piece of birch-bark in his hand." He looked like no class of human beings I ever saw, and his countenance, which was chiefly marked by the width of his mouth, bore signs of both Spanish and Indian blood. When he sang, he sang like a fox with his tail in a trap.

Garde-Pied, an old Canadian, was our bowman. Then mention we Guillaume, fat and handsome — the *farceur* of the party — the best singer, and, I believe in fact the greatest rogue amongst us, and

the one who both set the roguery agoing and sustained it. Alexandre, Rousseau, and Henri, were common-place rogues — that is to say, they would be honest, if other people would be honest too. Pascal, a mulatto, held about the same tenets, though, I recollect, he had a fragment of a conscience; and, in mentioning old Julian, a Neapolitan by birth, who had been taken by the British — incorporated with the Anglo-Swiss Regiment de Meuron — seen service in India and subsequently in Canada,— where he had been discharged, and had turned Crapaud in his old age — I may say that he was the best, the most sober and most obliging man in the party, and the only one in whom real confidence could be placed.

For the rest, they were all men who would dance from night to morning at a Gombo-ball — sing profane or pastoral French songs hour after hour on the water,— drink and smoke,— cheat their creditors,— live for months in the woods,— work like slaves without grumbling, when they could not help it,— swim like otters,— maintain their French gaiety of character on most occasions, but grumble incessantly when they had nothing to grumble about. They would feed like so many hungry wolves as long as there was anything to eat, knowing no medium; and then bear the pinch of hunger with the stoicism of the Indian with whom most of them had associated from infancy.

They measured their way, not by miles, nor leagues, but by pipes; and would say,— such a point

is so many pipes distant. They generally sang in their peculiar way for half an hour after a halt, solo and chorus, winding up with an Indian yell, or the exclamation, *"Hop! Hop! Sauvons-nous!"* and would then continue silently paddling with their short quick stroke, all following the time indicated by the bowman, till the pipe was out, or till they were tired; when at a signal, they would throw their paddles across the boat, give them a roll to clear the blade of the water, and then rest for a few minutes.

A compartment in the centre of the canoe in which our buffalo-robes and mats were commodiously arranged, was our ordinary couch. Here we lay in luxurious ease, reading, and chatting hour after hour.

The first certain light which broke in upon us as to the real character of the strange race with whom we had to do,— though the singular conduct which we had remarked in them at the Prairie below, had given us warning,— was early on the sixth day, when approaching a lonely trading-house, near the remarkable mountain called *"La Montagne qui se trèmpe à l'eau,"* scarce a hundred miles on our way; when their long faces, shrugs, and significant gestures gave token that something was wrong. In effect we found that this devouring squad had,— unaided by us, as we had lived principally on water-fowl,— actually in the course of six days, made away with the whole of the provisions laid in with more than usual liberality for twelve days' consumption!

Upwards of a hundred pounds of bacon, besides bread and potatoes and beans in six days! Think of that! We had, to be sure, noticed that they had brought with them a curiously shaped iron pot; originally, perhaps, a foot in depth; but which, having had the original bottom burnt out, had been furnished by some frontier tinker with a fresh one of such form and dimensions as gave the renovated vessel an added profundity of six or eight inches more. We had observed that this marvelous bowl was always piled up to the very edge with provisions: and that frequently when it was simmering and bubbling over the fire in the camp, our rogues would stand round shrouding it from too close observation. If one or another of us approached, one or two of the Crapauds would turn to us with an air of perfect famine and of the greatest tribulation — and ejaculate, *"grande misère!"* or, *"il fait frait icit!"* — giving us to understand, that while we considered our common position as one full of amusement, they deemed it to be one of uncommon trial.

Moreover, we were sometimes awakened hours after supper, when all had appeared to retire to rest for the night, it might be about one in the morning, by loud talking and joyous sounds; and peeping forth, we might see that these unhappy mortals were as brisk as lions; sitting about the fire; passing the joke from one to another; — by the help of long sharply pointed sticks, fishing up meat from the depths of that fathomless pot; and making a very

hearty meal, for which, as to our certain knowledge, a hearty supper preceded it, and a no less hearty breakfast followed it at dawn — we had unfortunately no name in our vocabulary. Still, though it might cross our minds that they were a little lavish of the provisions, yet we never dreamed of a famine before we should reach Fort Snelling. However, there was now no doubt about it, and it was in vain to murmur; and here at the last trading post we had still to lay in fresh stock.

Their songs were very interesting to us, in spite of the horrible French in which they were couched, and the nonsense they contained; as we detected in them many signs of their origin on the plains and in the vineyards of *La belle France,* though now loaded with allusions to the peculiar scenery, manners, and circumstances of the country to which they had been transplanted. In many there was an air of Arcadian and pastoral simplicity which was almost touching at the same time that we knew that the singers had no simplicity about them, and that their character was much more that of the wolf than of the sheep. The airs were not unfrequently truly melodious, and all were characteristic, and chimed in well with our position.

I may elsewhere have given you sundry assurances of the *delights* of Indian Encampments in the forests. From the pleasant idea that these may have conveyed I would take nothing. They are

many and great; and far advanced as the season was, we were yet alive to them for a month to come, even in weather that might be deemed inclement elsewhere. Lest, however, you should accuse me of a disposition to paint every thing "*couleur de rose,*" and to throw dust both in my own eyes and those of my neighbours — here follows a page of *miseries.* I remember one camp, which we called "Cross Camp," from the circumstance of all going wrong. It was, I believe, the second in this excursion. The weather had not yet become fairly settled. We had got entangled among the low islands, and not meeting with a place to our liking, as the evening was closing in raw and gusty, we had been obliged to betake ourselves to a shore covered with trees and jungle and make our nest just where we should have wished to have avoided doing so.

It was a confined situation, among thickets of towering dry grass and brushwood. The canoe was unloaded, and was hauled ashore; and the Crapauds as usual made preparations for their fire, ten or twenty yards from that of our trio. The difficulty of fixing the tent which we carried with us, in such a direction that we should be free from smoke, was considerable, as the wind came down on the river in flaws, and no one could decide from what quarter. Time had been lost in seeking a good camping-ground, and the twilight fell on us before all was in order for the night. The tent had been pitched in the midst of opposing opinions: — when suddenly the cry of fire was raised. We saw the wind scat-

tering the embers among the brushwood, and all hands were necessary to put out the flames, which, had they got a-head, would have burnt the canoe in the first place, and singed us out of our hole in the next. By beating them down with our coats and blankets, this was effected; and having broken down the brush on all sides, we returned to our labours near the fires. Every thing was mislaid, having been chucked out of the way of danger in the hurry — the axe was not to be found, and to collect the various articles necessary for our nightly accommodation and entertainment, was a work of time and patience. Of the former, we had plenty; of the latter but little, in the night in question.

Then came a terrific gust from the overhanging bluffs, and we found that the tree under which we had carefully pitched the tent, was rotten at heart, and gave decided tokens of a probable fall. The idea was not a pleasant one. All went wrong. We had not yet decided upon making use of the Crapauds as our cooks.—"Nothing easier," exclaimed I, "than to boil the coffee."—"Nothing easier," observed Pourtales, "than to make a handsome fry of potatoes, and to roast a couple of wild ducks in the French style, with a savoury waistcoat of lard!" "Nothing easier than to make a beef-steak!"— said M'Euen! So to work we went, each in his own way, and following his own device, while he snarled at that of his neighbour. "Nothing easier than to find fault with what one does not understand!" thought each and every one of us.

Well, the coffee was on the fire and "progressing" — the process necessary for its perfection being after all the most simple of those under trial; — the potatoes were washed, peeled, and sliced; — the beef-steaks, skewered on long sticks, were bent towards the embers; — the mallards were plucked, drawn, and spitted — how, may not be said,— but exposed to the hot smoke and flame their waistcoats were kept in a constant flare and frizzle. Basting was out of the question, except with cold water; and the office of dredging-box was performed by the frequent gust, which covered them and the beef-steaks and the sliced potatoes with snow-white ashes.

Now imagine the consequences of being all cross, and overwhelmed with misfortunes — the miseries of cooking and camping on a windy night — difference of opinion — smoke in the eyes — fire at the finger ends — shakes — overturns — wet logs — mistakes — and bitterness of spirit!

No sooner have you got matters into something like order, but the wind veers a point or two, and the smoke which had hitherto sailed off sideways from your tent, leaving your night quarters warm and smokeless, as it always ought, is now driven directly against it, and you have no alternative, but either to bear the reverse, or to strike and pitch it anew.

You hang your coat, or blanket, or buffalo robe,— which may have been soaked by being undermost in the leaking canoe,— on a forked stick to dry, placing it to the windward of the fire, to keep it out of the

smoke and sparks; — and next time you look at it, you see it singeing among the glowing embers, into which possibly a careless friend, or more probably the wind, has precipitated it. In utter despair you collect a number of very indispensable articles, such as straps and ropes, not to be replaced; — and you go hang them carefully to a distant sapling, far away from the ordinary passage; — when you next look for them you see that some kind friend has by chance cut the tree down in the dark, and consigned it and its charge to the flames. You go valourously forth to cut a tent-pole or another log for the fire,— and, not having the true backwoodsman's fling with the axe, come hopping back in five minutes with a neat chip in your shin.

Jaded and gloomy, while the supper is cooking, you lie down with a book in your hand, say for example, "Burton on Melancholy," which by the by, was the only work, beside a Bible, that we had with us. You stretch yourself on your blanket in your corner of the tent, but find that besides lying on an unfortunate slope which makes your heels rise higher than your head, there is under you a stubborn knot of hard wood, which no coaxing of yours can extract, and which nothing but a complete turn out, and a forcible application of the axe, will rid you of: and so forth! But all these are trifles to the miseries of carrying on a partnership in cooking in a dark windy night.

You advance to shift your burning supper to a

safer place,— are maddened by the puff of pungent smoke that fills your eyes — start back,— tread on some long crooked branch, one end of which extends into the darkness and the other props the coffee-pot, when to your extreme surprise and the undisguised wrath of the superintendent of that particular branch of the duty, the vessel makes a jump into the air and overturns its contents into the tasty dish of potatoes frizzling below. Then follows a scene of objurgation, recrimination, and protestation.

But, *n'importe* — the coffee is replaced — the beef-steaks get thoroughly burned on one side; — the ducks are pronounced to be cooked because the waistcoat is reduced to a perfect cinder, and because the birds insist upon taking fire. The "medicine-chest," as we called our store box, is brought out, and preparations for a meal seriously attempted. It is soon found that notwithstanding all losses and mischances there are still two things left, appetite and abundance; and though nothing perhaps is done with real gastronomic nicety, yet after a day spent in the open air, every thing has a relish which no sauce could give. As you have doubtless experienced, nothing predisposes to complacent good humour so much as a satisfied appetite, and by the time supper is ended, and the moon has risen, and the bright embers free from smoke are glowing in the wind,— you are ready to laugh together at every petty vexation. However, we learned wisdom at the "Cross Camp," and forthwith hired Rousseau to

look to our cooking at his own fire — keeping possession of the coffee-pot alone, and henceforth our "*miseries*" were very sensibly diminished. . . .

Towards evening we descried the long looked-for Fort with its towers and imposing extent of wall crowning the high angular bluff at whose base the upper branch of the St. Peters enters the Mississippi; and paddling swiftly up the lower channel, a large triangular island separating the two,— we landed and were most hospitably received by the officers on duty. We were forthwith furnished with quarters in the Fort above, while the Crapauds pitched a tent under the shadow of the bluff by the water's edge, got their canoe on shore, and set their enormous pot a boiling forthwith. I believe they never saw the bottom of it, nor suffered it to cool during the whole week of their stay. They did not forget whenever we visited them to talk a great deal about "*misère*"; at the same time that they had nothing to do but what they loved best,— eat and sleep. They are a singular race, half Indian, half French, with a dash of the prairie wolf.

Meanwhile we had been admitted to full participation in the rites of hospitality within the Fort, and were furnished with every needful accommodation. We spread our buffalo skins and blankets in an occupied apartment, and slept in quiet; not forgetting however in the course of the evening to ascend one of the bastions, and listen to the roar of the

Great Falls rising on the night air at a distance of seven miles. . . .

But we must turn our faces southward, for the Indian summer is past — the lagging files of the water fowl are scudding before the wind, and another week may curb the mighty Mississippi with a bridle of ice.— Another week in fact did so, but ere that, paddle, current, and sail had carried us far on our way south, as you may now hear.

Our intercourse with the inhabitants of Fort Snelling only strengthened that feeling of good will which will always make me happy to meet an officer of the United States' army.

The signal was given — the Crapauds, who had had all their time to themselves, packed up their big kettle with many a shrug and exclamation of "*misère,*" grasped their paddles, paid their compliments to their chums ashore, and betook themselves to their songs and their pipes.

In returning, both wind and current favoured us so far, that by the evening of the second day we reached Lake Pepin, across the upper part of which we careered before a strong north wind in a most marvellous fashion, under a broad blanket, double-reefed. A large flight of snow-white swans rose from a shallow cove just as we entered it, and, startled by our approach, hastened with their trumpet voice and broad vans flapping to the southward. We passed the Cape; and then stood over for the

Cap à la fille, which rose with its neighbour prominently in figure and height from the long line of steep bluffs forming the eastern boundary. . . . .

As we looked forth from the summit early in the morning, across the troubled surface of the lake, of which it commands a wide view; a dense column of smoke from the opposite side gave us intimation that the Prairies were on fire. The spread of the conflagration on the low grounds directly opposite, which drew our attention at intervals during the day, continued unabated; and as evening approached, other columns of smoke springing up in all directions, both on the summit of the opposite range of mountains and in the vallies at their feet, showed us that the Indians had taken advantage of the driving wind to fire the country for a great many miles inland. The scene which presented itself from the summit of the rock on the south side of our dell, when the sun, which had been hidden all day, just before setting, peered out windy and red, between long bars of cloud in the southwest — and from that time till long after dark, was one of the most sublime and extraordinary you can conceive, and a great contrast to the repose which reigned in the sheltered glen at our feet, where glistened our little tent and fires, and where the men might be seen lying under the shade of the canoe.

On the opposite side of the troubled sheet of water in the middle ground, over which the rock impended,

the range of western bluffs was seen to incline inland, behind the *Pointe aux Sables,* leaving a wide tract of country, partly forest and partly prairie, between their foot and the shore. A singularly conical and prominent hill rose abruptly from the middle of this plain. Around this detached eminence, which, swathed as it was in the smoke of the burning prairies beyond, seemed like a volcano, the fire had been concentrating itself during the earlier hours of the day, now advancing in one direction till checked by a dense tract of forest or a river, and then rushing on in another and rolling over the summit or the base of the mountains. At sunset, the flame seemed to have gathered full strength, and to have reached a long tract of level grassy prairie nearer the shore, upon which it then swiftly advanced, leaving a black path in its trail. Here we saw a bright red line, a couple of miles in range, advancing majestically over the wide prairie. In one place the progress of the fire, effectually checked by a small river opposite, died away or edged over the country with slower progress. In another, after being seemingly choked, it would burst forth with redoubled fury, sending bright jets of flame far on the wind. There again the light-blue smoke was suddenly changed to dark brown, as the conflagration burst upon a mass of grosser materials for destruction than the dry grass of the prairie. We calculated at this time that the fire spread over a tract of nearly twelve miles in length, while the dis-

tant glare upon the clouded horizon showed that it was raging far inland. The whole evening, the lake, the Maiden's Rock, the clouds, and the recesses of the glen, were illuminated by the flames, while, gaining the rank growth on the border of the lake and the brow of the distant mountains, the country opposite blazed like tinder in the wind; and from the summit of the Maiden's Rock, which we again ascended before we retired to rest — the scene was fearfully grand. It is difficult to calculate the advance of the flames on the dry level prairie, in the van of a strong and steady wind, but we should think it was at least eight miles per hour. . . .

Our encampment in the forests, near the Bad Axe, on the night between the 12th and 13th of November, was rendered remarkable by one circumstance.

The night was calm; the wind, which had been northerly the foregoing day, chopped about early in the morning to the south, and blew with some force with a clear sky. Early, it might be between two and three o'clock, the whole heavens became gradually covered with falling stars, increasing in number till the sky had the appearance of being filled with luminous flakes of snow. This meteoric rain continued to pour down till the light of the coming day rendered it invisible. Millions must have shone and disappeared during the course of these three or four hours. They appeared to proceed from a point in the heavens, about fourteen degrees to the south-

east of the zenith, and thence fell in curved lines to every point of the compass. Whether they remained visible down to the horizon or not, we do not know. There were some in the shower of larger size than the others, but for the greater part, they appeared as stars of the first or second magnitude. Their course in falling was interrupted, like the luminous flight of the fire fly. . . . We were fortunate, you may suppose, in enjoying for hours such a splendid and uncommon phenomenon, streaming over the river, and forests, and bluffs. Fortunate — yes, truly! what will you say, when I own that though all I have related is strictly true, not one of us saw it — having been permitted to remain prosaically sleeping within the shelter of our tent till all was over. Our Crapauds, it is true, were up and awake, and could not but notice the extraordinary appearance of the heavens, but before them hung their fathomless kettle filled to the brim; and they sat watching it simmering on the blazing logs with a philosophical insensibility to every thing else, which was extremely characteristic, though to us perfectly unaccountable. What was it to them if the stars fell from heaven, or the skies "drizzled blood?" — that there was that passing over their heads which would make the very wolves of the forest howl as their eyes glared upwards, or urge the Indian to kneel and pray to the Great Spirit — as long as their beloved camp-kettle was unmoved, and the whiskey-keg lay undisturbed in its bed in the tangled grass, what was that to them?

As we descended the river, we found the attention of all excited by the phenomenon, and we alone, reposing in the open air, in the best possible position for observation, were not witnesses of it!

Early on the evening of this day, we returned, blithely singing our *Chanson de retour,* down the river, to the little village of Prairie de Chien, where a knot of wives, daughters, and children, awaited the return of our men; and after a few moments spent by them in the ordinary compliments, kissing, and embraces, we were conducted to the landing of the Fort, and there welcomed as old friends.

Comment by the Editor

THE RAMBLER

To-day the Mississippi Valley is the most inland portion of the country. It lies farthest from the border, and is butressed not only by its mountain walls but by the settled abodes of millions of people. But the time was when the valley was the distant and mysterious goal of the adventurous, when the Upper Mississippi ran along the outer edge of civilization and out of the West came only tales of Indians and wild animals.

In the twenties and thirties of the last century travellers from Europe, if they were sufficiently hardy and venturesome, trailed westward on the Ohio and ascended the Mississippi to Galena or Fort Crawford or Fort Snelling. They brought all sorts of predilections and prejudices. A few came with dyspepsia or with a monocled mind, some — as Latrobe puts it — "with their eyes shut and mouths open"; but for the most part they came in a high spirit of adventure and with keen appreciation for the wild charm of a new and beautiful country.

The course of the Mississippi below St. Louis often received the curses of travellers like Dickens who did not go north of that city or Captain Marryat, another Englishman who burst out:

I hate the Mississippi, and as I look down upon its wild and filthy waters, boiling and eddying, and reflect how uncertain is travelling in this region of high-pressure, and disregard of social rights, I cannot help feeling a disgust at the idea of perishing in such a vile sewer, to be buried in mud, and perhaps to be rooted out again by some pig-nosed alligator.

But the Upper Mississippi and the sea-like prairies that stretched away on either side captivated them all. They sometimes complained of the barbarities and primitiveness of the frontier towns but they returned full of the eulogies of the natural scenery. And most of them straightway proceeded to write books, which made pleasant reading for the stay-at-homes and provided valuable sources of information for readers of later generations.

The two volumes of descriptions by Charles Joseph Latrobe are among the most entertaining and valuable of these publications. Under the title *The Rambler in North America* he drew word pictures of the scenes and peoples of the time that are unusually vivid and accurate. Latrobe, while born in London, was of Huguenot extraction and his Latin temperament shows at every turn of the page.

He came from Europe with Pourtales, a young Swiss count, in 1832 and on shipboard they formed a friendship with Washington Irving who was just then returning to America after an absence of seventeen years. They travelled in New England with Irving and in the fall made a tour with him from St.

Louis to the southwest into the Pawnee hunting grounds. Irving has described this expedition in *A Tour of the Prairies* and he introduces Latrobe in the following fashon:

> Another of my fellow-travellers was Mr. L., an Englishman by birth, but descended from a foreign stock; and who had all the buoyancy and accommodating spirit of a native of the Continent. Having rambled over many countries, he had become, to a certain degree, a citizen of the world, easily adapting himself to any change. He was a man of a thousand occupations; a botanist, a geologist, a hunter of beetles and butterflies, a musical amateur, a sketcher of no mean pretensions, in short, a complete virtuoso; added to which, he was a very indefatigable, if not always a very successful, sportsman. Never had a man more irons in the fire, and, consequently, never was a man more busy nor more cheerful.

In the fall of 1833, Latrobe with two companions visited the Upper Mississippi, and portions of his account of that trip are reprinted in this number of THE PALIMPSEST. An amiable and sympathetic observer, he caught and put into words the spirit of the French and Canadian boatmen, the wild beauty of the river and its shores, the joy of primitive camps, the fantastic glory of the prairie fire. Perhaps it was the spirit of adventure that took Latrobe a few years later to Australia where he became superintendent of the district of Port Phillip. When that district was organized as Victoria he administered its affairs as lieutenant governor.

ROMANCE AND THE PLOW

It is interesting to note the changes in the Mississippi Valley remarked by successive travellers. The early voyageurs passed only forts and Indian encampments. Then — particularly in the thirties — primitive villages sprang up; rough, western towns, picturesque but with few accommodations for the traveller. As migration increased these towns took on more of the trappings of civilization. Order and government became installed. When Latrobe passed up the river there was no Wisconsin, no Iowa, no Minnesota. The territory of Michigan extended to the river, and beyond it was no organized government. Two years later, when Murray came by, Michigan held sway over the entire territory but a year later it yielded the western domain to the Territory of Wisconsin. The territory of Iowa was formed in 1838 to include the land west of the Mississippi running north to the Canadian boundary; and not until 1846 did Iowa content itself with its present limits.

Whites came with increasing numbers, till they filled up with their handiwork the wild reaches where the red men had followed the trail of the bison, where wolves had howled at night outside the camp of white adventurers, and where the prairie fire had swept its course.

The travellers now stopped at village taverns and finally at city hotels. They came to see people, not scenery, and each year they observed a land more like

that from which they had come — settled, comfortable, and conventional. The freshness, the untamed, bloodstirring wildness was slipping away. Romance still rested in the valley but it was changing its form. It was now the romance of achievement, of subjugation. Through human activities the bison and bear and wolf vanished, and in their place stood mild-eyed cattle, subservient horses, and countless and prosaic pigs and chickens. The beauty of the river bank was broken by power plants and warehouses and railway trackage. Forests dwindled and virgin prairie grass gave place to far reaching acres of rippling corn fields.

It is a romantic story — this change — and a story of great human appeal, for to mankind the story of itself is always the most interesting. But with prosperity often comes dullness. The magic spirit of romance burns high when the struggle is on, but it pales with possession. As opulence increases, romance dies. Fortunate it is that nature has its own defenses and clings to its own romance. Rivers still flow in their downward courses, wooded ravines escape the plow, bits of original prairie survive, and here and there places of marked beauty so engage the deeper appreciation of mankind that they are preserved as parks. And so mankind, if it is to retain its idealism, must find in literature and history the spur and incentive to escape the plow of materialism and hold fast to the romance in life.

J. C. P.

THE PALIMPSEST

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

VOL. II ISSUED IN SEPTEMBER 1921 NO. 9

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The Cardiff Giant

One Saturday morning in October, 1869, two men were digging a well on the farm of William Newell, some three-quarters of a mile from the little village of Cardiff, New York. The spot selected for this purpose was at the rear of the barn, near a swale or marsh, through which meandered a small creek. When the excavation had reached a depth of about three feet one of the workmen struck his shovel against some hard substance embedded in the loose gravel soil. Attempts to pry out the object were unavailing and the curiosity of the men was aroused. Perhaps they had visions of a buried treasure chest — that subconscious memory of the time when the pirate is the hero of the child's imagination. It took only a short time, however, for the shovels to reveal the form of a human foot, and further digging, under the personal direction of Mr. Newell, soon uncovered the whole of a gigantic human figure, composed apparently of stone.

The mud-covered diggers and the farmer, leaning on their shovels, stared curiously at the figure which lay at the bottom of what had now become a trench instead of a well. They were soon joined by members of the family and by neighbors. What was this stone giant? Some of the spectators recalled the finding of a razor in a hollow tree on the same farm some years before; perhaps, they whispered, here was the body of a man who had been murdered.

Though rural telephones and the now ubiquitous Ford cars were unknown at that time, the news of the finding of the colossus spread rapidly and people from miles around jostled each other on the slippery sides of the muddy trench to get a view of the stone giant. The figure which lay below in the mud and water was that of a man measuring some ten feet two and one-half inches in height, with shoulders three feet in breadth, and other measurements in proportion. The right arm and hand lay across the body, while the left was pressed against the back directly opposite. The lower limbs were slightly contracted as if by pain, the left foot resting partially upon the right.

There was much speculation as to the origin of the giant and some of the visitors were not slow to recognize its value as an exhibit. Offers of trade and cash were soon made, but the farmer preferred to wait until the real value of his prize could be determined.

That he was not slow to realize a good business

proposition is evident from the system of handling the crowds of sight-seers. A tent was erected over the trench where the colossus still lay on his bed of clay, and a charge of fifty cents was made for admission. This apparently did not diminish the number of visitors, for in spite of the fact that the crops were not yet harvested and an election was pending, the farmer found himself possessed of a veritable Aladdin's lamp which showered half dollars upon him. It was not long before George Hull, a relative of William Newell, appeared to claim a share in the profits and this aroused some gossip since there was no apparent reason for his participation. A sum of money amounting to twenty thousand dollars was said to have been received from the admission fees to the tent on the Newell farm. Later J. W. Wood, a professional showman, was secured to manage the exhibition.

Andrew D. White, President of Cornell University, who at the time was in Syracuse, wrote the following description of his visit to the farm:

> The roads were crowded with buggies, carriages, and even omnibuses from the city, and with lumber-wagons from the farms — all laden with passengers. In about two hours we arrived at the Newell farm, and found a gathering which at first sight seemed like a county fair. In the midst was a tent, and a crowd was pressing for admission. Entering, we saw a large pit or grave, and, at the bottom of it, perhaps five feet below the surface, an enormous figure, apparently of Onondaga gray limestone. It was a

stone giant, with massive features, the whole body nude, the limbs contracted as if in agony. It had a color as if it had lain long in the earth, and over its surface were minute punctures, like pores. An especial appearance of great age was given it by deep grooves and channels in its under side, apparently worn by the water which flowed in streams through the earth and along the rock on which the figure rested. Lying in its grave, with the subdued light from the roof of the tent falling upon it, and with the limbs contorted as if in a death struggle, it produced a most weird effect. An air of great solemnity pervaded the place. Visitors hardly spoke above a whisper.

Newspaper men also visited the farm and wrote thrilling descriptions of the "Cardiff Giant" or "Onondaga Giant", as the mysterious figure came to be called. Scientists studied it and wrote learned reports of its origin and antiquity. Most of these men rejected the theory of petrification but they differed widely in their explanations of the presence of the piece of sculpture in the swamp.

John F. Boynton, a graduate of a St. Louis medical school and a lecturer on geology and mineralogy, at first believed that it was the work of the Jesuit fathers two or three hundred years before. The material he decided was Onondaga gypsum. Later he decided that the statue had probably not been buried more than three years. Another of the scientific examiners was convinced that this was a petrified body. Experienced quarrymen of the region, he declared, did not believe that a block of

gypsum of this size could be found in the vicinity. Furthermore, the position of the body was not one an artist would choose; it was rather a natural manifestation of physical pain. Dr. Amos Wescott of Syracuse, in a letter to the *Scientific American,* supported this view. There were no chisel marks upon the figure, he asserted. Besides, its evident antiquity was proof that it was not an attempt to impose upon "a gullible public".

Among those who examined the giant was James Hall, State Geologist of New York, who some years before had made the first geological survey of Iowa. He was positive that the figure was a statue carved from crystalline gypsum. In a letter written to Dr. Wescott, Mr. Hall emphasized the antiquity of the statue and called attention to the corroding or attrition of part of the under surface of the body by the action of the water. "Such a process of solution and removal of the gypsum — a mineral of slow solubility in the waters of that region — must", he declared, "have required a long period of years." In another written statement he expressed the opinion that "to all appearances, this statue lay upon the gravel when the deposition of the fine silt or soil began, upon the surface of which the forests have grown for succeeding generations."

In the meantime imagination had, as usual, outstripped science, and a number of myths and legends were developed to explain the mystery. According to one of these, an Indian squaw, who visited the

statue, declared that it was the petrified body of an Indian prophet who many centuries before had foretold the coming of the palefaces and before his death promised his followers that their descendants should see him again.

The ordinary visitors, knowing nothing of art or archeology, were usually content with the belief that this was a petrified human being. "Nothing in the world can ever make me believe that he was not once a living being", declared a woman as she looked down upon the colossus. "Why, you can see the veins in his legs."

After some time the "Cardiff Giant" was raised from his muddy tomb and transported to Albany, much to the dissatisfaction of the Syracuse business men who had profited largely by the influx of tourists. It is reported that fifty thousand sight-seers visited the Newell farm while the giant remained there.

P. T. Barnum tried to purchase the figure but a local syndicate had already secured control and his offer was refused. The new company, one of whom is said to have been the original from which the character of David Harum was drawn, paid $30,000 for a three-fourths interest, Newell retaining one-fourth. A pamphlet, "The American Goliath", was issued to advertise the wonder, but a great deal of publicity was furnished by newspaper discussions concerning the various theories as to the origin and antiquity of the image.

The success of the exhibition led P. T. Barnum to have carved a similar figure which was likewise exhibited as the "Cardiff Giant". The owners of the original attempted to secure an injunction to prevent the display of Barnum's giant, but it was refused. The rival did not, however, at once diminish the popularity of the real giant which was taken about the country and exhibited to large crowds.

There were some, however, who were skeptical concerning the accidental discovery of the stone giant. The appearance of George Hull on the scene and his share in the profits were not sufficiently explained by his relationship to William Newell. Residents of Onondaga County began to recall that about a year before a mysterious four-horse team drawing a wagon upon the running gear of which rested a huge iron-bound box had been seen in the vicinity of Cardiff and some claimed that they recognized George Hull as the man who had been in charge.

Those interested in the stone giant explained that the box contained machinery for manufacturing tobacco products and possibly some contraband tobacco — a fact which accounted for the secrecy surrounding its movements. Dr. Amos Wescott, who was one of the owners of the giant, declared in a letter to the *Scientific American* that it was absurd to suggest that the statue which weighed slightly less than 3000 pounds had been transported on a wagon to the Newell farm, unloaded by the two

or three men in charge, and lowered to the place from which it required fifteen men to remove it even with the aid of machinery.

Andrew D. White was shown a piece of the giant and he at once saw that the material was not Onondaga limestone as he had at first supposed but some kind of gypsum. This explained the point which had puzzled him — the attrition on the under surface of the figure. Professor Marsh of Yale, a paleontologist, examined the figure and asserted that it was clearly of recent origin and "a most decided humbug".

Thus was the reputation of the "Cardiff Giant" endangered by gossip and the opinions of scientists. Its fame, however, continued and still the curious thronged to view it. Among those from afar who visited the exhibit was Galusha Parsons, a lawyer from Fort Dodge, Iowa, who stopped over at Syracuse to see the "Petrified Giant". He immediately wrote back to a Fort Dodge paper, "I believe it is made out of the great block of gypsum those fellows got at Fort Dodge a year ago and sent off east."

A number of Fort Dodge citizens at once began some amateur detective work. Skeptics in New York added their testimony and gradually the tangled threads were unravelled and the story of the "Cardiff Giant" was revealed. In the summer of 1868 two men, registering at the hotel as George Hull of Binghamton, New York, and H. B. Martin of Boston, Massachusetts, arrived at Fort Dodge.

The latter, however, was a resident of Marshalltown, Iowa. They were so secretive concerning their business as to be regarded as suspicious characters, but they showed special interest in the gypsum deposits.

Finally they attempted to make a bargain with C. B. Cummins for a large block of gypsum, at least 12 x 4 x 2 feet, explaining that they wished to exhibit it in New York. They also told one of the men at the mines that they intended to take the block to Washington, D. C., as Iowa's contribution to the Lincoln monument.

Mr. Cummins refused the order, but the two men leased some land and employed a quarryman named Michael Foley to get out a block of the prescribed dimensions. This feat was finally accomplished, Foley receiving fifteen dollars for his labor. The next problem was the transportation of the mammoth block, weighing about five tons, to the railroad station. The difficulties were found to be so great that the block was reduced in size so that it weighed less than seven thousand pounds.

Its owners announced that it was to be shipped to New York, but the records of the freight office at Boone — formerly Montana — showed that it was billed to Chicago. Here a German stone-cutter carved the gigantic figure from the block, Hull himself serving as the model. Pin pricks by a leaden mallet faced with steel needles were made to serve as pores; and the whole figure was carefully treated to give it a semblance of age.

From Chicago the statue, boxed and labeled "finished marble", was shipped by an indirect route to Union, New York, addressed to George Olds. Here the mysterious four-horse team appeared and the giant, encased in an iron-bound box, began his wanderings in search of his temporary tomb. Reports from various places indicate that the route was circuitous and the answers of his guardians to questions evasive and inconsistent. Machinery, iron castings, a soldier's monument, and "Jeff Davis" were among the replies to inquisitive persons. At one place, it was said, a small boy secured an auger and attempted to do some prospecting on his own account, but the owners of the box foiled his project.

Having arrived in the vicinity of the Newell farm, the box disappeared. The story of the midnight burial of the giant must be left to the imagination. It is not difficult to picture the scene: the shadowy light of the lanterns revealing the figures of the men busy about the inert figure, the rasp of iron and the splitting of wood as the box was opened, the creak of machinery as slowly and carefully the stone figure was lowered into its waiting grave, and the water seeped up around it. The earth was filled in and the top smoothed off. Probably there was no one to repeat the burial formula but the future developments indicate that the spectators were not without a belief in the resurrection of the body they had so carefully buried.

And so the mystery of the "Cardiff Giant" was

solved. The owners made frantic efforts to refute the evidence but in vain, for in the midst of their protestations, Hull, who apparently enjoyed the joke and who had realized financially on the scheme before the gossip about the planting of the giant had been verified, made public the whole story of the swindle.

In addition to confirming the main points of the story of the wanderings of the gypsum block and the stone giant, Hull explained where he received the suggestion of the plan. While on a visit to relatives at Ackley, Iowa, he had entered upon a discussion with a Methodist revivalist and in the argument concerning the belief in Biblical stories, Hull who was himself an atheist received the inspiration of the burying and resurrection of the giant.

These revelations would seem to be sufficient to destroy all belief and curiosity in the stone giant, but in spite of them a graduate student of Yale, named Alexander McWhorter, made a study of the "Cardiff Giant". He discovered on the figure an inscription in ancient Phenician letters and evolved the theory that here was a Phenician idol. No one else was ever able to see this inscription, but McWhorter wrote an article elaborating his theory and had it published in a prominent magazine. Dr. White of the Yale Medical School also examined the figure and of the discussion between these two men, Andrew D. White says: "Dickens in his most expansive moods never conceived anything more funny

than the long, solemn discussion between the erratic Hebrew scholar and the eminent medical professor at New Haven over the 'pores' of the statue, which one of them thought 'the work of minute animals,' which the other thought 'elaborate Phenician workmanship,' which both thought exquisite, and which the maker of the statue had already confessed that he had made by rudely striking the statue with a mallet faced with needles."

But no theories could restore the popularity of the "Cardiff Giant". Some of the enterprising citizens of Fort Dodge—W. H. Wright, Dr. McNulty, and the editor of *The Iowa North West* — collected the evidence and published it in a pamphlet entitled *The Cardiff Giant Humbug,* concluding with a modest advertisement of Fort Dodge. These pamphlets were sent to New York and sold in the town in which the "Cardiff Giant" was being exhibited. The promoters made frantic efforts to stop their sale, but enough were distributed to expose the claims of the giant. Although it continued to be exhibited for some time in spite of the appearance of a rival and the story of its real origin, the returns soon diminished and the colossus was finally stranded at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, where it was held for storage charges. It was put on exhibition at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo in 1901, but at the close of the Exposition it was returned to Fitchburg, where it was stored in an old barn.

It was felt, however, that the old giant should be

returned to its home at Fort Dodge, and it was purchased by Joseph R. Mulroney from the heirs of the estate to which it belonged and brought back to Fort Dodge, where it has been exhibited from time to time. It is now owned by Hugo Schultz of Huron, South Dakota, but it remains in charge of the Brady Transfer and Storage Company at Fort Dodge. Although in retirement, the "Cardiff Giant" was the chief guest at a "wake" given in Fort Dodge to visiting advertising men in convention there in the spring of 1921—an honor, indeed, which the old giant well deserved.

RUTH A. GALLAHER

Pike's Hill

Opposite the place where the Wisconsin River empties into the Mississippi rises a bold promontory known as Pike's Hill. It is a part of the range of steep, almost perpendicular bluffs cleft here and there by deep ravines, which form the Iowa shore of the Mississippi River above Dubuque. Visited by Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike on his journey up the river in the fall of 1805, and selected by him as a site suitable for the erection of a military post, it has since been known by the various names of Pike's Peak, Pike's Mountain, and Pike's Hill.

Writing of this spot in his report to General James Wilkinson, Pike said:

> I therefore pitched on a spot on the top of the hill on the W. side of the Mississippi which is [ ] feet high, level on the top, and completely commands both rivers, the Mississippi being only one-half mile wide and the Ouiscousing about 900 yards when full. There is plenty of timber in the rear, and a spring at no great distance on the hill. If this position is to have in view the annoyance of any European power who might be induced to attack it with cannon, it has infinitely the preference to a position called the Petit Gris on the Ouiscousing, which I visited and marked the next day.

Twenty-two years after Pike recommended this

site for a military post, another officer of the United States Army, Major General Edmund R. Gaines, then in command of the Western Department, proposed that a fort should be erected on Pike's Hill to replace the fast decaying Fort Crawford. Fort Crawford had been erected at Prairie du Chien during the summer of 1816, and was occupied continuously by a garrison from that date till October, 1826, when its troops were withdrawn and sent to Fort Snelling. In August, 1827, it was reoccupied due to the threatening attitude of the Winnebago Indians and the uneasiness of the inhabitants of the village and the nearby settlers. In the fall of 1827, General Gaines after inspecting the posts in his department made a report which includes the following statements in regard to Fort Crawford:

Fort Crawford, consisting of block-houses and huts, all of wood, is, as heretofore reported, so much decayed as to be uninhabitable without extensive repairs, and even with repairs the barracks cannot be rendered sufficiently comfortable to secure the health of the troops. The floors and lower timbers are decayed in part by frequent overflowing of the river, which has left the wood soaked and filled with damp sediment. Orders have been given to Major Fowle, the commanding officer, to repair the barracks in the best manner the means under his control will permit. Ten thousand feet of plank was brought from Fort Snelling, and an additional supply ordered to be furnished for the purpose, with the requisite tools. With these supplies it is believed that the mechanics of Major Fowle's command will

be able to render the troops tolerably comfortable until the next spring, when it is apprehended that the usual freshets in the river will again overflow the place. These freshets have often brought the high water into the barracks to the depth of four feet for several days in succession. This has sometimes occurred in the months of June and July. When this is the case bilious diseases are sure to follow.

At the time of his visit, Gaines found one officer and forty-four enlisted men sick out of a total force of one hundred and seventy-seven officers and men—more than one-fourth of the garrison. In addition to this several women and children in the families of the officers were ill.

The general embodied in his report a statement from R. M. Coleman, the assistant surgeon of the garrison, to the effect that the location of Fort Crawford was decidedly unhealthy and that a site across the river would be better suited to the health of the men. Major John Fowle, commandant at Fort Crawford, confirmed the report of Doctor Coleman in respect to the sickliness of the place. He, too, felt that the health of the garrison would be improved by its removal to the opposite shore and recommended Pike's Hill as the best site for the post.

Accordingly, General Gaines, fully convinced of the necessity of a new location for Fort Crawford, not only because of the unhealthfulness of the place but also because of its nearness to "tippling shops" in the adjoining village, recommended the erection of a new fort upon Pike's Hill "on the right bank

of the Mississippi, nearly opposite to the mouth of the Wisconsin, about four miles from Fort Crawford, and in full view of the fort and the neighboring village."

Against his proposal he foresaw the objection that Pike's Hill did not afford immediate protection to the village of Prairie du Chien and that the expense of transporting supplies to the top of the hill would be greater than that incurred at Fort Crawford. However, he argued that this expense would be more than offset by the advantages of the new site from the standpoint of health and by its nearness to a supply of timber for building and fuel. He believed that a road could be built by ten men in the course of a week, which, avoiding the precipitous face of the bluff, would extend in a series of grades from the top of the hill to the landing below at a distance of about a mile. A spring in the hollow of the hill about one hundred and fifty yards from the top would furnish an ample supply of excellent water.

The top of the site consisted of about five acres of almost level tableland which, Gaines asserted, would afford sufficient space for the fort with room for company and battalion exercise. Back of the hill-top for half a mile stretched a field sufficiently level and "well adapted to all purposes of cultivation as should occupy the attention of the troops, viz: for gardening, grass lots and pasturage".

Convinced of the feasibility of his proposal, Gaines drew up and incorporated in his report a

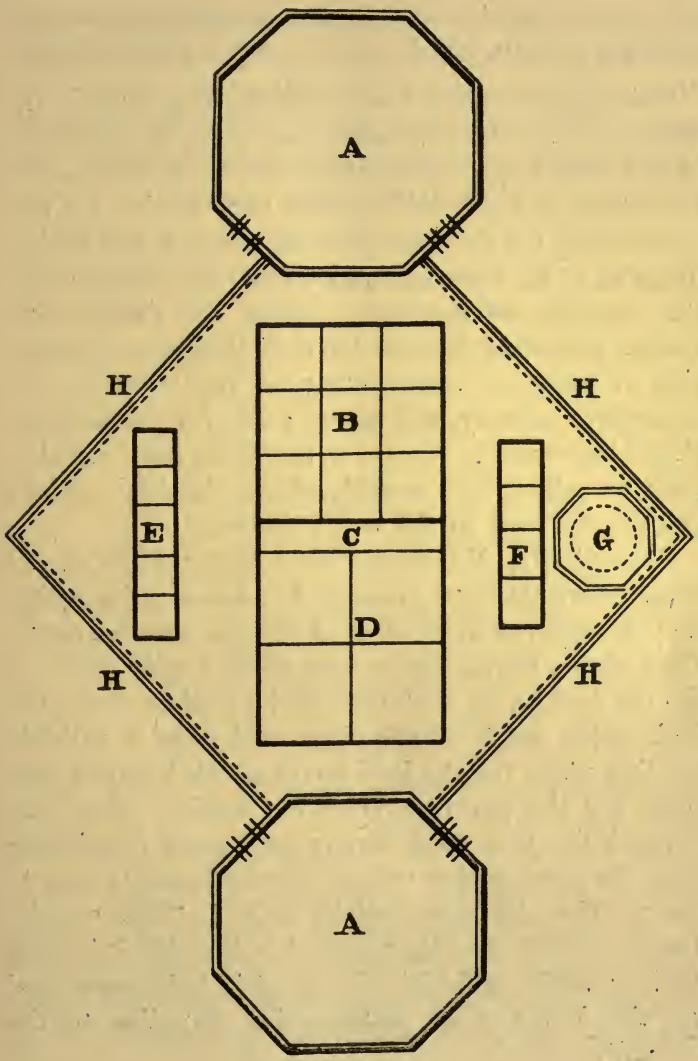
plan for a fort on Pike's Hill. On the opposite page this plan, slightly reduced, is reprinted from a cut which appears with the report in *American State papers: Military Affairs,* Vol. IV, p. 125. The following descriptive and explanatory matter is reprinted from the same source:

Ground plan of a fort for one hundred and twenty-five officers and men, recommended to be erected on Pike's Hill, near Prairie du Chien. To be considered with a view to defense against small arms only.

A.— Stone towers, 30 or 40 feet in diameter, two stories high.
B.— Barracks, two stories high.
C.— A passage 12 feet wide.
D.— Officers' quarters, two stories high.
E.— Kitchens.
F.— Storehouses.
G.— Magazine.
H.— Stone wall and ditch.

NOTE.— The stone wall need not be more than 2 feet thick. The ditch 4 feet deep, and 8 feet wide; 2 six-pounders, and 2 five-inch howitzers to be put into each tower.

The work to be constructed should consist of two small stone towers or castles placed 120 feet apart, with the intermediate space filled up with a block of stone barracks. These to be enclosed by a wall with a ditch, terminating at each castle, and so constructed as to receive the support of a flank fire from each castle. This work should not be larger than to accommodate a garrison of five officers, with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one hundred and twenty non-commisioned officers, artificers and privates, together with storage for their supplies.

This report together with others picturing the unfitness of the old site convinced those in authority in the War Department of the necessity at least of relocating and rebuilding Fort Crawford. An appropriation for this purpose was secured, and Major General A. E. Macomb, wrote from Washington, D. C., to the commanding officer at Prairie du Chien, under the date of April, 2, 1829, and directed him to make an examination of the "Prairie, or immediate country, and select a site for the contemplated barracks". He was to select the most suitable position taking into consideration "health, comfort and convenience to the water courses".

Accordingly, Major S. W. Kearny assisted by Major John Garland proceeded to select a site which they considered best adapted for the new barracks. They chose, ultimately, a spot about a mile south of the old fort on an elevation of the prairie above the high-water mark of the river and near a suitable landing place for the keel boats which brought supplies for the garrison from St. Louis. Here was erected the new fort, larger and more formidable than its predecessor whose worthy name it was to bear. The site proposed by Pike in 1805 and by Gaines in 1827 was disregarded, primarily, it is said, because of the difficulties involved in building a road up the hill and in transporting supplies to the summit.

Pike's Hill was never fortified, but even to-day the visitor who has climbed to its top and has looked at the river below dotted with wooded islands and at the sweep of prairie on the opposite shore is struck with the advantages of this spot as a military site.

BRUCE E. MAHAN

Magnolia

Before me is an old law. Its musty legality is softened by the blunt phrases of pioneer days. Its title announces its purpose as "An Act organizing certain Counties therein named"; and its content provides for the fulfillment of the titular promise. From the pedantic diction of modern legislation it is refreshing to turn to the simple instructions that "Abram Fletcher, of the county of Fremont, Charles Wolcott, of the county of Mills, and A. D. Jones, of the county of Pottawattamie, be, and they are hereby appointed Commissioners to locate the seat of Justice of the county of Harrison"; that they are further instructed to meet "at the house of A. D. Jones, in the county of Pottawattamie" and proceed to locate the proposed county seat of Justice "as near the geographical centre . . . . as a suitable site may be found." What unembarrassed discretion was granted by the Fourth General Assembly! How delightfully simple were the directions for the creation of a new government! But if one turns the page, he will read there a brief restriction—"the county seat of Harrison shall be called Magnolia".

In response to these unquestionable instructions, the three commissioners met on the first Monday in March, 1853, to discharge the duty which had been laid upon them. 1853! Less than seventy years

ago! But there were no railroad tracks, or telephone or telegraph lines within the State at that time, and Iowa land was selling for $1.25 an acre. The tiny hamlet of Kanesville, which grew out of an encampment of Mormons making their difficult exodus to the West, had just received the name of Council Bluffs. Omaha was a village on the outskirts of civilization; Sioux City, scarcely more than a name used to designate an Indian trading-post; Des Moines, a cluster of small cabins known as Fort Des Moines, and boasting among its homes the civilizing influence of a brick courthouse. This was western Iowa, when Magnolia, "the little city on the hill", had its birth.

As a commercial and civic center Magnolia was full of promise. It was in the very heart of Harrison County; it was the authorized seat of justice and government; and it soon became a lively, energetic, frontier town. At Magnolia the first district schoolhouse in the county, a structure of hewed logs, was built. The first mill to do actual business was located on the Willow River, not far from the county seat, and as early as 1858 Magnolia possessed a Masonic Lodge, the first in the county.

The first post office of the county was established at Magnolia. Until 1855 the nearest post office was located at Council Bluffs, and the only way to obtain letters was to call for them. Great was the excitement when some fellow-citizen journeyed thence and brought home the village mail in the crown of his

hat. Then a stage route was established running from Council Bluffs to Sioux City, and Magnolia became one of the important stops. The town was highly indignant, however, when after barely a dozen trips, the Western Stage Company was subsidized by citizens of the rival village, Calhoun, so that Magnolia was "star-routed" and supplied by a side mail. But this incident did not have the effect which Calhoun had expected, for Magnolia, instead of being disheartened, bent every effort toward improving itself — an exertion which left its rival in the dim background of inferiority. Other stage routes came to the town and thus many times a week brief snatches of the world's news, somewhat belated but of unimpaired interest, were brought to the village.

Within a few years it numbered some three hundred inhabitants who enjoyed the privileges and endured the hardships which western Iowa offered to her sturdy, self-reliant children during the middle period of the West. Three dry-goods stores provided a part of their food and the bulk of their clothing. A tailor, a shoe dealer, two jewellers, ten carpenters, and one plasterer added a touch of development to the community. Its bodily ailments were healed by two physicians, one of whom was famous for his efficacious remedies— a potion with speedy results known as "Thunder and Lightning", and a mixture of herbs called "Bog Hay", which was prescribed — it is easy to imagine, with varying formula and effect — for fever and ague. Two

ministers cared for the spiritual welfare of the community, and six attorneys supported themselves by tangling and untangling legal snarls. An earnest teacher generously distributed instruction and discipline among the children in a room which measured twelve by fourteen feet, described as being constructed of "cottonwood boards set on end", and possessing "one window-opening with a 'greased paper' for light".

For the sum of two dollars a year, the early settler might read of the world's events as published in the "Magnolia Weekly Republican", "a very newsy, neatly printed journal", founded in 1859, by George R. Brainard. The itinerant, as well as the permanent resident, was well cared for in Magnolia. If he were travelling "a horseback", he might have his horse shod at any one of the four blacksmith shops, while he indulged himself with one of the famous meals served by the kind old landlady at Peter Barnett's boarding-house hotel—a meal such as Magnolia alone remembers how to serve to-day. If he were obliged to "stay the night", the traveller was sure of a merry evening and "right good cheer" within the log walls of the Bates House. He might even visit the village artist and have his daguerreotype taken as a surprise for the folks at home.

In 1858, a unique gathering assembled in Magnolia, for in the autumn of that year the Harrison County Agricultural Society held its first county fair. It was not the kind of an exhibition which goes

by the name of county fair to-day. There were no gambling games or soap-box enthusiasts in evidence. The objects of attraction were "the products of soil and barnyard, with a sprinkling of homemade wares and domestic articles". It was a wholesome gathering amusing itself with the ever-popular sports of horse and foot racing.

In pathetic but inspiring contrast to this merry-making was the county celebration held in Magnolia on July 4, 1862, during the agonizing period of civil war. Men, women, and children — many with sad faces and sadder hearts — assembled from all the adjoining counties and even from Nebraska, bringing with them wagon-loads of food. Harrison County has never again seen such a dinner! The air was filled with music and patriotism, and a huge homemade flag flaunted its cambric stars and stripes to the admiration of the throng, in the midst of which might be found the skillful-fingered women who had bought the material at the general store, and who had cut and fashioned the bright banner which symbolized to all, their stricken and contentious home land.

Who will deny that Magnolia was the hub of activity and that Magnolia directed the affairs of the county? The shrewd godfathers of the little village had made no mistake when they selected this centrally located, thickly wooded, and well-drained tract for the seat of justice of Harrison County, but events conspired in such a manner as to check its logical growth and to cause it to evolve not into the

promised civic center, but into a tiny inland town. When Magnolia was platted, not a railroad had yet been constructed a hundred miles west of Chicago, and it could not be foreseen that within a few years, indeed by 1866, the Chicago and Northwestern line would have laid its tracks across the State in such a way as to miss Magnolia altogether. This was a death-blow to commercial expansion and activity—the little city was cut off from the throbbing artery of trade, as a consequence of which came the ultimate transfer of the courthouse to the neighboring village of Logan. All of this did not take place at once, nor did it come about without a struggle. Many contests had raged between Magnolia and Calhoun, Missouri Valley, and Logan at various times with regard to moving the county seat. Magnolia had retained control, however, until 1875, when Logan, seizing the psychological moment, again proposed a transfer to her own city and won by a doubtful majority of two votes. The county records were moved to that place where a courthouse was built in 1876.

Magnolia had reached her prime, the apex of her growth. One would expect the city to die and slowly disappear. Contrary to all expectations, such has not been the case. To be sure, its population has remained practically constant for many years — the census of 1920 showed 299 inhabitants — but the town itself has undergone many changes. Scarcely any of the old landmarks remain; in fact, Magnolia has been practically rebuilt during the past fifteen

years. Many of the store-buildings are made of brick, and cement sidewalks line the most important streets. The city is lighted by electricity, and at night, its cluster of street lights may be seen for miles around. Since the persistent intrusion of the automobile, the seven miles between Magnolia and the nearest railroad have become a negligible distance. A motor-bus makes two trips daily to Logan and back, carrying passengers and mail.

The pride of the town is a large consolidated school-building, modernly equipped in every way, where all the children in a district of twenty-five square miles, from the tiniest primary pupil to the young men and women preparing themselves for college, receive training on an equality with that offered in our city institutions. There are seven busses, dubbed "kid-wagons" by the juvenile passengers, which transport the youngsters to and from the great schoolhouse, many times the size of the next largest building in the village.

Magnolia's spirit is one of loyalty and allegiance. Company C, 29th Iowa Infantry, was organized there in 1862 and gave splendid service during the Civil War. A few of the veterans who still live in the community assemble on Memorial Day to show reverence for their comrades who have gone ahead. During the recent war, Magnolia provided her quota of men for the army, and offered her services in other ways, as did the thousands of small towns and villages throughout the United States. Her war-record is one to be proud of.

Once a year, in August or September, Magnolia dons festive attire, and assumes a gala-day appearance. This day is known as "Old Settlers Day", and is the time when the pioneers, their children, and their children's children assemble to listen to roll-call, to hear speeches, to exchange reminiscences and to feast upon the fat of the land. This is the day when Magnolia indulges in maternal pride of her sons and daughters. Like other towns, she has her favorite son. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, New York, was born and reared here. His tribute to his early home provides a fitting conclusion to an article on this small pioneer town which went through a rapid growth, a more or less rapid decline, but which seems to have settled, at last, into a state of immortality:

"Since those far off days in the old Magnolia high school I have seen many cities and countries, and studied and lingered in many libraries, colleges and universities. I owe an immeasurable debt to certain great books, to noble authors and educators. But my chief intellectual debt is to my father and mother and sisters and to the old friends and students in the old Magnolia high school. For neither time nor events have ever lessened my conviction that the scholar is the favorite child of heaven and earth and that the old book, and the old scenes, and the old friends are the richest gifts that God has vouchsafed to me in my earthly career."

Blanche C. Sly

Comment by the Editor

TEETH AND CIVILIZATION

A few days ago we were looking over some Indian skulls which had been dug up from the mounds in the neighborhood of Lake Okoboji, and we were greatly impressed with the condition of the teeth. They were sound and white and regular. No dentist would have been needed, for there were no holes to fill. True, the teeth were not all there, and it may be that there were holes in the ones which had dropped out in the course of a few hundred years; but we are inclined to think that in general the primitive Indian had much better teeth than has the modern white man, and that the difference is due to a civilization that has had for its aim the making of life — and eating — an easy and pleasant affair.

The dog who forages for his own food seems to have good teeth, and we believe the cat who is a mouser is likely to have better teeth than the lap-cat of an effete household. We hear often nowadays of the tigers and crocodiles which have become domesticated and pampered in the big zoos, needing to have their teeth attended to by dentists, but we have heard of no dentist going to Africa to fill cavities for tigers and crocodiles in the wild state. Without doubt this is because animals who forage for their

own food and do not have it prepared for them, need no dentists.

We believe that the pioneers who had less finely-ground flour than we have to-day, and more foods that required dental exercise, had also better teeth. Theodore S. Parvin tells us that during the session of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Iowa in 1840, a traveling dentist from one of the New England States first crossed the river and interviewed members of the legislature. He found so little need for his services that he gave up the profession and settled down to the occupation of a fruit-grower. This is only circumstantial argument for the presence of good teeth in 1840, but we give it for what it is worth.

In like manner we call attention to the fact that the United States Census for 1860 credits Iowa with a population of nearly 675,000, but there were only 76 dentists to serve this multitude. Incidentally there were over 1400 physicians, all of whom probably took undue pride in the fact that the Census showed only four undertakers in the State.

TWO MILES A DAY

We have found out how to annihilate time and space, and offset the law of gravity when we travel; we have learned to eat without an effort and have evolved a thousand contrivances to minister to our bodily comfort. But we are losing our teeth and our hair and our contentment at one end and our powers

of locomotion at the other, while we develop too largely in between. The early fur trader and the explorer could go into the wilds with a gun and ax and a few pounds of provisions and face primitive conditions with equanimity. How many could do it to-day? The pioneer settler, with few implements, broke the wilderness and established a home. He made little ado about a walk of ten or fifteen miles; but to-day a Kansas City man strives to better mankind by organizing a walking club of men who will exert themselves to the extent of walking two miles daily.

We sometimes wonder if civilization does not bring physical degeneration, and if man's historic struggle to make life easy has not simply made him less of a man.

J. C. P.

THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN C. PARISH

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

VOL. II ISSUED IN OCTOBER 1921 NO. 10

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The Way to Iowa

June first, 1833, saw the restraints to settlement in the Iowa country removed. A year earlier the treaty of the Black Hawk Purchase had been signed, by which the United States secured from the Indians the cession of a strip of land approximately fifty miles wide extending along the western bank of the Mississippi River from the northern boundary of Missouri to the southern boundary of the Neutral Ground. In the meantime the Indians had withdrawn to their new homes and the soldiers who had patrolled the region near the "Mines of Spain" had marched back to Fort Crawford. Then the white invasion began. True, a few bold adventurers had crossed the river at Dubuque to mine lead before this date, but they were trespassers in the eyes of the government, and they had been repeatedly driven out.

In 1832, George H. Catlin, artist and historian, had foreseen the oncoming rush of settlers, and

after a visit to the Des Moines River Valley had written in prophetic vein:

> The steady march of our growing population to this vast garden spot will surely come in surging columns and spread farms, houses, orchards, towns and cities over all these remote wild prairies. Half a century hence the sun is sure to shine upon countless villages, silvered spires and domes, denoting the march of intellect, and wealth's refinements, in this beautiful and far off solitude of the West.

Four years later the first census of Wisconsin Territory gave the two Iowa counties a population of 10,531. Two years later, in 1838, a census taken in May, showed a total of 22,859 inhabitants west of the river. The population had doubled. In two years more, 43,000 people had settled in the Iowa country. Between 1840 and 1850, 150,000 moved to Iowa and the next decade saw a tide of immigrants that "was to sweep over the waste places of the State and to inundate the valleys and hills with more than sufficient human energy to build up a Commonwealth of the first rank".

What allurements drew this flood of people from their far off homes in Ohio, Kentucky, and Pennsylvania or the nearer regions of Indiana, Missouri, and Illinois? At an earlier date her supply of furs had lured the hardy frontiersman and trapper to the Iowa land. Then her veins of lead, with the promise of quick wealth in the hills and bluffs about Dubuque, drew their quota of adventurers. But the fame

of Iowa's bountiful land constituted the principal attraction for the pioneer. Speculators flocked to land offices hoping to enter claims and to re-sell at a profit; mechanics expecting to ply their trade joined the throng; and homeseekers planning to obtain fertile acres at a low price made the migratory movement an annually increasing one. There came glowing reports of bountiful crops. News that game was plentiful and that the rivers swarmed with fish was sent back in letters to the old home and, published perhaps in the village paper, furnished to friends and relatives the impetus to make the journey.

The first immigrants to Iowa could come in one of three ways: by boat over the available water routes, by wagon over roads and trails and in part over trackless country, or by a combination of the two. As the railroads crawled westward they came to be used more and more by the newcomers, but even to the end of the migratory period the Lake route, the Ohio-Mississippi waterway, and the overland trails provided a way of transit to many of the movers.

Let us follow the fortunes of two families, one from New York, the other from Pennsylvania, setting out for Iowa by the water route in 1840. One has come to Buffalo by the Erie Canal, passing through Utica, Rochester, and Lockport. Here father, mother, and the children embark on the steamboat "Constellation" bound from Buffalo to Chicago. On one corner of the deck they pile their

few possessions. Soon the corner is a promiscuous heap of chairs, pots, kettles, and bedding. Nearby, an emigrant family from central Europe is sitting on a pile of strange-looking farm implements and large chests. They are on their way to Wisconsin. A party of English gentlemen from Canada on their way to a hunting expedition in the West comes on board. Tourists for pleasure, and speculators going out to inspect land they have bought but have not seen, swell the passenger list.

The boat gets under way. It hugs the shore, gliding swiftly along past low green wooded banks and hills on one side, by the wind-tossed waves of Lake Erie on the other, to Dunkirk, forty-five miles from Buffalo. To Erie next, thence on past Conneaut, Ashtabula, and Fairport to Cleveland, the boat plows its way — about one hundred and ninety miles in a day and a half. Here the travellers to Iowa disembark to take the Ohio canal to Portsmouth.

Let us turn our attention now to the Pennsylvania farmer who has decided to go West. He holds a sale, then hires a neighbor to take him and his family with a few household goods to Pittsburgh. They engage passage on the steamboat "Monsoon" bound for St. Louis. They go on board and pile their belongings at the end of the lowest deck near the bow. Both ends of this deck are piled high with freight and the possessions of those who can not afford to pay the cabin fare.

Father and mother settle down to rest and await the start, but the twelve year old son begins an investigation of the boat. He ascends a stairway to the deck above and finds a narrow piazza from which doors enter the cabins. At the rear of this deck he locates the ladies' cabin with staterooms grouped around it, in the center he finds the dining-room surrounded by the cabins for gentlemen, forward he discovers the barroom with space in front where the men can smoke and chat. He climbs another stairway to the hurricane deck, above which rise the twin smokestacks and the hissing steampipe. Descending to the middle deck he notices a sign containing the rules of the boat. Among them, four read somewhat as follows:

No gentleman shall go to table without his coat.

No gentleman must pencil-work or otherwise injure the furniture.

No gentleman shall lie down on a berth with his boots on.

No gentleman shall enter the ladies saloon without permission from them.

He goes below to rejoin the family and to enjoy the confusion of sights and sounds as the boat prepares to get under way. Drays rattle over the wharf, discordant cries of the workmen loading a late consignment of freight mingle with the river songs of the negro boatmen. The hoarse puffing and panting of the high-pressure engine adds to the general din. Finally the boatmen loose the moorings,

the steamer slowly wheels around to start downstream on its twelve hundred mile journey.

The first stop is made at Wheeling, ninety-five miles distant, to load and unload freight. Here, immigrants from Maryland and Virginia, westward bound, come on board. Thence the steamer follows the winding channel of the river past tiny islands, between shores lined with fields of grain, with alternating hills and gloomy woods to Marietta, eighty-three miles below Wheeling. Then on past the villages of Belpré and Gallipolis, stopping perhaps at one or the other to replenish the wood supply for the firebox, the "Monsoon" comes to Portsmouth on the Ohio shore. Here our New York immigrant and his family whom we left at Cleveland embark for St. Louis.

On to Cincinnati, to Madison, and to Louisville the boat steadily makes its way. Here it enters a canal to avoid the rapids, returning to the waters of the Ohio at the small town of Shipping Port. It leaves Fredonia, Rockport, Evansville, Golconda, and Paducah in its wake. Halts at these towns to leave or take on freight, or to purchase cordwood at the woodyards, allow the passengers to take a stroll and the immigrants to renew their supply of food.

The boat plows on. Far removed from the heat of the fires and boilers, from the chatter of the deck passengers or the jar of the engines a group of travellers sit for hours on the upper deck watching the rush of steam from the pipe above their heads and

the passing panorama of bluffs and hills, of prairies and of groves of beech, walnut, oak, and maple. A returning steamer, the "Ione", comes in view. The bells of both boats ring out in salutation. Cairo appears in the distance, and the boat, leaving the glassy waters of the Ohio, turns its prow upstream on the turbid bosom of the Mississippi.

Up the long irregular sweeps of this river to Cape Girardeau, Chester, and St. Genevieve the journey continues. Herculaneum with its high shot tower and Jefferson Barracks on its limestone bluff are reached and passed. St. Louis comes into view.

Here our Iowa-bound travellers take passage on a smaller boat for the north. A month has passed since they set out from Buffalo and Pittsburgh. They move upstream past long stretches of prairie land; they reach Iowa, they stop at the landing at Burlington. A motley crowd disembarks — our two farmer families and others eager to push on to a new home, mechanics with their tools and personal effects expecting to find steady employment, the trader with goods for the frontier trade, the speculator with his money, and the visitor who will return to write about the new land.

Turn now to the journey of the overland pioneer. Although many used the water routes to Iowa, travel by wagon predominated. Of this migration, John B. Newhall, Iowa's early press agent, has left a clear picture.

The "flood-gates" of emigration were now opened, and scarcely had the "Red Man" set his footsteps in the order of march, toward the "setting sun", ere the settler began to cross the Mississippi with his flocks and herds, to make a "new home" on the fertile plains of Iowa. . . . The writer of these pages, frequently having occasion to traverse the great thoroughfares of Illinois and Indiana, in the years of 1836–7, the roads were literally lined with the long blue wagons of the emigrant slowly wending their way over the broad prairies — the cattle and hogs, men and dogs, and frequently women and children, forming the rear of the van — often ten, twenty, and thirty wagons in company. Ask them, when and where you would, their destination was the "Black Hawk Purchase".

Imagine the start of the journey. An Ohio farmer sells his farm and stock. He builds a frame on the wagon box and covers the bows with canvas to protect the inmates from the sun and rain. He loads in a few household goods. His horses are hitched, or the oxen yoked. Sad farewells to friends are made. The family is stowed away inside, the cow is tied behind. He mounts to the driver's seat, cracks his whip and the wagon rolls down the road. High are the hopes of the group as they start: visions of a new home and big crops cheer them on their way.

At sunset a halt for the night is made by the road-weary travellers. Newhall has left a picture of such a stop.

I well remember, one beautiful autumnal evening in 1836, crossing the "Military Tract" in Illinois. The last

rays of the sun was gilding the tree tops and shedding its mellow tints upon the fleecy clouds, as my horse turned the short angle of a neighboring "thicket", I encountered a settler "camped" for the night. . . . The "old lady" had just built her "camp fire" and was busily engaged in frying prairie chickens, which the unerring rifle of her boy had brought to the ground; one of the girls was milking a brindle cow, and that tall girl yonder, with swarthy arms and yellow sun-bonnet, is nailing the coffee mill on the side of a scrub oak which the little boy had "blazed" with his hatchet. There sat the old man on a log, quietly shaving himself by a six-penny looking-glass, which he had tacked to a neighboring tree. And yonder old decrepit man, sitting on a low rush bottomed chair, is the aged grandsire of all; better that his bones be left by the way-side than that he be left behind among strangers. He sits quietly smoking his pipe with all the serenity of a patriarch — apparently as ready to shuffle off this "mortal coil" that very night, as to sit down to his prairie chicken supper.

They go to bed as soon as it grows dark. Early in the morning they are up and on their way again. Slowly they move on day by day, week by week. They join others bound the same way. They travel together. At times heavy rains make the road bottomless and the wheels mire down till broken traces halt the caravan. Wagons are unloaded and all help in extricating them. Sometimes a stop is made overnight at a tavern along the way. Ohio and Indiana have been left behind, the canvas-topped wagons roll across Illinois. They reach Rock Island and across

the river the travellers see a gateway to the land of their dreams.

They gather into a large encampment, each family awaiting its turn to be ferried over in the order of arrival at the camp. Our Ohio farmer is next. He drives his oxen on board the flat-boat, a huge barge-like affair propelled and steered by long sweeps. The current carries barge and all downstream and it must be towed back to the landing on the Iowa side. He drives on shore. He has reached Iowa.

Thus they came, the pioneers, to the land of their vision. They crossed the river at the points where cities grew up on the Iowa shore, at Dubuque, Davenport, Muscatine, Burlington, and Keokuk. The man-propelled flat-boat gave way to the horse ferry, and it, in turn, to the ferry propelled by steam, and each was taxed to capacity by the on-coming horde. The way to Iowa was open.

BRUCE E. MAHAN

From New York to Iowa

The following account of a progression of migratory steps from New York to Iowa was related by Mrs. Lydia Arnold Titus in a series of letters to her grandson, Bruce E. Mahan. It is a story that runs through several generations, for the movement was a halting one and the stops along the way were sometimes rather extended. But it is typical, and to-day most of the men and women of the Middle and Far West, looking back along the line of their ancestry, see a succession of events which at the time and to the actors themselves appeared spasmodic and unrelated but which to us seem to fit into the inexorable working out of the westward migration by which the American people possessed themselves of the continent.

I was born in the year 1840 about thirty miles from Buffalo and three miles from a small village by the name of Machias Corners in New York State. My home was a log cabin on a farm where father by hard toil made a living for himself, my mother, and the six children.

The schoolhouse where I started to school at the age of five was a small one-room log building about three-fourths of a mile from our home. On my way

to school lived a kind-hearted old lady who would often come to the door of her cabin and call for me to stop. Then she would fill my apron pocket with nuts and give me a big red apple or some cookies. Although it has been over seventy-five years since this happened, the kind words and pleasant smile of this dear old lady are as real as though the meeting occurred yesterday.

My first book was a speller. We had to learn every letter before we could read easy words. There were no maps nor blackboards, and the seats were merely rough planks with holes bored in for the legs to fit. They had no backs. For the older boys and girls who studied arithmetic and who had copy books, desks had been made along the wall. Every morning the teacher would take the copy books and write a line at the top of the page for the day's lesson. Then the scholars would take their goose-quill pens and write while the teacher helped the little ones with their letters. Then we had counting lessons. After we had learned to read, the teacher started us on the capitals of the States. It was a proud day for me when I was able to name every State and its capital.

At recess time and at noon we would play a game called "Catch the Ball". The balls used were made at home out of yarn unravelled from old stocking feet and covered with soft leather or cloth. On pleasant days when wintergreen berries were ripe, our teacher would allow us to go and gather them.

How we did enjoy the cool sweet flavor of the wintergreen! In the winter time our outdoor sports consisted of skating or sliding down hill on sleds made by our father or brothers. There were no sleds for sale at the store in Machias Corners.

In those days father always made his own maple sugar. It was fine fun in the early spring to go with him to the sugar camp, to watch him tap the trees, gather the sap in pails, and boil it down. My sisters and I would get a pan of clean snow and when the sirup was boiled down almost to sugar, pour some of it into the pan of snow. As the sirup cooled it became hard and brittle and we had the best sort of maple candy. We always had plenty of pure sugar. On our farm, too, we had a good variety of fruit: apples, cherries, currants and plums. Wild blackberries were plentiful also.

In the year 1847, my mother's health began to fail, and father, thinking that a change of climate might help her, decided to go West. He sold our farm and stock during the next year and, packing a few things into a wagon, hired a man to take them and us to Buffalo. There we loaded our goods on a boat and sailed up Lake Erie to Toledo, Ohio. After a short trip into Michigan to visit my mother's relatives who had come West some years before, father decided to settle down on a farm in Williams County, Ohio. Mother failed to improve and so when spring came again we moved to another farm near Adrian, Michigan. After living here a short time, father

decided to try the climate of Illinois. He had heard glowing reports, too, of its crops from a brother who had settled there.

Father bought a yoke of oxen and a new wagon. On this he built a frame work, fastened bows, and covered them with canvas. Then we loaded our cooking utensils and bedding, an ax, a log chain, and a few household goods and set out in the year 1850 for Knox County, Illinois. Before we came to the end of our journey both oxen became sick, so we stopped for a time at a small place called Aux Sable. After a week or so the oxen got better and father sold them. There were no railroads in that part of the country and so my brother, then a boy of sixteen, walked from there to Rio, in Knox County, to get his uncle to come after us with a team. Several days passed before they returned to take us to our new home. On this journey we stopped overnight at taverns along the way as mother was not strong enough to stand camping out, but we cooked our meals by a campfire. One day each week we stopped by a stream or near some farmhouse to do our washing.

After we arrived at the home of my uncle near Rio we visited with his family for a few weeks, then father rented a farm. During the first fall he helped pick corn for his neighbors, getting every third load for picking it. The next year he raised a big crop of corn, wheat, and oats; but it was hard to get ahead as the price of all grain was so low. And

in the absence of railroads in that part of Illinois it was difficult to get the grain to market. I have seen corn fenced up in rail pens and allowed to stay there until it rotted. It could not be sold at any price. All of our neighbors had come from the East, hoping to get a new home at a low price. Some liked the new country, but others sold out, packed up, and returned to their native States.

My sisters and I started to school again when we settled down in our Illinois home; and, after taking all the work offered in the country school at that time, three of us started to teach. My salary was eight dollars per month and I had to board round at the homes of my pupils, a week at each place; and since the nearest home was one mile from the schoolhouse I think I earned my wages.

One event that happened the same fall that I started to teach school stands out in my memory. Far and wide the news spread that Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln would hold a debate at Galesburg on October 7, 1858. The girls near Rio decided that we would attend the debate in a body. Accordingly, we decorated a hay wagon and each girl made a banner to carry with the name of a State on it. I chose New York as that was my native State. We limited our party to thirty-two, the number of States in the Union at that time. As most of us were Republicans we made one large banner with the slogan "Rio, Lincoln, and Liberty".

The day of the debate dawned bright and clear and

we made an early start for it was sixteen miles to Galesburg. Each of us was dressed entirely in white, and each carried the banner inscribed with the name of the State which she represented. Two men drove our six-horse team and a third carried our large banner. Our drivers passed every team in sight for most of them were only two or four-horse outfits, and with all of us yelling and shouting the miles rolled past rapidly. When we had gone about seven miles on our way we overtook three girls walking, who seemed glad to accept our invitation to hop aboard the "Lincoln Express". However, they proved to be Democrats and before we arrived in Galesburg, they said they wished they had walked. We stopped just outside the city by a stream of clear cold water to eat our lunch and to water our horses.

Our outfit was among the first to arrive at the park where the debate was to be held. A short time before it began, we marched in a body down close to the small platform where Mr. Douglas and Mr. Lincoln were seated. Lincoln sat in a splint-bottomed chair, and it looked as if his knees were up to his chin, the chair was so low and his legs were so long. When he saw us and our banners he arose and stepped down from the platform to shake hands with each girl and to say a word of welcome to all.

Soon the debate began. The crowd had to stand as no benches had been provided. Although the discussion lasted two hours and a half or three hours

none of us girls left our place down in front. I think Mr. Douglas was the better orator, but of course I felt that Mr. Lincoln was right. On our way home we laughed and sang, and arrived at Rio tired but happy.

I taught school in 1858, 1859, and in the fall of 1860. During the summer of the latter year I met Mr. Francis Titus at the home of his uncle, and in the fall we began to keep company, as it was called in those days. He had moved West from Pennsylvania to Ohio, living there for a time near Mt. Gilead, and from there had come to Illinois about the same time that father was making the trip from New York to Illinois. We lost little time courting and were married March 21, 1860, just a little more than a year before the Civil War broke out.

On a rented farm a few miles from Rio we began housekeeping. My first furniture consisted of a set of plain chairs, two wooden bedsteads, a big dry-goods box made into a cupboard with a curtain hung in front of it, an old cook stove and a kitchen table. My dishes, tub, and washboard cost six dollars. Of course, I forgot to buy a rolling pin and in a few days we had company for dinner. I wanted to make biscuits but for the life of me, couldn't think of what to use for a rolling pin. Finally I thought of an ear of corn, so out I went, found an ear, washed it and rolled out my biscuits. They were not very smooth but they tasted good just the same. I made all our bedding and paid for it out of money I had

earned teaching school. Father made me a potato masher and a butter ladle out of hard maple and I have them yet.

Our stock consisted of two horses, a cow, and three pigs. About harvest time one of our horses died and my husband had to buy another one. As all his money was tied up in the crop he had to give a note for the horse. It cost him $100 with interest at ten per cent. When the year was up he had no extra money after paying his debts, but he had three hundred bushels of corn which he turned over to the man at ten cents per bushel. The next fall he turned over four hundred more bushels of corn at ten cents a bushel, and finished paying for the horse the following year with corn at the same rate. In all, the horse cost over a thousand bushels of corn.

We rented for six years and then bought eighty acres nearby. On this we lived three years more. Every fall while we lived in Illinois my husband went with a threshing machine till snow fell. The first year he received $1.50 per day for himself and team, and thereafter was paid at the rate of $2.00 per day. The third fall after we were married he purchased a machine and horse power of his own, and ran this every fall, oftentimes up to December. With the money he made threshing we later purchased our land in Iowa.

In the year 1869 we decided to sell out and move to Iowa where land was cheaper. My youngest sister and her husband made up their minds to go with

us; and so we sold our farms and livestock, keeping only a wagon apiece and four horses. My sister had a baby girl six weeks old and I had three children, the youngest a girl of ten months, a son three years old, and a daughter eight.

Just as my father had done nineteen years before in leaving for Illinois, we placed a covered frame on each of the wagons, loaded our bedding and a few cooking utensils, and started for Iowa. It was a great adventure to the older children just as my trip from New York had been to me, but the babies were too young to care much about it. At night we camped out, cooking our meals by a camp fire. We fried home-cured ham or bacon with eggs, and we boiled potatoes or roasted them in the hot ashes. Our bread we purchased from farmers along the way. At night we slept in the two wagons which were roomy enough for all.

When we reached the Mississippi River, we found that we had to go down stream to a little town called Shokokon to take the ferry. It took half a day before we landed on the Iowa side at Burlington as the boat had to be towed up the river some distance.

After a fifteen days' trip overland we reached Bedford, Iowa, then a small town with a few frame store buildings and a handful of small houses. We rented a two-room house in town until we could buy our land and build on it. We bought 200 acres of fine prairie land four miles west of town, paying $6.25 an acre for it. To get lumber for a house it

was necessary to haul it fifty miles from Afton where the Burlington railroad then ended. Our first house on the farm consisted of two rooms, one for a living room and a bedroom, the other for a kitchen and dining room. Sometimes I had to make a bed in the kitchen when company stayed overnight, but although we were crowded, we were all well and happy so it didn't make much difference.

Year by year we worked hard to improve our farm, fencing it, planting fruit trees, berry bushes and grape vines, and setting out a maple grove for shade. In a few years we had an abundance of apples, cherries, peaches, plums, blackberries, raspberries, and grapes. Our twenty acres of timber land which we bought in addition to the farm furnished us with the best of oak and hickory wood for fuel, and posts for fencing.

We saw the country change almost overnight, it seemed, from raw, unbroken prairie to a settled community with schools and churches. We saw the coming of the railroad, the building of roads and bridges, and the growth of the nearby county seat from a scraggly village to a thriving, up-to-date town with all the improvements of a city. We passed through the period of high prices following the Civil War when calico cost forty cents a yard and flour $6.00 per hundredweight, then the period of low prices and money scarcity of the nineties. Our land constantly increased in value until to-day it is worth about $300 per acre.

Whenever I go out to the old homestead, I picture in my mind's eye the happy days when we were young and strong, and the children were little tots setting out across the fields to school. My husband passed away not long ago at the age of eighty-two and I am past eighty. I am waiting now as patiently as I can to hear the call once more "to go West".

A Study in Heads

In the newspapers of the decades of the thirties and forties, among the advertisements of botanic physicians, miniature painters, and grocers whose stock consisted of liquid refreshment, are frequent mention of phrenological societies, and the advertisements of phrenologists who examined human heads, charted the bumps and depressions and, with the wisdom of oracles, appraised the talents and temperaments of those who consulted them.

Their so-called science, an ancient one revived and made popular by Gall and others at the beginning of the nineteenth century, was in considerable vogue for many decades in both Europe and America. Phrenological societies were organized and phrenological journals were published. The science was based on the theory — now generally accepted — that different parts of the brain are the seats of different faculties of the mind. But those who developed the study of phrenology too often had little knowledge of anatomy or of scientific research; they went too far and claimed too much. And when the idea appealed to the popular fancy, the phrenological examination of heads became a lucrative but scarcely a scientific investigation.

Those who were credulous and many who were

merely curious allowed the phrenologist to apply his calipers to their craniums, and occasionally the skulls of dead men were measured and the results tabulated. There have been preserved the results of phrenological examinations of the heads of two of Iowa's most famous men — one red and one white — and their charts are given here, not for their historic value but because of the interest which naturally adheres to the personality of men of note. The two individuals are the Sac warrior, Black Hawk, and the United States Senator, James W. Grimes.

In a collection of pamphlets collected by Senator Grimes is an eight page leaflet bearing the title *An Explanation of the Fundamental Principles of Phrenology* and written by Frederick Bly. Pasted inside the cover is a double leaf containing on one side a "New Pictorial Phrenological Chart". The "pictorial" part is a view of the profile of a man's head transformed into a picture gallery with the location of the seats of the various functions of the mind indicated by symbolic scenes. Amativeness, represented by a fat little cupid with bow and arrow, lies at the base of the brain. Acquisitiveness, shown by a miser counting his bags of gold, is given a place above the ear, while near the top of the head firmness is rather ambiguously pictured by a mule and a man pulling in opposite directions upon the mule's halter; and beside this scene veneration is shown by a maiden in the posture of prayer.

Below the pictorial exhibit are printed in columns

the forty traits of character, with blanks opposite in which to insert the results of examinations; and here is found in numerical grades the "Phrenological Character of Jas. W. Grimes" as determined and recorded by Frederick Bly in September, 1847. On the back of the sheet is the following letter written by Bly:

Burlington Iowa Sept 18th 1847

Temperament Sanguine Nervous, Brain large size — of the three classes of organs, the intellectual predominates this combination of Phrenological developments, will give a safe, cautious, prudent character, very systematical in all his affairs, he has a quick, active, enquiring mind, fond of investigation, incredulous — he wants the why and wherefore, of all matters — memory generally good; enjoys music much; he will write better than speak, unless he has opposition. Very imaginative; at times, melancholy and gloomy, friendly and social in his manners, desirous of the good will of all; he enjoys a small circle, more than a large assembly; quite domestic; a great admirer of the opposite sex; a true friend, restless and uneasy without employment — whatever he has to do, must be done immediately impatient,— very particular and prudent

Very truly

F Bly

The head of the Indian, Black Hawk, has excited much comment. It was measured during his lifetime and his skull was studied after his death. Stevens in his volume on *The Black Hawk War* gives some interesting information from various sources

as to the phrenological character of the famous warrior. The editor of the *United States Literary Gazette* had this to say in 1838:

We found time yesterday to visit Black Hawk and the Indian chiefs at the Congress Hall Hotel. We went into their chamber, and found most of them sitting or lying on their beds. Black Hawk was sitting on a chair and apparently depressed in spirits. He is about sixty-five, of middling size, with a head that would excite the envy of a phrenologist — one of the finest that Heaven ever let fall on the shoulders of an Indian.

And the *American Phrenological Journal* which quotes the above item gives a detailed phrenological chart of Black Hawk's character. This chart is, in the following pages, combined with the chart of James W. Grimes, and with it is given the explanation from Bly's pictorial chart, which will serve to reduce adjectives and figures to a common measure.

Explanation.— The numbers extend to 20, on a scale as follows; No. 1, very small; 4, small; 7, moderate; 10, medium; 13, full; 16, large; 20, very large. The written figures denote the size of each organ.

		Grimes	Black Hawk
1	Amativeness	15	large
2	Philoprogenitiveness	9	large
3	Adhesiveness	16	large
4	Inhabitiveness	7	large

		Grimes	Black Hawk
5	Concentrativeness	10	large
6	Combativeness	14	very large
7	Destructiveness	9	very large
8	Alimentiveness	12	average
9	Acquisitiveness	14	large
10	Secretiveness	11	very large
11	Cautiousness	16	full
12	Approbativeness	15	very large
13	Self-Esteem	6	very large
14	Firmness	13	very large
15	Conscientiousness	12	moderate
16	Hope	8	small
17	Marvellousness	3	large
18	Veneration	9	very large
19	Benevolence	13	moderate
20	Constructiveness	8	small
21	Ideality	17	moderate
22	Imitation	15	small
23	Mirthfulness	10	full
24	Individuality	17	very large
25	Form	9	very large
26	Size	8	very large
27	Weight	10	large
28	Colour	16	large
29	Order	16	large
30	Calculation	15	large
31	Locality	10	very large
32	Eventuality	12	very large
33	Time	13	uncertain
34	Tune	12	uncertain
35	Language	15	large

		Grimes	Black Hawk
36	Causality	16	average
37	Comparison	11	large
B	Sublimity	17	
C	Suavity	15	
D	An intuitive disposition to know human nature	16	

After perhaps half a century of popularity phrenology and its exponents passed into a decline, phrenological societies and journals ceased functioning, and the practitioners folded up their calipers and pictorial charts and sought other fields.

While we read with curiosity the estimates of Black Hawk's cranium we are apt to judge his character more by the words and deeds of his strenuous career. And though we can find much of interest in a phrenological estimate of Grimes in the years of his young manhood, when he was as yet only a promising lawyer of Burlington, Iowa, we shall be more inclined to look down the years to 1868 when in the Senate of the United States, in the trial of Andrew Johnson, the character of James W. Grimes was subjected to the supreme test. He held to the course of his convictions in the face of the practically unanimous execration of his constituents and colleagues, but to-day the results of that test of a public man's character form one of the proud heritages of the State of Iowa.

John C. Parish

Comment by the Editor

WEST IS WEST

"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." Kipling had in mind the Orient of the world and we will not dispute him. In America the West has been on the move. It has travelled steadily from Plymouth Rock to the farthest lighthouse at the entrance to the Golden Gate. It has moved with a sweep and a vigor that left the East far behind. But the East is striving to overtake the West, and we are inclined to think that "the twain shall meet".

The West is not only a geographic term — it is an idea, a spirit, a kind of life. It has spaciousness and wide-openness; it has vigor and frankness and directness; it is crude but not crass, unfinished and incomplete simply because of the big things it has yet to do. It is not meticulous and highly polished and restrained, and it has few atrophies and little decay.

So busy has it been with the stupendous conquest of the continent that it has paid little attention to the East, but now come quieter days, and the question arises: will the East overtake and domesticate the West, or will the West turn back and meet and impulsate the East? Each has much to give the

other, and we rejoice as greatly at signs of domestication in Chicago as we do when we watch the doings of western men in New York.

But while the West is still the West we want the story of its early achievements to be preserved and recorded, and we want the literature of the West to find its place in the sun. The Mississippi Valley is the logical meeting ground of the East and the West and there is a growing body of Middle Western literature that is challenging our interest, our gratification, and occasionally our protest.

HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY

A four volume history of Minnesota has been recently announced, a centennial history of Missouri is in the course of preparation, and in Iowa has appeared during the present year a noteworthy volume covering the entire history of the State. Cyrenus Cole's *History of the People of Iowa,* is the work of a man full of enthusiasm for his task. He has gathered his facts both widely and faithfully and the story he tells is not mere historic chronicling of events — it is animated by the spirit of the development of the Middle West.

Another book that will be welcomed throughout the State is an *Iowa State Geography* by Miss Alison Aitchison (published by Ginn and Company). No longer will the school children in the intermediate grades have to search through the back pages of general geographies for a modicum of information

upon their own State, for here is a book of one hundred and sixty-eight pages, adequately supplied with maps, profusely illustrated with well chosen cuts, and written in a style to stimulate interest and further investigation.

MAIN STREET

We thought for a long time that since every one else in the world was reading *Main Street* we would not do so — but we did: at first with chuckles and appreciation, then with a sense of something lacking, a disappointed expectancy, and finally with determination through miles of unchanging scenery to the fruitless end of the trail. And after we had finished it, and had heard and read so many comments upon it, it seemed useless to add anything more. After all, hasn't a man a right to depict any characters he wishes? There are surely many Carol Kennicotts to be found. With a little more satisfaction we will agree that there are many country doctors like her sturdy husband. And in all towns there are drab store-keepers and pious old ladies and do-less lawyers and contemptible riff-raff. His characterizations are true to the life and drawn by a clever hand. But why limit one's self to such a group?

One may question the usefulness of the collector who assembles upon his row of pins only the commonplace and ugly specimens of a given locality; but no one can question the authenticity of the speci-

mens or his right to assemble any kind his fancy dictates. When, however, such a collector claims that his group is typical and representative, he stirs a protest from those who love truth. *Main Street* is not typical or representative of the small town, dwellers in large cities on the oriental side of the Alleghanies notwithstanding.

By reason of a sort of mental astigmatism, the author saw certain characters with the utmost clarity, while others were so indistinct to his vision that he does not reproduce them in his story. The typical small town of the Middle West or of any other portion of America, contains many unattractive individuals, but it also contains a leaven of people of culture and character, whose portrayal would have brightened while it made more truthful the story of Gopher Prairie.

SONGS OF A MAN WHO FAILED

In October, 1920, we published *A Few Martial Memories* by Clinton Parkhurst, of whose whereabouts we were ignorant and of whom we knew so little that we asked our readers for help in piecing out his biographical mosaic. During the next two months we received many interesting letters about him from all parts of the country, but none could tell where he was, though several intimated that he was basking on the shores of the Pacific. In the December number we told what we knew and printed a biographical sketch by August P. Richter, for-

merly editor of *Der Demokrat,* of Davenport, who had known considerable of the ups and downs of the career of Clinton Parkhurst.

Some time later we learned that Mr. Parkhurst was living in Lincoln, Nebraska, and finally that he was publishing there a book of verse entitled *Songs of a Man Who Failed.* The volume has just appeared, issued by the Woodruff Press, of Lincoln, Nebraska. In it he has collected all of the poems that have not been irrevocably lost in the course of more than half a century of variegated experiences. The book exhibits — particularly in the longer heroic poems — the same dramatic power over the English language that marked his prose story of Shiloh. But the remarkable thing about the book is its autobiographical, self-revealing frankness. He has written what he felt without regard to the opinion of the world. He has done an unusual thing — namely, having set himself a title, he has not deserted the self-portrayal which it involved.

J. C. P.

THE PALIMPSEST

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VOL. II ISSUED IN NOVEMBER 1921 NO. 11

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Old Fort Atkinson

On a high bluff overlooking the beautiful valley of the Turkey River in northeastern Iowa, the remains of historic old Fort Atkinson stand as a monument to the days when the Winnebago Indians lived on the Neutral Ground. Below, as far as the eye can see, stretch the fields and meadows of modern farms, near by winds the lazily flowing water of the Turkey River, while to the south the little town of Fort Atkinson perpetuates the name of the frontier post.

For almost a decade, from 1840–1848, Fort Atkinson protected the Winnebago from the incursions of their hostile neighbors — the Sioux on the north, the Sac and Fox on the south. At the same time the soldiers prevented the Winnebago from trespassing and from wandering beyond the limits of their reservation, while they also stopped the whites, eager for land, from settling upon the Indian domain. With the removal of the Winnebago to Minnesota in 1848, the need of Fort Atkinson as a military post

ceased and, abandoned by the government, it passed into the limbo of obsolete frontier institutions. Eighty years after its erection, the friends of the old fort succeeded in bringing it out of its period of obscurity by purchasing the site and the dilapidated buildings from private owners and turning the property over to the State for a park.

Fort Atkinson was built to meet an emergency. As early as 1832 the Winnebago Indians had surrendered their rights to their land south and east of the Wisconsin River and had agreed to take in exchange certain annuities plus the Neutral Ground in the Iowa country. However, they showed little inclination to move west of the Mississippi and with the exception of a few who had crossed the river, they continued to reside in Wisconsin, causing the white settlers considerable annoyance and dissatisfaction. In 1837 a delegation of Winnebago chiefs in a conference at Washington agreed to remove to a site on Turkey River within two years, but a combination of causes led them to neglect their promises. Their love for their home in Wisconsin, a passionate attraction for the shores of the Father of Waters, and a reluctance to leave the whiskey venders of their old haunts retarded their migration. Moreover, a genuine fear of attacks from the Sac and Fox and the Sioux held them back. By the autumn of 1839 part of the Winnebago had crossed to the Iowa side but the majority still clung to their homes east of the Mississippi.

Finally, in March, 1840, the Senate of the United States, impatient at the delay, passed resolutions asking the Secretary of War to explain why the Winnebago had not been removed to the home in Iowa Territory. He replied that the delay had been caused in part by an unsuccessful attempt to induce the Indians to move to the country southwest of the Missouri River, but added that Brigadier General Henry Atkinson had already received orders to remove the Winnebago to the Neutral Ground and was engaged in that task. General Atkinson, in spite of the opposition of the Indians, succeeded in accomplishing the removal peaceably during the spring of the year 1840.

To reassure the Winnebago who were apprehensive and restless in the new land between their ancient enemies, and to prevent their straggling back to their old haunts, Captain Isaac Lynde with Company F of the Fifth Infantry, a detachment of eighty-two officers and enlisted men, was sent from Fort Crawford into the Neutral Ground. They marched to a point on the Turkey River in what is now Winneshiek County, Iowa, a few miles north of the site selected for the agency house and mission school. Here they went into camp May 31, 1840, naming the place "Camp Atkinson" in honor of the department commander.

Two days later, mechanics about fifty in number, who had come from Prairie du Chien under the escort of Company F, began the erection of barracks

and quarters under the direction of James Tapper, foreman. Government teamsters hauled part of the material used in the construction of the buildings from the vicinity of Fort Crawford over the route later known as the old military trail. Throughout the summer and autumn of 1840, horses, oxen, and mules stamped their way over the fifty miles of prairie drawing heavy loads of pine lumber, nails and other supplies. A sawmill near the site selected for the mission turned out walnut lumber for interior use while blocks of limestone were quarried in the immediate vicinity of the fort.

Carpenters and masons completed quarters for the accommodation of Captain Lynde's company during the summer. At the same time other workmen erected a storehouse near the landing on the west bank of the Mississippi opposite Fort Crawford for the storage of supplies destined for the post on Turkey River.

Autumn arrived with its wondrous foliage and work on the buildings continued. Late that season a teamster, Howard by name, set out with a load of supplies from the Mississippi landing and stopped for the night at Joel Post's tavern, now the site of Postville, half-way on his journey. A heavy snowfall the next day delayed the trip. When Howard departed on the last lap of the journey on the following morning the temperature had dropped and the air became bitterly cold. A party, following the trail a day later, came upon the loaded wagon in the

road, but the team and driver were gone. Following the tracks in the snow they came upon the body of the unfortunate teamster frozen stiff.

Month by month the stone walls took shape, and skilled workmen fitted joists and rafters and laid the floors. During the next spring when the buildings began to assume the appearance of a fortification the post received the more dignified name of Fort Atkinson.

In the meantime, rumors of a warlike attitude on the part of the Sac and Fox Indians led Governor Henry Dodge of Wisconsin Territory to urge the sending of a mounted force to the Neutral Ground to protect the Winnebago and to prevent their return to Wisconsin. To meet the situation General Atkinson ordered troops to march from Fort Crawford into the region of the Red Cedar and Turkey rivers until it was expedient to send mounted troops. He felt that it would be unwise to send the dragoons before the middle of May as there would be no barracks nor stables for their accommodation nor forage for their horses.

At once the mechanics at Fort Atkinson began to erect additional barracks and to build stables. On June 24, 1841, Captain Edwin V. Sumner arrived with Company B of the First United States Dragoons and joined the garrison, making the force about one hundred and sixty strong, and for six years Fort Atkinson continued to be a two company post. In the fall Company K of the First Infantry

with Captain J. J. Abercrombie in command replaced Captain Lynde's company.

When work on the fort was completed during the next year, 1842, four long rectangular barracks, two of stone and two of logs hewn flat, enclosed a square parade and drill ground of more than an acre. These buildings were two stories high and twenty feet from the ground to the eaves, each having an upper porch along its entire length, with the one on the officers' quarters screened in with movable wooden blinds. Commissioned officers and their families occupied one of the stone barracks; non-coms and their families lived in one of hewn logs; while the private soldiers used the other two. In one of the latter, the stone building, the lower part was used as a hospital while in the other, the upstairs section was fitted up with bunks, the lower portion divided into several living rooms and one large room which was equipped with benches, a platform, and pulpit to be used as a chapel and school.

At one end of the parade ground a tall flag-staff towered above the works. A gunhouse with thick stone walls and peaked roof occupied the southwest corner of the works, which with its counterpart in the northeast corner guarded the approaches to the four sides of the stockade. In the southeast corner stood the stone magazine or powder-house while in the opposite corner was located the quartermaster's store-house adjoined by the sutler's store, with the guardhouse nearby. A picket fence of squared logs

twelve feet high with loop holes at intervals of four feet enclosed the buildings and with the two block-houses made a rectangular fort of formidable appearance.

North of the fort and across a street were located the bakery, the blacksmith shop, and carpenter shops. The stables were some 40 feet wide and 300 feet long running in a north and south direction. Beginning near the powder-house and extending nearly the entire length of one side of the stockade was the sentinel's beat with its platform about three feet below the sharpened tips of the logs. At one end of the beat a small shelter protected the guard during inclement weather.

To complete the buildings and to build the road from the Mississippi required a total appropriation of about $90,000, a sum much greater than the circumstances warranted in the opinion of the Quarter Master General of the Army who felt that the pressure of the white population would soon drive the Indians north or south, thus making the fort useless.

While the clink of carpenters' hammers rang out and masons plied their trowels in erecting the buildings, military duty was not neglected. Regularly in the morning the flag was drawn to the top of the tall flag-staff there to flutter until sunset when with solemn ceremony it was lowered and furled for the night. In the gray light of early dawn the trumpeters took their stations and the sharp tones of reveille called the sleepy garrison to the duties of the day.

Roll was called in front of the barracks, quarters were put in order, and the horses fed and watered. Sick call furnished patients for the hospital and gave the post surgeon a chance to prove his skill.

Breakfasts of fried salt pork, bread, and hot black coffee being finished, there followed the tasks of the day. Squads of dragoons in brilliant uniforms sent out to patrol the reservation blocked the way of wily Winnebago braves who stealthily sought to return to the old hunting grounds; details of infantrymen despatched to the agency coöperated with the agent sometimes doing the work on the farm which the Indians neglected at every opportunity. Others assigned to garrison duty walked their beats as sentinels, cleaned and polished arms and accouterments or performed the detested tasks of indoor work. Frequent drills, maneuvers and inspections at which the young lieutenants fresh from West Point perfected their commands in marchings, manual of arms, and target practice, made up a part of the daily program. In the early evening, arms were stacked in the arm-racks, horses were fed and bedded for the night, and sentinels posted. Then the garrisons settled down to rest, to smoke, to play cards, to sing, to swap yarns or argue till tattoo sounded, when with the candles' feeble glow snuffed out, the quiet darkness of the prairie night enveloped the sleeping soldiers and their families.

Patrol duty often took the mounted company on long tours. Twice during 1842 requisitions from

Governor Chambers of Iowa Territory caused Captain Sumner and his dragoons to spend several weeks in the saddle driving out squatters and other intruders from the lands of the Sac and Fox to the south. Although heavy rains often pelted the marching column, streams had to be forded, and sodden blankets and equipment produced many a cheerless night, nevertheless the troopers welcomed the chance to get away from garrison life. The luckless adventurer, too, who had settled unlawfully upon the Indian domain could testify to the energy of the dragoons as he looked back upon his blazing cabin, his fences destroyed, and his crops trampled under hoof.

Their return to Fort Atkinson after such a trip afforded a chance for them to enliven the monotony of garrison life by recounting to an interested circle of infantrymen lurid tales of their trips by day and their camps at night. Great was the excitement, too, at the fort when in August, 1842, Captain James Allen with forty-four dragoons arrived after a long trip overland from Fort Leavenworth. During their short visit at the post friendships were formed which lasted for years for the paths of the two companies later crossed and recrossed. Soon Captain Allen and his men were on their way to the Sac and Fox Agency on the River Des Moines where they established the temporary post called Fort Sanford.

Again in the fall of 1844 considerable interest was aroused at the fort over the arrival of Reverend

J. L. Elliot who came to fill the double rôle of chaplain and schoolmaster. In the same room he exhorted the men on Sundays to resist the temptations of their isolated position, and during the week instructed the sons and daughters of officers and men — twenty to twenty-five pupils — in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Occasionally he exchanged pulpits with Reverend David Lowry who supervised the Winnebago mission and school to the south.

Although Captain Sumner with his dragoons prevented effectually the smuggling of liquor into the reservation he was unable to stop the Indians from visiting the whiskey shops set up just outside the boundary. Two of these known as "Sodom" and "Gomorrah" did a thriving business. In spite of the fact that hundreds of Indians joined the subagent's temperance society, they soon forgot their pledge and were drinking as heavily as before. After the Indians received their annuities at the agency, drunken frolics which sometimes resulted in bloodshed and murders doubled the work of the soldiers until the period of dissipation ended. Officers, too, found it difficult after a pay day at the post to prevent the soldiers from yielding to the allurements of "Whiskey Grove", a popular resort a few miles away.

To the dragoons, perhaps, the summer trip in 1845 to the northern part of the Territory of Iowa into what is now Minnesota was the outstanding event of their stay at Fort Atkinson. Filing out from the

gate of the fort on June 3, they headed northwest and ten days later came in contact with Captain Allen's company which had travelled from Fort Des Moines to take part in the trip. June rains and floods delayed the march so that the cavalcade did not reach Traverse des Sioux, the objective of the trip, till June 22. About the glowing embers of the campfire in the evenings troopers recounted their adventures and exchanged experiences of the three years that had elapsed since the companies had met at Fort Atkinson.

At the camp — a double row of tents for the men with the horses picketed in the space between, the tents of the officers forming a cross street at one end — Sumner and Allen held conferences with the Indians. They arrested certain offenders and warned a band of half-breeds from Canada that they were trespassing on the territory of the United States. Separating at Traverse des Sioux, on August 11, the two companies set out on the return march. By steady riding Captain Sumner's company accomplished the journey in eight days, but the dragoons rode back into Fort Atkinson with uniforms badly worn, horses jaded, and the men weary from the long hard trip.

When war with Mexico became inevitable, it was apparent to government authorities that the regiments of the regular army should be assembled and the posts occupied by their separate companies should either be abandoned or reoccupied by volun-

teer organizations. Accordingly the regulars were retained at Fort Snelling and at Fort Leavenworth, Fort Des Moines was promptly abandoned, and the troops were withdrawn from Fort Crawford and Fort Atkinson for service in Mexico. Both the governor of Wisconsin and the governor of Iowa were called upon to raise volunteers to man these forts.

To James M. Morgan with a commission as captain, from Governor Clarke, fell the task of enlisting a company for service at Fort Atkinson. He had been editor and part owner of the Burlington *Gazette* and he experienced little difficulty in securing recruits. On July 8, 1846, fifty-four men had enrolled at Burlington, twenty-two of whom had come from down the river and from the country thereabouts. Six volunteers arrived from Iowa City on July 9, and two days later eight came from Dubuque and Galena. Morgan, a man of slight stature, with hair and beard of so bright an auburn hue that he acquired the sobriquet "Little Red", soon won the respect and affection of his men.

He and his command left Burlington on the steamboat "Belmont", which conveyed them to McGregor's Landing, thence they marched over the military trail to Fort Atkinson. One unfortunate member of the company, William Topp, had fallen overboard on the up-trip and was drowned. At the fort three more men enrolled and on July 15, 1846, the entire company was mustered into the service of the United States for twelve months. In Indian Agent Jona-

than R. Fletcher of Muscatine, Morgan found a former associate of his in the old Territorial militia.

For the assistance of Captain Morgan's Independent Company of Iowa Volunteers it was decided to enlist a mounted company, and to John Parker of Dubuque who was commissioned captain was assigned the duty of enrolling the cavalrymen. His task proved easy in spite of the fact that the members had to furnish their own horses, saddles, and equipment.

The company was mustered into service at Fort Atkinson on September 9, 1846, by Brevet Major Alexander S. Hooe to serve for twelve months unless sooner discharged. At once it became a part of the garrison, furnishing troops for scouting purposes, watching the wanderings of the Winnebago, keeping them within the limits of the reservation, and trying to prevent the smuggling of liquor. Handicapped by want of arms — a few spare muskets from Captain Morgan's company being all the guns they had — they performed their duties with credit. By placing troops on the trail to Sodom, Morgan and Parker captured many a barrel of whiskey.

However, much to the indignation of the officers and men of Parker's Iowa Dragoon Volunteers and against the vigorous protests of Governor Clarke and Augustus C. Dodge, the War Department decided that the service of the troopers could be dispensed with, and accordingly the company was mustered out by Major Hooe on November 5, 1846,

after only sixty-nine days of service. Thus the mounted volunteers, their military zeal dampened by resentment, turned the heads of their war horses homeward, and guided them sullenly back to log cabins or towns there to resume the labors of farm and shop.

The discharge of the company was due, doubtless, largely to the report to the War Department made by Brigadier General George M. Brooke, commander of the Western Division who inspected Fort Atkinson in September, 1846. The nondescript appearance of the raw troops apparently offended his military taste, and seeing no necessity for the maintenance of two companies, he recommended the discharge of the mounted unit since it was the most expensive to maintain. The story is told, however, that a squad of Parker's company was stationed on the military road at a point near the present station of Ridley with orders to prevent the smuggling of liquor. When General Brooke reached this point on his way to Fort Atkinson, the sergeant in charge of the squad insisted on searching his baggage, and confiscated the brandy which he found therein. This so incensed the general that he recommended the dismissal of the company. However, verification of this story is lacking and therefore it must be taken with a grain of salt.

When Morgan's company had served twelve months it was mustered out at Fort Atkinson, and on the same date, July 15, 1847, a new company

formed which came to be known as "Morgan's Company of Iowa Mounted Volunteers. Of the former company all the commissioned and non-commissioned officers and twenty-eight of the privates reenlisted. As an inducement to join, each private was offered twenty dollars per month, forty-two dollars in advance for clothing, and the promise of 160 acres of land at the end of the year. It was felt that the difficulty of keeping order among the Indians was too great a task for infantry alone, hence the new company was mounted. Furthermore, the plan to remove the Winnebago to a new home in Minnesota was already under way and a cavalry force to act as escort was needed.

When the time came for the removal of the Winnebago, adjustments of the military forces were made to meet the situation. Captain Morgan's mounted company became the escort while a detachment of twenty-five men of Captain Wiram Knowlton's Wisconsin company moved over from Fort Crawford to garrison Fort Atkinson during Morgan's absence.

In June, 1848, the cavalcade set out headed straight north to reach the Mississippi River at Wabasha's Prairie. Between two and three thousand Indians with sixteen hundred ponies, one hundred and sixty-six army wagons loaded down with supplies and belongings of the Red Men, squalling papooses hung in sacks over the backs of ponies, the lumbering cannon and caissons, the Indian Agent and his helpers, the cavalrymen heavily armed with

carbine, sword, and revolver made up a slow moving and picturesque caravan. When Wabasha's Prairie was reached a conspiracy on the part of the Indians to resist further progress was frustrated by an overwhelming display of force, for here Morgan who had learned of the plot received reinforcements by the arrival of Captain Seth Eastman with a company of regulars from Fort Snelling and of Captain Knowlton with his company from Fort Crawford.

From this point the Indians were loaded on barges and towed by steamboat to the Falls of St. Anthony where the land journey was resumed. On July 30, 1848, the caravan reached its destination at the mouth of the Watab River, after a journey of 310 miles. Morgan's company stayed to maintain order during the erection of the agency buildings on Long Prairie, then set out on the return trip to Fort Atkinson in September. They rode back to Fort Snelling, took steamboat to McGregor's Landing and thence followed the old trail to Fort Atkinson where they were mustered out of service September 11, 1848.

From September 25, 1848, to February 24, 1849, the fort was garrisoned by Company C, Sixth Infantry, with Captain F. L. Alexander in command. The need for Fort Atkinson having ended with the removal of the Winnebago, the War Department ordered its abandonment on the latter date. The teamsters harnessed the mules for the last time while privates of Company C loaded their supplies on the

army wagons; and, lowering the flag, the company marched out the heavy gate of Fort Atkinson leaving it in charge of a single caretaker, Alexander Faulkner. In the sleeping quarters of the soldiers, tacked to one of the massive black walnut bunks, one of the departing warriors had left a card with the inscription "Farewell to bedbugs".

The property was never again occupied as a fort although for a time it was looked after by Josiah Goddard and then by George Cooney, who were appointed to act as caretakers by the government. When the General Assembly of Iowa learned that Fort Atkinson was to be abandoned, a memorial was presented to Congress asking that the buildings and two sections of land be donated as a site for an agricultural school which would be a branch of the State University. This appeal went unanswered. A similar request in 1851 met the same fate, and again in 1853, when the General Assembly asked Congress to donate the grounds and buildings of the fort for a "normal manual labor and military institute" to be maintained at the expense of the State, the appeal fell on deaf ears. In July, 1853, the government sold the buildings of the fort at public auction for $3,521.

To convert this historic spot into a State park and to preserve the remains of the post as a reminder of frontier days in the Hawkeye State was urged for twenty years before definite steps were taken to accomplish this worthy project. Finally the proposal to create the park and to preserve and improve

the Old Military Trail from McGregor to Fort Atkinson came to a head during the past two years and both projects are under way.

To a visitor with imagination who makes a trip at this time of the year to the site of Fort Atkinson, and who knows the early history of the spot a vision of the past takes form and substance. The shocks of corn in the fields below the bluff become the tepees of the proud Winnebago while the haze of late Indian summer suggests the smoke of many council fires. Down the last stretch of the old military trail rumbles an army transport heavily laden with barrels of flour and pork, boxes of soap and candles and bags of beans. The teamster guides his four mule team through the gate of the fort and replies to the rude quips of the soldiers with a rare assortment of racy oaths. The thin clear notes of a distant bugle announce the approach of a dragoon patrol, returning from a successful raid upon "Sodom". The belching flame and re-echoing boom of the sunset gun remind the Indian wards of the power of the great White Father at Washington.

The picture fades out as the realities of the present intrude and the dilapidated buildings reproach the visitor with the neglect of years. At last the people of Iowa have awakened to the justice of making this place an historic shrine and a mecca for those who feel that Iowa's landmarks should be preserved.

Bruce E. Mahan

The Beginnings of Burlington

When the Black Hawk Purchase was opened to settlers in 1833, there grew up at Flint Hills a settlement which took the name Burlington and became a thriving village and an important ferry crossing. In 1837 the legislature of the Territory of Wisconsin met there and a year later the town became the seat of government for the newly created Territory of Iowa. In 1839 a site was chosen for a new capital to be known as Iowa City, but the legislature continued to meet at Burlington until 1841. The story of the first decade, told at the time by the participants in the events, is available to us because there were newspapers in the early days, and a few men far-sighted enough to preserve the yellowing files.

THE EARLY THIRTIES

In the issues of *The Iowa Patriot* for June 6 and June 13, 1839, "A Citizen of Burlington"—undoubtedly William R. Ross—wrote the two following historical sketches:

"Mr. Edwards[1]—At your request and believing that a brief sketch of the first settlement of our

[1] James G. Edwards commenced the publication of the *Burlington Patriot* in the year 1838. In 1839 he took the name *The Iowa Patriot,* which title was later changed to the *Hawk-Eye and Iowa Patriot,* then to the *Hawk-Eye.* The newspaper is at present issued under the title *The Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

country would be interesting to the readers of your paper, I communicate the following: — I arrived at what was formerly called the upper end of Flint Hills, now the City of Burlington, in August, A. D. 1833, at which time every thing was in a rude state of nature; the Indian title of these lands being only extinguished the first of June previous. The only white persons that I found residing on or near the place on which Burlington has since been laid out, were Messrs. M. M. McCarver and S. S. White, who had ventured here, previous to the extinguishment of the Indian title, with their families, suffering all the privations and difficulties attending the settlement of a wilderness country, which were very great and not a few of them. Frequently without bread or meat, only such as the God of Nature supplied the country bountifully with, wild honey, venison, fish and vegetables, in addition to which they were driven from their newly finished cabin, which was fired and burnt down by the soldiers from Rock Island, as ordered by the Government to remove the settlers from lands yet owned by the Indians. Much credit is due these citizens for their enterprize, having made the first claim, and established the first ferry that enabled emigrants to cross the great Mississippi to this newly favored land, and in endeavoring to make them as comfortable as circumstances would admit. A short period after they had made their claim they sold one third of their interest to Mr. A. Doolittle, who went on to improve, but did

not become a citizen until the early part of the year 1834. In the fall of A. D. 1833, Wm R. Ross brought a valuable stock of goods here, with his household furniture at great hazard and much expense, accompanied by his aged Father, who had fought throughout the Revolutionary war, and who was one of the first settlers of Lexington, Ky. Worn down with toil and age, and being exposed to the inclemencies of a new home, the old gentleman was carried off the same fall with chills and fever, and now lies beneath the clod on the topmost pinnacle of our City; the first white person buried in this section of the 'New Purchase.'

"Late in the same fall Major Jeremiah Smith landed with a fine stock of Goods, having sometime previously settled and improved the farm on which he at present resides, about one and a half miles from Burlington. Having given a history of all the permanent settlers of what is now called Burlington, in 1833, I will now relate a few circumstances concerning the natives. Burlington had long been a great point of trade for the Indians, as would appear from the numerous old trading houses, root house, and number of graves that were all along the bank of the river, together with several that were deposited in canoes with their trinkets, and suspended in the trees; the canoes being made fast to the limbs by strips of bark. Among the rest was the noted French or half breed, M. Blondeau, who was interred immediately in front of the old store-

house of S. S. Ross, with paling around his grave, and the cross with his name cut thereon, he being a Roman Catholic. We had his remains removed and re-interred in the present burying ground for Burlington. Their trade was somewhat valuable to the merchants in 1833, but Government having purchased all their lands within our present surveyed boundary, and their natures and habits of life being so different from that of a civilized community they have entirely removed beyond our western boundary, still pursuing the wild game for a livelihood.

"The original town of Burlington (which should have been called Shok-ko-kon, the English of the Indian title Flint Hill) was draughted and surveyed by Benjamin Tucker and Wm. R. Ross in the months of November and December, 1833. As I have been more lengthy than I expected in the outset, I will endeavor, in as concise a manner as the nature of the case will admit, to detail a few particulars in regard to the settlement of the country by that worthy class of our community — the Farmers, who deserve the greatest applause for their unexampled industry and perseverance.

"In October, A. D. 1832, there were some twelve or fifteen individuals who crossed the river in canoes, at the head of the Big Island, and landed at the claim of the Messrs Smith, two miles below Burlington, and made an excursion a few miles around the edge of the timber in the town prairie; laying claims for future settlement. But little was done by them

until February, 1833; when they brought over their stock, and commenced building and cultivating the soil; but to their great detriment and suffering, they were driven by the Government Soldiers from Rock Island, across the river to the Big Island, taking with them their implements of husbandry and their stock. Their cabins and fencing were set on fire and entirely consumed. Notwithstanding all this and still resolved to hold on to their new homes, they held a council and it was pretty unanimously agreed by vote, to strike their tents and build a flat boat to enable them to cross over the river as opportunity served, to pursue the culture and improvement of their claims. Many of these worthy individuals, after making a small improvement, have sold out at a trifling advance, to such as were more able and preferred buying, to going back and taking up wild lands and improving them. There yet remain a few families of those that first settled here, who have deeds for their lands from Government; their farms being now under a high state of cultivation.

"Being already too lengthy I defer giving you the extent of improvement made by some of the settlers in 1833, but will say it was from ten to fifty acres in corn, and as the by-laws were enacted in the fall of 1833, for regulating the manner of improving and holding claims, I will refer you to them for names and particulars."

"Mr. Editor,—I am in hopes, Sir, that number

two will be somewhat more interesting to your readers than the former number, as attention to the Black-Hawk country became more generally excited in 1834. After a close, hard winter the river remaining blocked over until late in the spring, when Steam Boats began to ascend, prospects began to brighten. We however enjoyed ourselves through the winter very comfortably with our native friends in smoking the pipe, and talking over old war skirmishes, and having a chase almost every day with our dogs after the wolves that would appear opposite our village on the river. I recollect well on one morning there appeared five or six wolves on the river; we gave chase, and with fair running one of our dogs overhauled and killed three wolves before we reached him, and then put in pursuit of a fourth, but was so exhausted when we overtook him, about two miles above here among the Islands, that he could not keep his hold, and the wolf disappeared after the loss of much blood; the dog belonged to Mr Isaac Crenshaw, our worthy friend, who had previously settled the Barrett farm, and was one of those sufferers by the soldiers from Rock Island. Notwithstanding we were, as supposed and expressed by some individuals, beyond the Government of the United States, without Law or Gospel, we were governed by that principle which reigns in the breast of every American Citizen, to do unto others as we would wish they should do unto us; and among other particulars I would notice in passing, that

there were a few of the fair sex who attracted the notice of the boys, but the query was, how could the nuptials be performed? As for my own part, I was willing to be governed by the custom that prevailed, but not being satisfactory to all parties, we crowded the flat boat and paddled over the river to the opposite shore, and there saw the ceremony performed by Judge ——— of Monmouth, Ill., which was on the third December, A. D. 1833. The parties were Wm. R. Ross and Matilda Morgan, I presume the first couple that were united in wedlock in the Black Hawk Purchase. In the Spring of 1834, we petitioned the Post Master General for a special office to be established at Burlington, recommending Wm. R. Ross for P. M.; our wishes were gratified, but the P. M. at Shok-ko-kon P. O. refused giving up the law, books, lock, key, &c.; his excuse was that he had no right to send the mail out of the United States; it would be malfeasance in office; but by hard persuasion he established a branch of his office at Burlington, receiving the profits of the same, and appointing Wm. R. Ross, Deputy, at whose expense the mail was carried once a week for six months; until he was ordered by the proper department to give up the packages or he would be removed from office.

"In the spring of 1834, the Black Hawk Purchase was attached to the Territory of Michigan for Judicial purposes, and divided into two Counties, Dubuque and Des Moines; Dubuque included all the country north of a line due west from the lower end

of Rock Island; Des Moines, the remainder of the country south of said line, to the Missouri line. The same Spring public documents were sent Wm. R. Ross from the Legislature of Michigan at Detroit, containing instructions to notify the citizens throughout the county to hold elections for their officers; elections took place accordingly in the fall, but it was sometime in the winter before we could have a return of our commissioners, at which time there being no sworn officer in the Government, Wm. R. Ross being instructed as Clerk, swore the Supreme Judge into office; and he in turn swore him and the other officers to faithfully and impartially discharge the duties of their offices. In this way the wheels of Government were put in motion in Black Hawk purchase; however, there was no court held or any business done of consequence until the Spring of 1835.

"In the fall of 1833 there was a school house built by Wm. R. Ross, on his claim immediately back and adjoining the town claim, as originally laid out; and a school went into operation in the Spring of 1834, of about sixteen or eighteen scholars, taught by Zadok C. Inghram. . . . . We were likewise supplied in 1834 with a minister from Illinois; specially licensed by Elder Peter Cartright; his name was Barton Cartright, a young man of promise; we were also visited in the summer by Elder P. Cartright, W. D. R. Trotter, and Asa McMurtry, who held a two days meeting and preached under a shady

Grove, where there was a stand erected and seats prepared by the friends; all classes uniting in the worship of Almighty God.

"In regard to improvements in 1834, we had some accessions to our village of very good citizens, and several frame and log buildings were erected, but our farmers went far ahead in improvement of any people I ever saw who were laboring under the same disadvantages; every one was trying to excel, who should make the largest improvement and plant the most grain. I scarcely know of one but what broke thirty acres of Prairie, many of them fifty or sixty, and Wm. R. Ross broke eighty acres and planted the whole of it in Corn and Pumpkins, he commenced in April, and finished planting the twentieth of June; the last planting made the best corn. Those who had the largest improvements and who had to stand the brunt of hardships in the first settlement were Wm. Stewart, Richard Land, Wm. Morgan, Lewis Walters, Isaac Canterberry, E. Smith, Paris Smith, P. D. Smith, Isaac Crenshaw, B. B. Tucker, E. Wade and Father, and some few others, who have sold out and gone farther west, or left the country; and a few that have died; these were John Harris and William Wright, and no doubt some few that have slipped my memory."

A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE

During the night of December 12, 1837, fire broke out in the building which Jeremiah Smith had built

for the accommodation of the legislature of the Territory of Wisconsin. It spread to other buildings and proved disastrous, as the account given by the *Wisconsin Territorial Gazette and Burlington Advertiser* for December 16, 1837, clearly shows:

"Wednesday last was a sad day for Burlington, and long will it be rememered in sorrow. Its matin light opened upon the ruins of the fairest portion of our village; and now the Capitol, and five of our best store houses, and two groceries, are piles of smouldering ruins. The whole of the block of buildings on Front street, from the corner of Lamson & Girvan up to the Post Office, is totally destroyed, embracing the store houses of Lamson & Girvan, Chase & Kimball, J. Newhall & Co., George W. Kelley, Jeremiah Smith, and the State House. Little merchandise, comparatively speaking, was destroyed by the fire, owing to the active exertions of our citizens, members of the Legislature and strangers; but, nevertheless, much of it was greatly injured by the hasty removal. The immediate loss of property is estimated at $20,000, but it must, eventually prove to be far beyond that sum. The store houses destroyed were among the best buildings in the town; and the Capitol, recently finished, cost Major Smith $7,000. It was a spacious building, and very well adapted to its uses. Thus, in a few short hours, has our thriving town met with a disaster which months and months cannot repair, and which, for the present and time to come, will press heavily upon some of our

enterprising and worthy citizens. There is, however, a buoyancy and elastic spirit, and an active enterprise among our people, which will, we feel confident, sustain them in this emergency, and which in the end will bring them triumphantly out of all difficulties. The fire originated in the second story of the Capitol; from, it is believed, a defectiveness in the hearth, by means of which it was communicated to the beams and timber. It was first discovered about 2 o'clock in the morning by the engineer of the steamboat Smelter, which was then lying at the wharf nearly opposite the scene of devastation. The progress the fire had made before our citizens got the alarm, the difficulty of getting at the fire, and our total destitution of engines or fire apparatus, gave the flames an easy triumph over every exertion that was made to arrest their progress; and it was, therefore, soon found to be idle to attempt it. Every exertion was then made to save the furniture of the capitol, and the goods and merchandise of those stores which were in danger, and which were finally destroyed. These efforts, as we have said, were very successful, but still many articles were destroyed, which, from their weight and situation, could not well be removed at the time. Some of the merchants who suffered by this fire have already made arrangements to pursue their business in other houses; others, we fear, will not be able to do so, and will have to store away their goods as well as they can, till they get proper rooms, or till they shall be en-

abled to rebuild next spring. At this season of the year, nothing in that way can be done; and from the fact that every house is bespoken almost as soon as it is begun, and filled before it is finished, it is greatly to be apprehended that suitable rooms cannot now possibly be obtained.

"The Council, for want of a better place, now holds its sessions in the west room of the upper story of the house occupied by the editors of this paper; and the House of Representatives is comfortably quartered in the upper story of Webber & Remey's new building."

IN THE EARLY FORTIES

An unknown writer, who signed his name "Veritas", contributed to the *Hawk-Eye* for September 7, 1843, an interesting account of conditions in Burlington at the close of its first decade:

"In No. 7, I promised to give the statistics of Burlington in the present number. A stranger would not fail to be much surprised at the appearance of this place, when he would reflect that only a few years ago the Iowa country was owned and possessed by savage tribes of Indians, with the great Black Hawk as their head chief. The Territory was only organized under a territorial form of government by Congress in the year 1838. The temporary seat of Government for the Territory was placed at Burlington, but has since been removed to Iowa City.— Burlington is the largest town in the Terri-

tory, and is situated upon the west bank of the Mississippi River, in Fractional Townships 69 and 70 N. R. 2 West, and extends one mile along the River and one half mile back. The town — now city — was laid off in 1834. The first sale of lots was in 1841. The present population is about 2000. The City is incorporated, and is under good regulation of city police. One Mayor and eight Aldermen compose the city council. The city is also the county seat of Des Moines county, which contains a population of 8,500. The buildings are generally good. Good building rock of a superior quality is very abundant here, some of the houses are built of rock. The city contains thirty dry goods stores, twelve groceries, twenty ware houses, three iron stores, one iron foundry, four drug stores, nine doctors, twenty-eight lawyers, four black smith shops, two saddleries, three bake shops; three brick yards, which give employment to forty hands, twenty bricklayers, twelve stone cutters, tailors, carpenters and house Joiners, ad infinitum, two printing offices, three livery stables, one post office, six stage routes coming into the city. Times are said to be hard here, and money scarce. The currency is made up of Missouri, Wisconsin, Indiana, Kentucky and Ohio bank notes, and a very fair proportion of specie, and some times the yellow Benton boys, alias mint drops, are seen flowing up the river, and shining through the interstices of the silken purses; but these sights are somewhat rare, and like Angel's visits, few and far between. In fact

there is not one half of the money in circulation here, that ought to be, for this city is the great point of attraction, for the whole western world, and will shortly be the younger sister of St. Louis, and, if Congress would grant an appropriation to clear out the rapids below this place, which is hoped will be done, she will one day be the rival of the Missouri Mistress. There is one of the best landings for Steam Boats here of any place on the Upper Mississippi. Notwithstanding the hardness of the times, the city is improving rapidly and presents a fine, thriving appearance. Last season about eighty buildings were erected within her corporation, and about as many more have been erected this season. The bluffs here are very high, and the city is in no danger of ever being overflowed by the river.— The conveniences and facilities for slaughtering and packing pork, are as great here as any other place in the west. The Steam Ferry Boat at this place, called the Shockoquon, owned by Thurston and Webb, is safe and good for movers and others going to Iowa to cross upon. Her age is about four years. Her keel is one hundred feet, her beam twenty-five feet, her guards ten feet. She has two engines of thirty horse power each, she is well manned, and is safe and speedy in crossing. The rates of Ferriage are fixed by law and never exceeded in any case. In fact, though the rates of ferriage are raised by law, when the river is out of its bank, and the ferrying is then about five miles down to a little village on the east

bank of the river, yet such is the generosity of the owners of this boat, that they do not charge any higher rates at one time than another. The rates are as follows:

For two horses and a wagon, and their load,	$1.00
For each additional pair of horses or oxen,	25
For a carriage and one horse,	75
" man and horse,	25
" foot passenger,	13
" each head of loose cattle	13
" " head of sheep and hogs, (sucklings excepted,)	6

"Where there is a large lot of stock, wagons, &c. ferried over at one time, a liberal deduction is made from those rates.

"The route from the central parts of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, to the Des Moines, Skunk and Big Cedar settlements in Iowa, is direct by the way of Burlington. The country east and west of this place is well settled; and accommodations for travelers are good for western fare. The crossing at the Prophet's town is too low down the river, and throws the travel to Iowa too far south, and in the half breed tract of country, where the roads are broken and rough. Those going to the north part of Missouri, would have a tolerably direct route by crossing at Nauvoo. I will give the routes and distances from the principal starting points to Iowa via Burlington in my next number as my sheet is filled."

Comment by the Editor

DIARISTS

"He who runs may read" perhaps, but he seldom has time to write. The journals of exuberant youth generally cease with the advent of business and professional struggles. The man of public affairs lives through interesting events, but his midnight oil usually lights up the conference table, rather than the desk where the faithful pen scratches off a record of the day's doings. The soldier sees stirring times, but he is apt to be so tired when he drops his sword and reaches for his pen that he soon finds himself asleep.

And yet whence comes the material of the commentator and autobiographer — the detailed incident, the fleeting impressions, the vivid associations with the background of the moment — if the writer trusts only to his memory? We wonder if Caesar kept a diary. He says at one point, "All these things had to be done by Caesar at one time", and thereupon enumerates an incredibly long list of duties. Did he when the day was over, pull forth an archaic form of pocket diary and record his deeds as data for the later production of his *Commentaries?*

George Washington kept an intermittent diary, the matter-of-fact but persistent James K. Polk succeeded in writing a daily journal throughout most of his presidential term, and John Quincy Adams illuminates the events of half a century with his very human record. More often diaries have been kept by men of less arduous and exacting duties, by men of a contemplative nature, and if these writers are observant and sincere and not solely interested in weather and personal ailments, their writings are unparalleled sources of historical knowledge. The daily task is a burden, however, and the real and genuine diarist is a comparatively rare individual. Like the "purple cow", too many men would rather see than be one.

DIARIES OF THE FRONTIER

Yet it is a happy fact that the adventuring westerners often kept journals of their migration and their new experiences. Overland wagon trips, steamboat voyaging, and the marchings of pioneer dragoons and volunteers usually had their faithful recorders, who recounted, day by day, in language picturesque but graphic, the story of the new lands. What matter if they write "korn and foreg" incorrectly, overindulge in capital letters, and forget punctuation marks, so long as they give us the facts. Stout little notebooks scrawled all the way through with the daily experiences of a forty-niner or a Pike's Peak traveller, with the comments of a pio-

neer settler upon his day-by-day life in the period of log cabins and Indian alarms, or with the jottings of a soldier patrolling the Northwest Border in 1865, have survived many a housecleaning only to be destroyed at last by an unthinking worshipper of the things of to-day. Diaries do not die of old age. They last as long as they are cared for and their value improves with their antiquity. We earnestly plead for their preservation, and we also hope that the gentle art of keeping a diary will not pass away in the hurly burly of modern life.

J. C. P.

THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN C. PARISH

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VOL. II ISSUED IN DECEMBER 1921 NO. 12

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A Race Riot on the Mississippi

It was early in the morning of the 29th of July, 1869, when the Northern Line steamer "Dubuque" swung slowly away from the wharf at Davenport and with many puffs and snorts from the remonstrating engine, began to push her way northward against the current. The shouting of orders, the creaking of the boat's machinery, and the bumping of the boxes and barrels of freight as they were moved about were in marked contrast to the quiet of the river slipping interminably on its way to the ocean, and the peaceful shores dotted here and there with farm houses.

In her cabins on the upper deck the vessel carried about one hundred passengers, and on the deck below where the freight was piled high were twice as many steerage or deck passengers, who shared with some horses, also bound northward, the discomforts of the open deck. These men, rough in dress and fluent in profanity, included many lumbermen who

had floated huge rafts of logs down the river and were now returning to the harvest fields and logging camps of the north. The steamer was commanded by Captain John B. Rhodes who had under him a crew consisting of a few white officers and about thirty deck hands, most of whom were colored.

A little after eight o'clock, just as the cabin passengers were finishing breakfast, the second clerk, Theodore Jones by name, went to the lower deck to collect fares and examine tickets. This was no easy task for the space was crowded; and the officer stationed a negro deck hand named Moses Davis at the stairway with orders to permit no one to ascend while the fares were being collected.

Apparently this was a mistake in judgment on the part of the clerk, for the raftsmen, accustomed to submit to harsh and even brutal treatment from their white bosses, had only contempt for a colored man. It was not long before an Irish lumberman known as "pock-marked" or "Mike" Lynch, who had been drinking and was in a quarrelsome mood, attempted to pass the guard — probably to secure more liquor at the bar above. An altercation followed which was interrupted temporarily by the mate, John F. Sweet. Lynch withdrew but gathered about him some twenty-five of his associates and began to threaten the negro. It was suggested that Lynch and Davis fight it out and a ring was formed, but the Irishman refused to fight a negro on these terms and instead led a rush at Davis.

This was the signal for pandemonium. Other raftsmen joined in the assault which was extended to all the colored employees on the boat. By this time the steamer had reached Hagy's Landing at Hampton, Illinois, and some of the rioters, running to the shore, armed themselves with pieces of coal, rocks, and billets of wood with which they bombarded the luckless colored men. Others, led by Lynch, began a search for the colored deck hands who made frantic efforts to find places of concealment. Some sixteen of them escaped to the shore followed by scattering revolver shots and missiles of various kinds. Others were not so fortunate. In the mêlée, Davis escaped from the mob and secreted himself under a lifeboat on the hurricane deck. Two other colored hands, beaten and cut by their assailants, hurried to the stern and in despair leaped into the river, where they sank immediately leaving the water colored with their blood.

A third victim, likewise cut and beaten until partly unconscious, was then seized by half a dozen men and thrown into the river where he, too, disappeared. A fellow sufferer, pursued by the blood crazed mob and frantic with fear jumped from the deck. For a while he struggled in the current but chunks of coal and sticks of wood fell thick and fast about him and he was soon engulfed by the stream, while the rioters shouted in exultation.

After these four murders, the mob made a hunt for more "niggers", searching the main deck, the

guards of the cabins, and the hurricane deck. At last Lynch spied Davis and with an oath pointed out his hiding place to the other rioters. The negro sprang up knife in hand, and ran toward the stairs slashing one of his pursuers as he went but not inflicting a fatal wound. He too was forced to jump into the river. Two men in a skiff started out to rescue him but before they could reach him he had been hit by one of the missiles which were being hurled at him and was drowned. Some days later his body was found in the river at Muscatine and given burial.

While this scene of bloodshed was being enacted on the lower deck, many of the cabin passengers watched the riot from the rail of the deck above, among them being a young woman named Jane Teagarden who many years later wrote a reminiscence of the experience. With her were some children and a number of other women. Fortunately for the colored men, however, many of the cabin passengers were still in their staterooms. One of the negroes, covered with blood from a cut in his throat, ran into the cabin occupied by Rev. and Mrs. D. C. McCoy, exclaiming "Save me, do save me, Missis!" He was kept there and his wounds bandaged while rioters rushed back and forth in the corridor outside hunting for more victims. One fugitive was hidden by a woman passenger in her stateroom and his pursuers were given to understand that he had jumped into the river. Several of the colored men were secreted by the officers in their cabins.

This was apparently all the officers of the "Dubuque" could do, for none of them, strange to say, were armed. In twenty minutes there was not a colored deck hand to be seen anywhere. In the midst of the riot, the vessel had left Hampton and was now continuing her course up the river, the rioters threatening to burn the boat if the captain made a stop for assistance. It appears, however, that no attempt was made to prevent the passengers from going ashore and these were requested by the officers of the boat to telegraph to Rock Island for aid. Some of the raftsman even volunteered to act as deck hands and the steamer resumed a semblance of order, though the rioters kept a lookout for any of the colored men left on the vessel.

At Camanche, the ringleader, Lynch, and a man named Butler who had been slightly wounded by Davis in his unsuccessful dash went on shore and failed to return. They escaped just in time. A telegram had reached the Sheriff of Rock Island County and in a short time Deputy Sheriff Payne with a posse of about sixty men started to intercept the boat at Clinton reaching there between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, about fifteen minutes ahead of the "Dubuque". Here the steamer pulled into the shore and threw out a gang plank, for the arrival of the officers was unknown to the rioters. As the boat docked a number of the raftsmen started to follow Lynch's example and leave the vessel but they were met by the Deputy Sheriff backed by a

dozen armed men and compelled to return to the boat. The bluster and defiance of authority which had been growing weaker now disappeared entirely and it was without much difficulty that twenty of the men, pointed out by the boat's officers as implicated in the riot, were put in irons.

Captain Rhodes decided to land the prisoners at Rock Island, and the "Dubuque", upon which there was now the hush of tragedy and the order imposed by armed representatives of the government, was turned southward late in the afternoon, stopping only to pick up some of the deck hands who had fled from the boat at the beginning of the attack.

As the steamer drew up to the landing at Rock Island crowds of curious people were kept back by ropes which had been stretched about a part of the levee. The colored deck hands who had escaped the fury of the mob were formed in two lines inside this space while the posse stood guard with drawn revolvers. Then the chief rioters in irons were marched off the boat and the remaining deck passengers were ordered to pass between the rows of negroes to be identified. Over forty white men were taken to jail to await a preliminary hearing and the crowd dispersed. The colored witnesses were given lodgings in the Court House. Mr. Jones, the clerk whose order had precipitated the riot, and Mr. Sweet, the mate, remained to give evidence and at half-past nine that night the boat again started northward.

The following Friday morning the preliminary

hearing was begun at Rock Island before Police Justice E. C. Cropper. The prisoners were brought in manacled in pairs and guarded by the Deputy Sheriff and fifteen assistants. The survivors of the colored crew, twenty-four in number, were seated inside the bar, fronting the prisoners. A local newspaper gives the following description of the scene:

"The negroes were then called up, one by one, and asked to take a careful survey of the prisoners. They followed instructions to the letter. The objects of their searching gaze were about as uneasy a set of mortals as ever occupied the prisoner's box in Rock Island. As the negro would point to a rioter and spot him, the fellow's breath would be impeded by a thickness in his throat, and his face gave signs of oppressive fear."

As a result of this hearing ten men were held for trial and the rest were freed. Among those held was Timothy or "Ted" Butler also known as William Jones, who had left the "Dubuque" in company with Lynch. Butler had been captured by the Sheriff of Clinton County and turned over to the authorities at Rock Island. The prisoners were indicted for the murder of one of the negro deck hands known as William Armstead or William Armstrong, but their trial was postponed from time to time and the witnesses allowed to leave on their own recognizance.

This gave rise to the suspicion that the authorities did not intend to prosecute the white men for the murder of negroes. "The long and short of the bus-

iness is that the case is virtually approaching an inglorious fizzle", was the comment of the *Rock Island Argus* in October, 1869. "A pile of money has been expended by the county and private individuals, and the whole affair has 'ended like a shepherd's tale'. Justice has been cheated of its prey. . . . It is to be hoped that Lynch will not be caught, and another $500 saddled on the county."

To this the *Davenport Democrat* replied: "Such surely cannot be the case. When a reckless crowd of rioters will murder negroes, drive them into the river, cut and shoot them down for no other offense than color, whether drunk or sober, they should be made to suffer the full penalty of the law. . . . These men are the terror of river travel, and now let them learn well the lesson of obedience to law, and of respecting the rights of others."

The fact that the crime was caused by race prejudice aggravated by drinking gave the tragedy some political significance in the opinion of a Muscatine editor who published the following comment:

WHISKY and PREJUDICE — These were the incentives to the late terrible affair on the steamer Dubuque, whereby five human lives were sacrificed and the persons and property of hundreds of men, women and children placed in imminent peril by an infuriated mob. . . . For the first of these incentives, whisky, the steamboat company is responsible, at least to the extent to which it permits intoxicating beverages to be dealt out from the bars of its steamers to reckless and irresponsible men. . . .

For the second incentive, prejudice, the leaders of the Democratic party are mainly responsible. They have persistently taught their followers to hate the negro and look upon him as one having "no rights which a white man is bound to respect."

After some delay, however, arrangements were made for the trial of the rioters; but the defendants, evidently fearing the sentiment in the community familiar with the story of their crime, asked for a change of venue. This was granted and the case was transferred to the Circuit Court of Henry County, Illinois. Here nine of the men were put on trial at the June term of court in 1870. As a result of this trial two of the defendants were acquitted and seven were found guilty of manslaughter, receiving sentences of from one to three years in the penitentiary. The case against Timothy Butler for some reason was postponed and finally dropped.

In the meantime Michael Lynch, the chief instigator of the crime, remained at liberty for some months. At the request of the Northern Line Packet Company a reward of $500 was offered for his arrest but he had apparently disappeared completely. He was finally apprehended in a lumber camp at Clarendon, Arkansas, where he secured work in a saw mill. Reports as to the agency of his capture differ. One story is that he was indentified by a former associate, who, knowing that Lynch was aware that he had another wife still living, feared that the Irish lumberman would make known this fact and desired

to get Lynch out of the way. Another account is that Lynch was identified by a travelling agent who had been on the "Dubuque" during the riot.

The identity of the person who received the $500 reward is not, however, an essential point in the story. Lynch was arrested and two officers went to Clarendon and returned bringing with them the former rioter. The trip was made by boat, the steamer "Minneapolis" bringing the trio from St. Louis to Rock Island. At various stopping places curious and sometimes hostile crowds tried to get a glimpse of the pock-marked face of the prisoner, but Lynch was kept in a stateroom in irons and the would-be spectators were disappointed.

Lynch was put on trial for the crime of murder in the Circuit Court of Rock Island County in September, 1870, and after a trial lasting six days was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to ten years in the State Penitentiary at Joliet.

And while these men served out their sentences, the steamer "Dubuque" plied up and down the Mississippi. The riot, unusual only because of the number of the victims, was almost forgotten, except when in the evenings the colored deck hands perhaps related to newcomers among them the story of the five men of their race who lost their lives that July morning, or the white officers pointed out to favored passengers the places on the boat from which the hunted negroes jumped into the river which on that occasion served as the executioner for the mob.

RUTH A. GALLAHER

An Indian Ceremony

[Colonel George Davenport was murdered by a band of robbers on July 4, 1845. The following account of a ceremony by the Indians who had known him as a trader and friend for nearly thirty years appeared in the *Davenport Gazette* for July 31, 1845, and presumably was written by the editor, Alfred Sanders.— THE EDITOR]

On last Friday afternoon we were witness to a strange and interesting ceremony performed by the Indians over the remains of Mr. Davenport, who was murdered at his residence on Rock Island on the 4th inst. Upon proceeding to the beautiful spot selected as his last resting place, in the rear of his mansion on Rock Island, we found the War Chief and braves of the band of Fox Indians, then encamped in the vicinity of this place, reclining on the grass around his grave at the head of which was planted a white cedar post some seven or eight feet in height.

The ceremony began by two of the braves rising and walking to the post, upon which with paint they began to inscribe certain characters, while a third brave armed with an emblematic war club, after drinking to the health of the deceased from a cup placed at the base of the post, walked three times around the grave, in an opposite direction to the course of the sun, at each revolution delivering a speech with sundry gestures and emphatic motions in the direction of the north-east. When he had ceased he passed the club to another brave who went

through the same ceremony passing but once around the grave, and so in succession with each one of the braves. This ceremony, doubtless, would appear pantomimic to one unacquainted with the habits or language of the Indians, but after a full interpretation of their proceedings they would be found in character with this traditionary people.

In walking around the grave in a contrary direction to the course of the sun, they wished to convey the idea that the ceremony was an *orginal* one. In their speeches they informed the Great Spirit that Mr. Davenport was their friend and they wished the Great Spirit to open the door to him and to take charge of him. The enemies whom they had slain they called upon to act in capacity of waiters to Mr. Davenport in the spirit land. They believing that they have unlimited power over the spirits of those whom they have slain in battle. Their gestures towards the north-east were made in allusion to their great enemies, the Sioux, who live in that direction. They recounted their deeds of battle, with the number that they had slain and taken prisoners. Upon the post were painted in hieroglyphics, the number of the enemy that they had slain, those taken prisoners, together with the tribe and station of the brave. For instance, the feats of Wau-co-shaw-she, the Chief, were thus portrayed. Ten headless figures were painted, which signified that he had killed ten men. Four others were then added, one of them smaller than the others, signifying that he had taken

four prisoners, one of whom was a child. A line was then run from one figure to another, terminating in a plume, signifying that all had been accomplished by a chief. A fox was then painted over the plume, which plainly told that the chief was of the Fox tribe of Indians. These characters are so expressive that if an Indian of any tribe whatsoever were to see them, he would at once understand them.

Following the sign of Pau-tau-co-to, who thus proved himself a warrier of high degree, were placed *twenty* headless figures, being the number of the Sioux that *he* had slain.

The ceremony of painting the post was followed by a feast, prepared for the occasion, which by them was certainly deemed the most agreeable part of the proceedings. Meats, vegetables and pies were served up in such profusion that many armsfull of the fragments were carried off—it being a part of the ceremony, which is religiously observed, that all the victuals left upon such an occasion are to be taken to their homes. At a dog feast, which are frequently given by themselves and to which white men are occasionally invited, the guest is either obliged to eat all that is placed before him, or hire some other person to do so, else it is considered a great breach of hospitality.

With the feast terminated the exercises of the afternoon, which were not only interesting but highly instructive to those who witnessed them.

Augustus Caesar Dodge

The interesting article on Governor Kirkwood in the *Year Book of the Old Settlers' Association of Johnson County* for 1921, and Mr. Lathrop's book on the *Life and Times of Samuel J. Kirkwood,* in which Augustus Caesar Dodge is called an aristocrat with no sympathy for the life and interests of the common people, may make it timely to restate the facts about that estimable pioneer. Israel Dodge, a soldier of the Revolution, left Kentucky in 1788 or 1789 and crossed the Mississippi into the Spanish province of the Upper Louisiana, settling near Ste. Genevieve now in the State of Missouri. After the purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon Bonaparte he witnessed at St. Louis in 1804 the unfurling of the American flag as a signal of our sovereignty over the new domain. At Ste. Genevieve, his grandson Augustus C. Dodge, son of Henry Dodge, was born in 1812. The boy had brief and insufficient schooling, a few months in a log school house with windows of oiled paper, using pencils made of leaden bullets hammered to a point, quill pens, and ink made by boiling butternut bark with gun powder. When he was fifteen years old, the family moved to Wisconsin, travelling on the steamboat "Indiana" as far as the Rapids of the River Des Moines and the balance of the way on a keel boat pulled by some forty oarsmen in small boats. Landing near what is now

called Galena, the settlers were found in a panic from hostile acts of the Winnebago Indians. Henry Dodge was requested to take command and organized the settlers for protection. His son, A. C. Dodge, joined this force, in the company of Captain Wm. S. Hamilton, son of Alexander Hamilton.

After the Indians were subdued Henry Dodge settled in Iowa County, Wisconsin, where father and son worked in the lead mines. From there the son moved to Burlington, Iowa, in 1838. The father became Governor of Wisconsin. The son was elected Delegate to Congress from the Territory of Iowa, serving from 1840 to 1846, and became one of Iowa's first United States Senators, being the first member of that body who was born west of the Mississippi. From the Senate he went as our Minister to Spain. His erect carriage and much of his personal manner were due to association with the Indians, for he knew Black Hawk, Mahaska, Keokuk, Wapello, and Poweshiek, the great Sac and Fox leaders. Born a frontiersman, such he remained with not a trace of aristocracy about him. He was a Democrat in politics and in his sympathies, the favorite of the Iowa pioneers. In the Senate he urged the Homestead Bill, to give the public domain to the settlers, and took leadership in the measures that laid the foundations of the State.

One incident in his senatorial career completely discloses his statesmanship and his philosophy of life. The Southern Senators had provoked a debate

in which they nagged the Northern members. On their side the debate was closed by Brown of Mississippi in a speech full of contempt and ridicule for the Northern people. He said that no gentleman would do himself or others the personal service and manual labor for which the negro was fitted by nature.

Then Senator Dodge took the floor in reply. The *Philadelphia Press* described the scene. His father, Henry Dodge, was present as the Senator from Wisconsin. The *Press* said:

> His straight Indian figure, strong features and defiant air gave effect to his tones which rang out like a trumpet call. He said: "I have never permitted myself to believe that there can ever be civil war between the North and South. But today I have heard with mingled astonishment and regret in the speech of the Senator from Mississippi such views of life and its duties that I differ from him as widely as the poles are asunder. If his views are those of his section, civil war is possible. I say on the floor of this Senate, in the presence of my father, the Senator from Wisconsin, who will attest its truth, that I have performed and do perform, all these services denounced as menial. I saw my own wood, I have worked in the mines, and driven teams of horses, oxen and mules, and consider myself as respectable as any senator on this floor."

When sent as Minister to Spain, he immediately acquired complete use of the Spanish language, and years later told me that he found his command of Indian dialects useful in his study of the new tongue. But while absent from the State Iowa had changed

in its politics and population. The pioneers who fellowshipped him were in a minority, and the newer settlers knew him not. Now Kirkwood was not a frontiersman nor a pioneer. Born in Maryland, he was reared in Washington City. He moved to an old settled community in Mansfield, Ohio, and thence to Iowa, where he settled at the close of our pioneer period.

I knew Dodge intimately from my childhood and Kirkwood as well later on in my life, and they were both my friends. The actors in that time long gone by should not be judged nor disparaged now by importing into this age the spirit, the prejudices, and hasty judgments of the partisan politics of the past.

JNO. P. IRISH

Comment by the Editor

WHAT IS A PIONEER?

The sketch of Augustus Caesar Dodge by Mr. Irish, which is printed in this number, raises some interesting questions. Just who is entitled to be called a pioneer? And when did the pioneer period end in Iowa? The answers are not easy, for the terms are relative. According to the dictionary, a pioneer is "one who goes before, as into a wilderness, preparing the way for others". Taken literally, then, only the very first arrivals in a geographic location could be classed as pioneers; but such restrictions never have been adhered to. Rather have we spoken of men and women as pioneers who lived in what we call pioneer conditions — which involves further definition. Log cabins and linsey-woolsey clothes, puncheon floors, broad axes, and gourd dippers — these we think of as the natural background of those who went before, preparing the way for others. But it is hard to draw a line and say: up to this time men were preparing the way, thereafter men were simply followers.

And it can not be said that Iowa shed its pioneer conditions on any certain date. Burlington in 1835 was less of a pioneer town than Iowa City in 1840, or Webster City in 1850, or Sioux City in 1855. The frontier was moving westward and the pioneers,

though they might not class themselves as frontiersmen, were never far from that border line. Dodge was no doubt more distinctly a pioneer than Kirkwood. He was born on the frontier and his various moves always took him to a newer fringe of civilization, while Kirkwood, in 1855, though he came upon other conditions which were to try his mettle, at least found log cabins and the gourd dipper no longer in vogue in Iowa City.

NEWCASTLE

An intimate presentation of pioneer conditions in Iowa is found in the *Reminiscences of Newcastle, Iowa* (Webster City) dictated by Mrs. Sarah Brewer Bonebright, written out by her daughter, Mrs. Harriet B. Closz, and published under the auspices of the Historical Department at Des Moines. The parents of Mrs. Bonebright came to the neighborhood of Webster City in 1848, and were the founders of the town which at first was called Newcastle. Fragments of memories of details of life and bits of local color, difficult things to resurrect in historical work, have been pieced together into a book that is illuminative of the daily existence of the pioneers — their clothes and their food and habits of eating, their homes and furniture and the tools with which they were made, their work and their entertainments. Material of this kind can not but be useful in the understanding and interpretation of pioneer life.

J. C. P.

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